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# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

L.76.
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*A Monthly Journal,*

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

*A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.*

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## VOL. XIX.

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# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIX. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1888. No. 1.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## Necessity of Association for Catholic Youth.

ASSOCIATION and civilization are almost synonymous terms. The primeval savage was an isolated individual. He wandered in the forests and the fields and on the banks of streams, stagnating in his own brain, and drifting about at random like the very beasts. When these divided units came together in the first town or city, then began civilization, as we know it. Of course, man's state before his fall was better than it ever can be in this world; but it was also, not merely different in degree, but radically different in character from the highest imaginable state of civilization. Adam's fall plunged the human race into the abyss, and they are struggling up, not by the path that is forever barred, but by another way which they have to hew out for themselves. This path is the difficult one of experience, and it is beset with many dangers. The only law which governs it for a living man is that of association. Few are fitted for solitary meditation and lonely existence; the cenobite of the desert, absorbed by the thought of God, the bandit on the roadside, whose companion is the devil. For the vast majority association is the vital principle of advance. The individual gathers around him a family; then, in a wider circle, follows the community, enclosed in turn by the wider circle of the state. And it is in proportion to the efficiency and stability of these governmental rings that progress is made.

These are the natural associations of man; but as their effects begin to be apparent, a net-work of associations for business, instruction, and amusement, forms within the natural framework of society. There are only two kinds of association — one for improvement, one for degradation. We often hear the expression, "Oh, there is no harm in this or that society;" but it is false. Man is not a being to remain simply neutral in the combat between evil and good; he and his associations are either heavenward or hellward — most queerly mixed, sometimes, are they, too. For Satan is abroad in the world, and his agencies are vast, complicated, ever active, next to omnipotence itself. We must remember that Lucifer was the Star of the

Morning, the brightest, the wisest, the most beautiful of God's angels, before his pride caused his fall. He brings with him not only this original character of wisdom turned to cunning, but a long and varied experience of men. He knows how to play most subtly upon their feelings, their desires, their appetites, their passions, their very religious instincts and strivings for the good. He seizes upon every instrument intended for man's benefit, and attempts to turn it to our harm. This has been the case with education, with printing, with every art and science which the Almighty has freely given us for our advancement. He turns the training of the intellect to the injury of the heart. For every good printing-press he has planted fifty bad ones, and these hum night and day in spreading the leprosy of unbelief and the filth of immorality. He has entered into and possessed many of the master spirits of music, painting, and poetry, and the beauty of God's earth with shining sun by day, with moon and stars by night, with dewdrops trembling at the early dawn on quivering leaves, with flowers rare, splendid, odorous to excess, with the soft and innocent faces of women and children, has been reflected in these arts by his willing servants, but all defiled with hidden loathsomeness and lighted by the sulphurous gleams of his dreary prison pen.

Among the other instruments perverted by Satan, that of association must rank foremost. He early saw what a mighty power lay in this, the primal instinct of man, and he has made use of it with a persistency which his enemies have not always imitated. Not content to merely pervert existing institutions, to poison the state, community, the family, at their fountain heads, he has also set up distinct societies of his own, and lures men into them. It is needless to point these associations out; they have been clearly indicated by ecclesiastical authorities. The thing we wish to dwell upon at this point is that these societies are not set up boldly as instruments of evil, though that is what they are. On the contrary, they are apparently fair on the exterior and seemingly designed for specious good. They offer men great material gifts, but the *deus ex machina* wants his *quid pro quo* in a tale of human souls. They say to men, as Satan said to Christ when he tempted Him on the mountain, showing Him the rich cities and the fertile plains of the earth, "All these will we give to you, if you fall down and worship our master."

The emissaries of these evil societies, who are frequently unconscious of the wickedness they do, are untiring in their efforts to capture the youthful adherents of the Catholic religion. No stone is left unturned to secure a member of the hated creed. Whether Freemasons, Nihilists, Carbonari, Socialists, Anarchists, or what not, the secret brotherhood, whom we suspect to be more or less in alliance, and however they may differ as to their methods and ideas for the overthrow of social order as at present established, all are agreed upon one point, their great enemy is the Catholic Church. If she were overthrown, good reason would there be for the idolators of Behemoth to rejoice. There is no danger of this, for Christ's Church is built upon a rock, and no idle tempest of worldly despite can sweep it away. But thousands

of Catholics may place their souls in peril by forming even a transient union with these elements of discord.

Another great enemy of Catholic youth is the saloon and the bagnio. Those who pride themselves upon being "native Americans" have their secret cellars for the indulgence of drunkenness and their divorce courts for the satisfaction of lust. The Catholic, especially the Irish Catholic, has neither, and would scorn to use them. His vices, if he has them, are open. All the world can see, if it will. When he drinks he wants to enjoy company in his revels, and if he falls into the more loathsome vice, he seeks the pest houses of death. In either case his shame and infamy are published to the world, and the most grievous scandal follows. Somehow, there is something in the Celtic nature deeply averse to the matter-of-fact, quiet indulgence of the Saxon temperament, which seems to take such actions as perfectly natural, and as though no wrong were in them, provided the proper discretion and secrecy are observed. In short, the Irish Catholic is thoroughly conscious of rebelling; his conscience cannot be glozed over by the veneer of worldly respectability; and, consequently, he publishes his fall to the world, and depends on brazen effrontery, not on polished concealment, to stand him in stead. This is the true reason why we find so many Irish Catholics engaged in liquor selling and kindred means of degradation; and why so many Catholic young men are found in the list of "rounders," bar-room loafers, and even pimps. They have been made to feel like Pariahs, and too many of them have acted on the hint. Here, too, may be found the explanation of the fact that Irish Catholics are so notorious, in this country, as drunkards.

All these evils, and many others, could be corrected by the formation of young men's societies. In this respect Catholics might learn a useful lesson from our erring Protestant brethren. They have, in this country, especially, been instant, in season and out of season in the work of enrolling their youth in societies that shall keep them from dangerous companionship. There is hardly a corner of the land into which the Young Men's Christian Association has not penetrated; and though they should not do so, I know of leading Catholics, who figure prominently, at Catholic celebrations, yet who are members of the association. It is true, that the young gentlemen who manage this society eliminate what they call "sectarianism;" and there is no doubt at all but that the society has done an immense amount of good for Protestant youth. But, while following the social features of this organization, we would desiderate an association with the least possible amount of religion for Catholics. There are plenty of religious circles in the Church which those who are so disposed may join for pious and charitable objects. All Catholic young men should, indeed, belong to one or more of these organizations; but it is in vain to call them. It would be like the Welsh prince and Harry Hotspur, when the former exclaimed, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," and the latter answered, "Aye, so can I; but will they come?" We are not discussing what young men should do, but what they will do; and the chief point to be gained is the keeping of them out of mischief.

We have the germs of such an organization in the lyceums and societies throughout the country that are connected, but too loosely connected, in a national union. And while the bands should be more closely drawn, we would have them to broaden their scope. Every pastor should be active in the work of forming such associations; and every wealthy Catholic should be generous in providing the facilities for the work. There are some pious old cronies who want to have prayers as soon as they find a number of Catholics gathered together. Keep them away from the young men's lyceums. Let us take an ideal society of the kind we have now in view. A handsome building on a chief thoroughfare is its headquarters; there is a hall, with a stage and comfortable seats, and here dramatic entertainments are given, lectures delivered, and debates held; there is a spacious, well-lighted reading-room, whose walls are lined with good and interesting books, whose tables are covered with all the leading periodicals, secular as well as Catholic; there is a gymnasium, where all sorts of athletic exercises may be taken; there are free bath rooms; there is a billiard and pool room; there is another room where games of cards, etc., can be played; there is a refectory where those who desire to converse can assemble. On the ground floor there is a delightfully clean place where a passenger can stop and get a cup of coffee or tea, or a glass of milk, or mineral or soda water or lemonade at cost prices. Other features could be added, such as engaging in charitable works, but these would be accidental, not essential. Imagine what a power for good such a society would be. Think what results would flow from dozens of such establishments in all the large cities.

Several societies have gone some way towards this ideal. We may mention the Carroll Institute of Washington, the Xavier Union of New York, the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, and others equally effective in their work. We would have even these go a little further, if possible, and we would have hundreds of others like them.

But it is not the young men's fault that they do no better. They have done wonders considering their means and the scantness of their number. We should rather address the elders, and scold them for their meanness. They know very well that nine-tenths of the Catholic youth in the cities are going heads and heels to the devil. With bitter tears and agony of heart, they have struggled for years, perhaps, to get their sons to perform their religious duties. Start Sunday morning and attend all the Masses throughout the week; during that time you can count probably fifty or sixty young men at the altar rails. The next week you will find those identical young men going again. They belong to religious societies, and are, as I said, not more than one-tenth of the Catholic young men in the parish. The other nine-tenths are those for whom we would have provision made. They have fallen into evil habits, have descended, many of them, to a fixed state of shameless iniquity. They cannot, all at once, be driven to the confessional. But the inheritance of the faith is never lost by the Irish Catholic; and the generous sentiment of the race lives forever. If they have fallen into evil habits, they must be gradually led out of them, and there is no

more powerful instrument for this purpose than the association we have sketched. What the elders need to do is to loosen their purse strings, set these societies on foot, and dry their eyes. Then we will hear less of the young men's indifference.

Hugh P. McElrone.

---

# Forgotten.

HAVE I passed from thy memory, Sybil,
As sun from the west?
As a ripple fades over the waters
When waves are at rest?

As a blush from the brow of a maiden?
As a tear from the tomb?
As a star, whose pale splendor hath vanished
In dawn's rosy bloom?

Have I been but one moment a pilgrim
At the shrine of thy love?
Were thy virgin-vows perjuries, lady,
To the heavens above?

Am I dead where once life seemed immortal,—
In the home of thy heart?
Are our souls of each other no longer
Both parcel and part?

Have we writ the last page of the idyl
That gladdened our youth,
And crowned with the thistles of falsehood
The ruins of truth?

"Romance is the twaddle of dreamers!"
So thy wiser lips say,
"The maid is a child to the woman,
As dawn is to day!"

Have the passion fires burned to cinders,
That illumed thee of old?
Hath the hot pulsing blood of thy summer
Grown chastened and cold?

Is life, that is reft of its glamour,
Far dearer to thee
Then the noontide of joy and of glory
Thou sharedst with me?

Is the desert a vision of beauty,
And Eden land doom?
Is the heart of the granite a heaven,
And love but a tomb?

Is our past but a phantom of dreams,
And its pleasures, the leaves
That strew the brown floor of the forest
When autumn's soul grieves?

Then, if so, thou canst go to the altar,
And pledge unto him
A faith, that can mean but dishonor,
As base and as grim!

I envy him not, no! I pity,
For 'twere better to be
An outcast from Love than be wedded
To statues like thee!

So I pass from thy memory, Sybil,
As sun from the west,
As a ripple fades over the waters
When waves are at rest!

Eugene Davis.

---

# The End.

In its issue of Saturday, Nov. 12, the N. Y. "Star" says:

"Henry George and Dr. McGlynn are about to dissolve partnership. Hereafter the ex-priest will go one way and the prophet another. They have not had an open quarrel, but will separate by mutual consent. This course seems the only one left for them to pursue now that the party is completely disorganized. After the collapse last Tuesday, there was bitterness in the hearts of George and his apostles. When a few of the defeated candidates gathered in the 'Standard' office, the day after election, to condole and weep with each other, the charge was openly made by one ambitious young candidate, who seemed fairly infuriated at his defeat, that there was 'too much Dr. McGlynn in this campaign.' This sentiment seems to be shared by a number of the defeated candidates, and it is even said that George himself thinks so, although he does not say so."

The end has thus come that was all along predicted. When the "Anti-poverty" tooter has got all the profit and help he can expect to squeeze out of the unfortunate dupe who sacrificed so much for his benefit, he drops him like a worthless weed flung over the wall of the political garden. George can now go on, without this entangling alliance, in his congenial task of working the Republican side show for next year's campaign. There is money in it, and Henry has long ago concluded that Mayor Hewitt's advice is the only correct solution of the difficulty of abolishing the poverty of his individual organi-

zation. The man who followed him so blindly, and, by so doing, degraded his high office, is left to flounder out of his error as best he may. There is, surely, no human breast so devoid of pitying sympathy, or so steeled against him, that will not hope he may receive the grace to make the proper reparation for the great scandal he has caused, and once more seek refuge and peace in the bosom of that loving mother-church that never refuses to receive into her sheltering arms an erring but repentant child.

New York "Irish-American."

---

# See That Every Shot Tells.

### A GRATEFUL CHURCH.

THE eighth of January, 1815, was a great day in the history of the United States, says the "Central Catholic Advocate," Louisville, Ky. It was the day that Gen. Andrew Jackson cried out, as fresh British troops massed around him in the attack on New Orleans, "See that every shot tells." That day has gone by many a year ago. The gallant Tennessee riflemen, whose shot never missed its mark, are mouldering into dust. The men that made their gallant breasts, full of patriotism and courage, a rampart of protection for our liberties, are gone; the cannoneers that sprung the guns, and loaded them and fired them full in the faces of their British assailants, have long since closed their eyes in death; but they won the victory of New Orleans, and consolidated the liberties of the United States, we hope, forever. The recurrence of every anniversary like this is one which ought to be honored, for it is a birthday of our people.

We owe to our excellent contemporary, "La Propagateur Catholique," of New Orleans, the knowledge that no year passes by since 1815 without a Solemn Mass being offered in the chapel of the Ursuline Sisters' Convent to thank God for the great victory. The "Propagateur" complains that the civil authorities, who ought to make a holiday for its great memories, have been prevented from doing so by the expense and trouble entailed, and shows the contrast between the Church and the civil authorities. In grateful terms it details the reason why the Sisters so celebrate the occasion. While the battle was going on near the walls of their convent, which stands to-day; while the cannon were thundering and keeping up their incessant roar; while the cries of the wounded men, the groans of the dying, and the wild shrieks of the wounded horses were hurtling on the air and filling the skies with horrors, the Ursuline Sisters were praying to God on their knees for the triumph of the American flag and for the liberties of the American people. On that day while the English army under Pakenham made assault after assault on the walls of New Orleans, and whilst Andrew Jackson, afterward President, repelled them with courage and valor, the Ursuline Sisters knelt and prayed through the terrible hours,

and they promised sacrifices of their own, and a Mass to be said forever if the arms of their beloved United States should win over the British invader. Victory crowned the Stars and Stripes, and ever since, in all the years from that day, on the 8th of January, the Sisters gather in their church and celebrate it as a festival of gratitude to God in the Mass of thanksgiving to the praise of the Lord God of Hosts. More than that, since 1872 the Archbishop of New Orleans celebrates Andrew Jackson's victory by a solemn Te Deum in his Cathedral on the same day, which is sung after High Mass. It is a great act of gratitude to God, and shows the fidelity of the Catholic Church to the liberties and fortunes of the United States.

Yet there are those who regard the Catholic Church as something foreign and apart from our institutions. There are those who never recognize the supreme love and attachment with which she looks down on and blesses the liberties of the people. Of course, they are the bigots we meet in daily life, or else they are the prejudiced, the ignorant, and the foolish. No Church ever loved liberty as the Catholic loved it, for there is no other Church true and illumined by the Divine spirit which consecrates liberty; she has thanked God publicly for every occasion on which liberty has been affirmed. Power she has always resisted, unless where it was justly exercised. She stands unique and alone in having faced all human power that was unjust in spite of all obstacles, and to power that was just, and to governments that were fair, and constitutions that were in God's order, she has always been a grateful and magnanimous Church.

---

# Unprogressive Jean Baptiste.

OF recent phenomena, the most curious dispensation of an All-Wise Providence, is the preternatural awe—real or affected—with which the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon race has come to regard the French people of Canada.

How shall we account for this insensate clamor against a worthy and inoffensive people?

One day we are told that the *habitant* is aggressive and ambitious; that in Quebec he is overwhelming, and crowding out the Protestant people of that province. Hot foot upon this astounding statement, we are assured that Jean Baptiste is an anachronism; that he is, at least, two centuries behind the age; that he is a drag upon the wheels of Progress (A. S. progress if you please); that he is a reactionary; a besotted follower of crafty Jesuits, who skilfully set their snares for the worldly goods of their deluded followers, while they cunningly deceive their souls to Anti-Christ.

These choice figures of speech are taken at random from the "Mail," of Toronto, vindictively anti-Popery as only a renegade knows how to be, while its furious supporters among the *religious* (?) press of Ontario rage against the French enemy who is determined to estab-

lish in the Western Hemisphere the Spanish Inquisition and its attendant horrors.

Then taking up a liberal organ in New Brunswick, which generally tries to be fair, we find the usual tilt at Jean Baptiste. This time it is a comparison between our province of Manitoba and its neighbor territory, Dakota. Various reasons are assigned for the backwardness of the Canadian province; but, of course, the French population must come in for censure as being unprogressive. Next, we find a wealthy manufacturer discussing the question of Commercial Union between Canada and the United States, and we are assured that he has reliable information to the effect "that there is a strong feeling in Ontario, that annexation with the States is the only remedy for Canada—the only thing that will save it from falling entirely under the control of the French of this Dominion."

And so on: Jean Baptiste is at once a besotted dolt and a crafty plotter; a dead weight and a blot upon A. S. civilization, and a subtle and stealthy intriguer more to be dreaded than any other possible evil.

How shall we reconcile these manifold and conflicting statements, these grave charges against the *habitant?* How shall we explain such an extraordinary manifestation of malignant, diabolical hatred? What has he done that he should be an object of such a puerile antipathy, clothing its expression in accusations, which would be laughable in their absurdity, were it not for the pitiable exhibition of common sense subordinated to prejudice?

Alas! Wretched Jean Baptiste! Hearken, whilst his iniquities are recited; attend, whilst a few of his numerous offences against A. S. civilization are recounted.

He has had the unutterable bad taste to imagine that French habits, and French traditions, might—let us put it mildly—might, at least, be as appropriate to himself and fellows, as were the A. S. cultivated and refined tastes to the superior race. Presumptuous Jean Baptiste!

He has, doubtless, with malice aforethought, not only dared to think this—under the benignant sway of the A. S. thought is free as air, so long as you do not give effect to any impolitic principle, or better still, if you tread the principle under foot. The same is true of Russian Czar, and Cossack satrap but what of that?—but, yes—actually, he has, with supreme disregard for the mental shock thereby given to the sensitive A. S., resolutely acted in conformity with this opinion. Insolent Jean Baptiste!

He has actually presumed to think that he has some rights on the soil which his ancestors colonized and civilized (not A. S. civilization, of course), and there is good warrant for the impression that he is still so far behind the age, that he declines to acknowledge that he holds his house and farm by sufferance of the Orange lodges of Ontario. Ignorant Jean Baptiste!

He also labors under the delusion that the French Catholic majority in Quebec do not sin against liberty in demanding for themselves at least as much liberty as they cheerfully and gracefully—no regal

figure-head half so gracious — concede to the Protestant minority of that province. Besotted Jean Baptiste.

Furthermore, this miserable Jean Baptiste, who persists in holding his ground — yea, and waxeth strong, and numerous — will not even pretend to imitate the courteous and refined A. S. — will not condescend to give him the homage of his flattery. Obstinate Jean Baptiste!

He persists in retaining his ancient faith, and his traditional customs, despite the wiles of proselytizers, who were better employed in explaining to the average A. S. bank cashier, the meaning of the words, "*Thou Shalt not Steal.*" This were a more Christian employment than to traduce that faith which has made Jean Baptiste the moral backbone of Canada. Again, this unprogressive Jean Baptiste is so far behind the age — this progressive age — that he still retains a fondness for his ancestral acres. Clinging to them, peacefully cultivating them, not haunting the corners of large cities, where, under the glorious influence of A. S. civilization, that occult science, the logic of Cobblestones is skilfully and thoroughly inculcated by Professor the Black Hobah. Reactionary Jean Baptiste.

He, moreover, thinks it were better to bring up his children under the blue heaven, growing fair and healthy, under the clear sunshine of *le bon Dieu*, than to crowd to the smoky, poisonous city, reckless of their young lives being laid as a tax before the Moloch of a distempered civilization. All this, however commendable in the dark ages, is out of harmony with this age of sham, hence the slogan, "Down with Jean Baptiste."

But what says Jean Baptiste? He avers that he is here and intends to stay; and those who know him think he will keep his word; the probabilities, too, point that way. A moral, pious, simple, and manly race, are not easily uprooted and destroyed. The A. S. failed most ignominiously in Ireland, and he must know that he will never again outrage justice and honesty, under such favorable circumstances. And to add to the horror created by this obnoxious *habitant*, he is invading the land erstwhile sacred to the ghosts of the witch-burners. Would it not be terrible if one day people spoke of the Massachusetts of Belliveau and Le Clerc, as they now speak of the Boston of Collins and O'Brien? Still it may so turn out. Stranger things have been. And while this revolution proceeds apace, the *habitant* leaves no ruin and desolation behind him such as maddens the Irish emigrant. Far from it. His race are self-governing, and living in amity with their Protestant neighbors, who are not slow to bear willing testimony to their just treatment at the hands of the majority. The French Canadian holds his own in every walk of life. The leadership of the opposition in the Federal parliament devolves upon M. Wilfred Laurier, and Canada has no abler man than M. Honore Mercier, Premier of Quebec.

In ancient history we read of Rome being saved from an attacking force by the cackling of a flock of geese. Our geese — and their name is legion — are less usefully employed. *Their* cackling is intended to draw off the attention of constituencies from examining thoroughly into the doings of the public servants on the treasury benches at Ottawa.

Of course, some allowance must be made for their ruffled feelings. If they could but have a snug dominion of their own, free from this obnoxious *habitant*, and his cousin, the ubiquitous Irishman, then would A. S. progress evolve itself to perfection. It were a glorious spectacle then for men and angels to see A. S. civilization when freed from the thraldom of these unprogressive Celts. It makes one sad to conjure up such a picture, knowing the impossibility of its being realized. Free from the incubus of these ignoble Latins, a revelation of progress would be given to a wondering world — sitting in the outer darkness. Think of the suicides and homicides; the elopements and defaultings; the godless scholars and the diabolic adults; the Christianity unfettered by dogma, and so broad as to be intangible, and its concomitant results in good works, so narrow as to be imperceptible. What a glorious prospect! But the cramped mind of the Celt is too slavish to appreciate all its magnificent possibilities. Meanwhile, let us trust that Jean Baptiste will continue true to his noble traditions, and set his face as a flint against any innovations in the direction of A. S. civilization, for no greater curse could befall him.

And Canada without its French people, and their national traits, would be a very indifferent Canada.

St. John, N. B. J. W. O'R.

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# A Bostonian in New York.

I.

A PERSON arriving in New York City, at the steamboat landing or railroad station, is at once committed to a regiment of hungry and delapidated citizens who cry out "Hack," "Carriage," a number of times. They stand in front of persons, pull and jerk them around, and oftentimes almost succeed in putting them inside the carriage with little regard to ceremony. If a person is fortunate enough to pass these fiends, they are next the victims of a crowd of little ragged urchins, who, pointing to their valise or any parcels which they may be carrying, cry out, "Carry your bag, Boss?" Escaping this motley gathering, a person must feel like one just getting out of a burning building where his life was endangered. The hack drivers on the public carriages are a decidedly tough-looking set of individuals, and are commonly seen attired in old clothing which looks pretty much the worse for wear. Strange to say, there are no herdics in New York, most of the vehicles being hacks and hansoms. The rich people of the city use the latter vehicle almost entirely and exclusively. In all the guide-books on the city, the writer always mentions, in speaking of the different carriages in use for the public, to make the bargain; that is, to find out the driver's price for going to the desired place before entering his carriage. By this it would seem that they are a pretty hard class, and their outward appearances rather tends to confirm this theory.

Boot-blacks are as thick in the streets of the city as flies on fly paper in the window of a candy-maker on the Fourth of July. They seldom address a person as "Mr." but always "Boss." "Shine, Boss?" rattles in the pedestrian's ear every few seconds as they pass along. These urchins are mostly Italians, and they are often seen playing such games as leap frog, and other childish amusements, while they always carry their dirty little boxes over their shoulders. A few mornings ago a crowd of these shiners were standing in City Hall Park, directly in front of Mayor Hewitt's office, pitching pennies, the one coming nearest a certain spot with his coin winning the other boys' coppers or taking the pot. Quite a little sum changes hands among these premature gamblers. There are, at the least calculation, five hundred healthy men in New York City who make their living by shining shoes. The most of them are Italians. On nearly every corner, and, indeed, every few steps, a shiner's stand is seen. They are large affairs. The chair is placed upon a platform, and the customer ascends a step and ensconces himself in an elaborate and very fancy chair. A platform is in front of the customer on which are placed two foot-rests. The overgrown shiner just stoops over a little while working on the foot gear. The business is so good at times that two shiners are at a stand, or a man for each boot. Oftentimes a little boy, apparently the proprieter's son, helps out by working on a boot. They are supposed to charge but five cents for a shine. If they are given that amount they pocket it, but are apparently dissatisfied. If they are asked to name the price they always say, "Anything you want to give." By so doing they are sure of getting five cents any way, and will probably get more. They can most always tell a stranger, and if the latter hands them ten cents they will keep it, and if he hands a larger amount they take ten cents out for the shine. In other words, they roast strangers when they catch them.

The news-boys are mostly little lads who go to school at this time of the year; but in the afternoons, when school has closed for the day, they come out like a flock of rats in a dark cellar in the night. They jump upon the horse-cars and go through them calling out their wares. The manner in which they jump on and off the cars, and from one car to another going in opposite directions, is really astonishing, and it is a great wonder that many of them do not meet with serious accidents. Newspaper stands are clustered around the city very liberally, and not a few of them are presided over by women. Old women stand out on the principal thoroughfares, with a tremendous load of papers in their arms, crying out to the passing pedestrians the different names of the papers they have for sale. As it grows later in the evening and the passing throng has thinned out considerably, the women are often seen still standing with a few papers which they are offering at reduced rates in order to get rid of them. On nearly every elevated railroad station there is a news stand, and, in fact, it is very easy to get a paper at any time during the day or night.

The sidewalks and streets are very wide, and in some places are lined with peddlers selling everything imaginable. Most of them are

attired in the "Samuel of Posen" style, and the streets are filled with Hebrews in this outfit. Fruit stands are plentiful, and most of them are run by Italians, many of whom cannot speak the language, but, notwithstanding this, they always make correct change, and never give more in return than is right. It has been said that an Irishman leaving Ireland for this country is at once a candidate for the police force; but an Italian's arrival at Castle Garden means his going into the fruit business or starting as a boot-black to make a fortune and then return to sunny Italy. Some of the shiners are said to be very wealthy, and many of them are said to be able to change a large greenback if handed to them to take the price of a shine from. This business is conducted on Sunday as well as any other day. Gutters are black with fruit stands on Sunday, and it is in some places impossible to reach the opposite side of the street unless the traveller be genteel and goes via of the crossing. Fruit stands are in full blast from the commencement to the close of the year. One sun-burnt individual will take charge of it from midnight until the following noon when he is relieved by a fellow-countryman or relative till midnight again.

In the worst part of the city, or what might properly be termed the "slums," venders of cheap articles swarm in great abundance. It is very common to see at nearly every crossing a small stand erected, on which rests a delapidated soda-water fountain, which was originally, although many years ago, apparently, white in color. Large signs in homely printed letters inform the denizens of the neighborhood or stray traveller, that soda-water with any flavor required is two cents a glass, and flavored with chocolate costs three cents. I was curious to taste this beverage to see how it compared with the five-cent soda and ten-cent chocolate-flavored soda sold in Boston. It was but a taste. The liquid was poured into a common liquor-saloon glass, and was as far away from the soda-water sold in Boston as the Hub is from the North Pole. One or two sips of this beastly drug was quite sufficient and enough to satisfy my curiosity. A tumblerful of this stuff would be enough to swell a person's stomach to the size of a large balloon. Here and there, dirty little children were seen around the dirty fountains drinking this alleged soda-water with apparent delight. The only reason for this, on the part of the children, must be that they never drank soda-water, and thus believed in their primitive innocence that what they are consuming is the genuine article.

The people of New York City, from the Wall Street broker down to the urchin in the streets, live but for one object, and that object is to make money. While this might truly be said of most, if not all the human beings in the entire world, in New York it is especially the case, and shows itself in every move a person makes. In Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit" the great novelist has painted a character who is always on the make. As an apology for his craftiness the writer states that the first word he was taught was "gain;" the second, "money." This can be very appropriately applied when attaching it to a native of the Metropolis. Little boys during their vacations, and

when school is over for the day, play, but not as the little boys in Boston do by any means.

They go along the busy thoroughfares and play in the commons and parks. In Central Park last month a large number of boys were engaged in a simple game of "tag." As soon as any one comes along, no matter how interesting the game may be, the playing immediately ceases, and a grand rush is made for the unfortunate individual, and all she or he hears is the cry of "Lozengers" wafted in their ears. It takes considerable arguing to convince these precocious pedlers that you do not want any of their goods; and if you should decide to buy, every one of them will tell you that he asked first, and thus it takes some time before the matter is settled. The best way out of it is to buy a bunch from each of them. If you are not particularly desirous, however, to take in a supply of lozengers, and thus suit their childish caprices, you will have quite a time to fix things. "We do not do this to der women," said one of the future desperadoes to the writer; but continuing, he said: "when we ketch a bloke we bleed him for all we're worth." A large number of boys sell papers, another crowd shine boots, and many others are engaged in different pursuits whereby they are able to raise some money. This work, when practised by ones so immature, naturally leads and teaches them to have an eager desire for the "mighty dollar."

A number of young men are engaged as janitors in the many large buildings and "flat" houses. A janitor in New York means a position that is productive of much profit in a monetary sense. In most of the apartment houses a young man is engaged to look out for the place. He is known as the janitor. He generally has an office in the basement of the house. If there are any rooms to let, the seeker of them will be directed by the sign to apply to the janitor. Visitors who wish to look at vacant apartments will be piloted through the house by the janitor. He names the price of the rent, lets the apartments on his own responsibility, collects the rent, in fact, he is the lord of the domain. He is also supposed to keep the place in proper condition all the time, and if any repairing is to be done he hires the necessary person to put the place to rights. When the bill is put in, the janitor, through a previous understanding, receives ten, fifteen, or more cents on a dollar from the man he engaged to do the work. For taking care of the house the janitor receives a fair salary from the proprietor, besides his room rent for his family if he has one, including fuel, food, gas, etc. This is not all they receive by any means. Another source for wealth, for the lucky janitor, is derived from putting in and carrying coal. A regular price is fixed for this particular work, and a bill is put in for it, generally at the end of the month. There are numerous other ways in which they make a good deal of money; but, indeed, they are too numerous to mention at this time. In large buildings let out for offices the invincible janitor generally reaps a rich and productive harvest. Washing the office windows at twenty-five cents or more for each window amounts to a snug little sum. I am told that the most money is made on doing up and cleaning towels. When

Alderman Cleary, of "boodle" fame, was tried for selling his vote, he astonished the entire court when he began to tell the money he made as a janitor. It was probably because of his being a janitor that he was still after money while a city father. But here his luck was with him again, for the jury disagreed; but whether they acted in the right or wrong, in their decision, is not for me to say.

The streets, which I have mentioned as being wide, are also very dirty. A rainy day in New York means something terrible. The streets seem to offer recesses for water, and mixing up with the dirt, makes a paste mixture commonly called mud or slush. In crossing a street when it is in this condition, the person, unless well protected with rubber boots, must trip across as though walking a tight-rope. Then the teams and cars, which are incessantly passing, makes travelling for the pedestrians very dangerous. It is on a very few crossings that a policeman is stationed, and that only on the uptown avenues where the ladies are, and where the blue-coated individual, as in Boston, plays the role of the brave knight in assisting the ladies in crossing, and causing the teams, etc., to halt. It is almost impossible for strangers to make any headway on the sidewalk, if they are unfortunate enough to be obliged to carry umbrellas. It is nothing but jab, jab, jab, all the time.

Another thing which I noticed was the remarkable cheek and coolness generally displayed by the lower element of New York society. A sluggish-looking young man has not the slightest hesitancy in stepping up to a more fortunate-looking individual, and after giving him a look of utter indifference, and sizing him up generally says, "Say, give us a light, will yer?" This request being most always granted, they will take the cigar and place it to their own "butt" and get a light. They are not at all adverse to changing their weeds; and, if they think they can do it without being immediately detected, they will do so. After getting a light, they will hand back the cigar, and walk off without so much as saying "Thanks." The same way with other things. "What time is it, Boss?" All sorts of requests are asked by these cheeky individuals. When they find out, or receive, what they are after, they walk off without showing the least token of gratitude. In other words, they get what they are after, and are through with you, and that settles it. A respectable-appearing man was standing on the platform of an elevated car that I was on recently, and the conductor pulled the rope down pretty low to give the signal to the engineer to start the train. In doing so he nearly encased the gentleman's face in his hat. I watched to see if the conductor would apologize, but he didn't, and indeed the man with the dented hat did not appear as though he expected it. I have been run into, almost knocked down, had my hat knocked off, and, in fact, stepped upon, sometimes, even by people of respectable appearance. I would at first wait for an apology; but I would have to wait in vain. It would be like the words of the popular ballad, "The letter that he longed for never came." But I became used to it in a day or two, and when I got twisted or thrown around in the surging mass of passing humanity, I did not mind it in the least. In fact, I tripped over people, and although I always try to be polite, I offered

no apology. I was firmly of the opinion that no such thing was done there, and took the advice of the great bard, who has said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

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# England's Avarice.

ENGLAND is a glorious nation;
Proud her name, and high her station;
She has lands and gold galore,
Who would think she'd look for more?
She has power and wealth and fame;
(Now all men know how all these came;)
Her flags are fanned by every breeze;
Her ships are ploughing all the seas;
She cheats the poor man of his toil;
She gets her share of robber spoil;
She dupes the lord, and grinds the serf;
She takes the gems, and holds the turf;
The wealth of India is her own;
Poor Ireland must support her throne;
But she was poor, with all these riches,
*Until she stole "O'Brien's breeches."*

Alfred Tennyson Treacy.

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# The School Question in a Nutshell.

NO truer words were ever uttered than the following short resume of the school question. The Congregational Club of New Haven, Conn., recently discussed the question of "Religion in Our Public Schools. The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, of the Church of Strangers, said: "Religion should not be taught in schools supported by general taxation, and children should not be sent to schools where religion is not taught. There is none, of necessity, in the curriculum. None have so much interest in our public schools as the infidels, agnostics, and atheists. I oppose the system because it is unjust, un-American, injurious, unnecessary, and un-Christian. The end to be attained is good; the method of obtaining it, evil. According to my lights and opportunities, I am bound to labor for the disestablishment of the common school."

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PROGRESS is a word of very attractive sound, and it is the great shibboleth of the age; but it should be remembered that there are two kinds of progress, one upward, the other downward. — *Christian Reid.*

# Two Christmas Eves.

## CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve in the great city of New York, in the year 1863. All day long the snow-flakes gently, but steadily, came down from the heavens, weaving a white carpet on the squares and private streets, where the rude rustle of business was unknown, and where the monotonous rattle of the street-car was unheard. As night fell down, and the yellow light of the gas-lamps flickered in the breeze that blew from the East River, casting a weird light, and ever and anon forming fantastic shadows on the white streets, the toiling masses could be seen wending their way to their homes. Almost all were laden with goods and gifts purchased by their week's toil, for their wives, children, or friends. All were hurrying homeward, utterly regardless of those who passed them by, and each seemed bent on reaching his destination in the least possible time.

Amongst the crowd that swayed and thronged in Grand Street there are only two in which we are interested. They are two females. One is old, with hair as white as the snow she treads upon, but with a face that still bears the impress of beauty, and with the remnants of the roses of youth still lingering in her cheeks. She walks as stately, and with as grand an air as the most aristocratic lady that ever entered the salons of Paris in the reign of Henri Quatre. Her companion is her daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, with a face as sweet as ever poet dreamed of, and as pure in its radiant beauty as an artist would wish to gaze upon. Her wealth of brown hair falls in wavy ringlets down her neck, and as it sways in the inconstant breeze its folds nestle in her face and neck, which keep her hands in constant play restraining its wild and wanton caresses. As they pass up the street many gentlemen recognize them and courteously raise their hats and salute them. There are also many poor men and women, who rush towards them from the adjoining streets, and pour blessings on them as they pass. When they reach the Bowery they hail a cab and drive rapidly up town.

Let us enter the house of Maurice Maguire on this blessed Christmas Eve, and share in the festivites there. It is an unpretending building to look at from the outside; but when once ensconced in the snug little parlor inside you forget its architectural blemishes, and when you see Mr. Maguire, his wife, and Eleena (the two which we met in Grand Street), you will forget that ever an architect or any such prosaic person ever existed. Mr. Maguire sits in his easy chair, the evening paper thrown aside, and looks pleasantly at his wife and daughter. His face beams with kindness, intelligence and benevolence, and his round and jocund face still ruddy with the glow of health, seems to flash defiance to the gray hairs which encircle his head. Eleena has thrown off her cloak; her truant tresses, thanks to a comb and mirror, are brought into proper subjection, sits beside her father, who gazes on her with unspeakable love. But from hazel Irish eyes that flash as brightly as

sunlight through a winter cloud, she returns that look of love a thousand fold. Mrs. Maguire is fussing about the supper, part of which is simmering in the oven; but there is a look of expectancy in her face, and she often pauses as if she heard approaching footsteps. Her anxiety is shared by her husband and daughter, who gaze as wistfully towards the door as she does. It looks as if they expected somebody.

They do; young Maurice Maguire, their first-born, a student in a Catholic Seminary, is expected home on Christmas Eve. He will soon take Holy Orders, and this is the last Christmas he will spend as a layman in his home. He is the idol of his parents and sister, and without him Christmas would be joyless and dull. Mr. Maguire, though not rich, had means ample enough to give his son a classical education to train him for the priesthood. His wishes would soon be realized in the ordination of his son; but he wanted to embrace him once more in the old homestead before he dedicated himself to God and His Holy Church. All shared the same feelings, and same anxiety; but on this Christmas Eve it was intensified by the thought that it might, probably, be the last Maurice should ever spend beneath their roof. After his ordination he might be sent on the mission to the far West, or to some foreign country. This thought was now in their hearts, and they eagerly longed for his presence.

At length the door-bell rang, and, with a bound, Eleena rushed into the hall, and in a moment returned, ushering in her brother and Father Martin. They were greeted with a warm welcome, and, being disencumbered of their great coats, sat down to a cheerful supper. Maurice Maguire bore a close resemblance to his sister, but his features were not so delicately cut. His eyes and hair were of the same color, and his voice pitched in the same musical tone. As they sat together, chatting merrily, their resemblance and relationship could not be mistaken. Father Martin was the pastor of the parish in which they resided, and an old friend of the family.

Supper being over, Mr. Maguire at length inquired of Maurice why he had been so long detained.

"After leaving the academy," said the young man, "my attention was attracted to a regiment of soldiers, or, rather, the remnant of a regiment, for they scarcely numbered one hundred and fifty men, who were coming out of the railway depot. I joined the crowd that surged around them, and could not help but pity the poor fellows as they limped past me in their tattered uniforms. That they had seen service, and that of the sternest kind, was plainly indicated in their ragged jackets and torn battle-flags. I was about turning from the scene, when a sudden cry fell on my ears, and following the direction of the sound, I saw Father Martin leap into the ranks, and grasp a fainting soldier in his arms as he was falling to the ground. We carried the weary soldier to the nearest drug-store, and, as soon as restored to consciousness, he recognized Father Martin with an exclamation of delight."

"Yes," said the priest, "he was formerly a parishioner of mine. I remember the day he left with his regiment; a finer young fellow never stepped into the ranks. He was burning with patriotism, and went to

the front with the first troops that left New York. His mother tried to restrain him, but she could not. I am afraid he will never march again."

"I thank God that there are none of mine in the service," said Mrs. Maguire, pathetically; "if there were, I could not rest easy on my bed."

"Next to our religion," replied the priest, solemnly, "it is our duty to defend our country, and always serve God by doing our duty."

"And that duty," replied Mr. Maguire, "we owe to the flag that protected us in our cradle. And I, for one, were I young enough, and called upon, would not hesitate to defend it. It is but right that the young and able-bodied should do so; and, as I learn by the papers, there will soon be another call for men, and, if not forthcoming, a draft will be peremptorily ordered."

"But think, father," cried Eleena, "if Maurice should be drafted!"

Mrs. Maguire looked wistfully at her son, and then at the priest, while a tear dimmed her eye. Father Martin and Maurice smiled at the idea, and Mr. Maguire, rising from his chair, said, —

"Much as it would grieve me to part with my son, I would not raise a finger to keep him at home. If he should be drafted, he will have the honor of fighting under a free flag that he loves, and not, like his grandfather, for one that he hates, — the red flag of England."

The old patriot sat down, and a look of admiration beamed on him from the priest.

"There is no danger of that occurring to either Maurice or me," said Father Martin; "they do not draft clergymen, and, with God's blessing, Maurice will be a priest long before the law is enforced. In the meantime, Mr. Maguire, tell us the story of your grandfather, and, after that, Eleena and Maurice will give us a song befitting Christmas Eve, and then, after prayers, we will retire to rest, for I must celebrate first Mass in St. Patrick's in the morning."

Mrs. Maguire, Eleena, and Maurice seconded the priest, and asked Mr. Maguire to tell the story. The old gentleman drew his chair into the centre of the circle which they had now formed around him and began: —

"My story is a very short one; in fact, it is only an episode in the life of my grandfather. He lived in troublous times. The county Fermanagh, in which he was born, was overrun by Orange Yeomen, and in '98 the Hessians came to back them up. Orangeism was rampant, but patriotism among the people was rife. My grandfather was a ribbonman and a sworn enemy of England. He was captain of as good a band of patriots as ever met by moonlight in the green glen of Fermanagh. And so, when the county Antrim patriots met the redcoats at Ballinahinch, my grandfather, with his boys, led the charge. You know, Father Martin, that, despite their bravery, their efforts for freedom were drowned in blood. When the patriot army was dispersed my grandfather, after many vicissitudes, made his way to the county Mayo. The military were after him; but he remained in safety in the mountain gorges of that then almost inaccessible county. But word

came one morning that the French had landed in Killala, and that the 'boys' were up and fighting. That was enough for my grandfather to know. One hour after hearing the news he was on his way to Killala. As he passed along he met many intent on the same purpose as himself, and who were hurrying to join Humbert, the commander of the French. When he reached Killala he marched as captain at the head of fifty rebels.

"The French and Irish were on the march to Castlebar. Eight thousand red-coats occupied the town. Father Martin, you and Maurice have read the story of the 'Races of Castlebar;' how the Irish and French defeated the English, and afterwards penetrated to the very heart of Ireland. In every battle and skirmish that occurred my grandfather bore a prominent part. But he was captured at Ballinamuck, and sentenced to be shot. The Irish rebellion had collapsed, and he, with thousands of others, was a prisoner.

"The French were paroled; but the Irish, to a man, were given a short shrift, and a speedy death. When my grandfather and the remnant of his company were brought forward for execution, the military officer, whose duty it was to see them shot, was taken by the fine military bearing of my grandfather, as he walked with head as erect as a mountain oak, and as fearless as a Spartan to meet his death. Stepping up to him he said,—'My fine fellow, I don't like to put a brave man like you to death. You are young and active, and will make a splendid soldier. Give up your hopes of Irish liberty, for they are gone. If you have got a father, a mother, or a sweetheart, think of them, and for their sakes save your own life by enlisting in my regiment. When you fight for King George you are fighting for Ireland as well as England.'

"A scornful smile and a haughty look from my grandfather was the only answer he gave.

"'Think,' said the officer, who understood it, 'think how many will be made miserable by your unhappy fate. If you join us I promise you, furthermore, that all these brave fellows, who are now sentenced to death, can depart with free passports to their homes ten minutes after you take the oath of allegiance.'

"My grandfather thought of his old Irish father and mother and of the girl of his heart, Nora Dempsey, who lived beside the pleasant waters of Lough Erne. He thought of how his loving mother would welcome him home; how his father, when seated in his straw chair beside the turf fire, that burned cheerily on the hearth of the cabin, would look with pride on the face of his boy, and tell him that he had acted the part befitting a Maguire of Fermanagh. And then he thought of Nora, his heart's fondest love, of the tender meetings between them, and the vows they had pledged; of how often they rambled by Lough Erne and gathered shells on its strand, and brought them in joyous innocence to decorate their cabins. His comrades stood before him awaiting death. One word from him would set them free; would give comfort and happiness to his parents and his betrothed, but would cover him with shame and infamy.

"'Come, Maguire,' said the officer, pulling out his watch, 'I will give you three minutes to decide. The fate of yourself and comrades depends on your answer.'

"'I accept your terms,' said my grandfather, in a voice choked with emotion, 'for the sake of my friends and comrades.'

"'Order arms!' roared the officer to the soldiers, who had remained at a shoulder while he was speaking to my grandfather.

"The order was obeyed.

"And then my grandfather had the pleasure of seeing his comrades freed, and departing in safety to their homes, while he, the greatest rebel and patriot of them all, donned a red-jacket and took the oath of allegiance to George III.

"He was only one month in the service when his regiment was ordered to Ballyshannon, in the county Donegal, to suppress a band of rebels who were still in arms against the king. A fight took place at Conroy, which, you are aware, is the birth-place of General Montgomery, who fell on the ramparts of Quebec, fighting for American Independence, and whose statue is convenient to the principal entrance of St. Paul's Church, Broadway. Well, when the battle commenced, my grandfather, seeing the green flag flying over the Donegal men, leaped from the English ranks and joined the rebels. He had forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge-box, and every cartridge he fired against his English foes. It was all in vain. Numbers told, the Irish were defeated, and the Maguire was again a prisoner.

"He was a deserter. A drum-head court-martial was immediately held in the principal street of Ballyshannon, and my grandfather was sentenced to be shot in five minutes. The soldiers environed him, bayonets surrounded him on every side, and he stood alone, hopeless of aid or succor, in the midst of his enemies. He was marched to the barrack-yard, where a platoon of soldiers stood at present arms, waiting for the word 'Fire' to send their bullets into Maguire's breast. But quick as the tigress in the jungle leaps to defend her young,—quick as the lightning-blast that cleaves the oak of the forest, the Maguire sprang upon a soldier, snatched the musket from his hands, and clubbing it, dashed his enemies aside, and, springing over the wall, escaped. The English tried, but in vain, to catch him. He fled to Connemara, in the county Galway, and, after peace was restored, came back to Fermanagh, and married Nora Dempsey. His first-born was a daughter, called Eleena, a good old Irish name, after whom my daughter is called.

"And that is my story, Father Martin. It is briefly told, and, as I remarked before, is only an episode in the life of one of my ancestors."

"I thank you, Mr. Maguire," replied the priest, "for your very interesting narrative; and I am happy to tell you that the sentiments which filled your grandfather's heart are one and the same that pervade mine to-night. And," he continued, "I think Maurice and the ladies will bear me out in the assertion."

"Indeed we will," replied the three, in a breath.

"Well, Eleena," said Father Martin, taking her to the piano "please sing us a Christmas melody."

"I will sing you a Christmas song, Father," replied Eleena, "that was sung in Cormic's Church, Cashel, Tipperary, one thousand years ago. My father translated it from the Irish, and I fringed it with rhyme. Listen!"

While the priest, the father, mother, and brother gazed with admiration on the beautiful face of the girl, she sang in an impassioned voice, and with sweetest melody, the following hymn: —

This is the night that Christ was born,
Who came our souls to save;
We'll praise His name from night to morn
Till we go to the grave.
We pray unto His Mother mild,
Who bore the Heavenly guest,
That she will ask her Holy Child
To take us to His breast.
And while we pray, we hope that they
Who now in sorrow grieve,
Will find surcease from lasting grief
This blessed Christmas Eve.

The stars shone down with brighter light
When He on earth appeared,
The Kings were guided by their light,
Who knelt, and who revered,
And gladness overspread the earth,
And filled each heart with joy,
And heaven and earth their praise poured forth
For Mary's Angel Boy;
Then let us try in praise of Him
A song of love to weave,
To bless His name with fond acclaim,
This blessed Christmas Eve.

Oh! glory to Thee, Holy Lord,
From sin and sorrow free!
With thy blessed saints in sweet accord
We love and worship Thee.
And while we raise the song of praise
To Thee, who for us died,
We pray thy love within our hearts
May evermore abide.
And while we pray we hope that they
Who now in sorrow grieve
May find surcease from lasting grief
This blessed Christmas Eve.

Ah! what a happy and joyous Christmas Eve it was in the home of Mr. Maguire.

## CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned bright over the great city and the waters of the bay. Long before daylight thousands could be seen wending their way to the churches, and as the sun rose in the heavens tinging with his golden beams the tall city spires, from every dome and turret resounded the gladsome peal of the Christmas bells. As the morning advanced, groups thronged the sidewalks in the direction

of the different churches. But of all of which the city then boasted there was none so tastefully or artistically decorated as old St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott Street. The young ladies of the parish had spent days and nights in its adornment, and it presented a beautiful appearance on this blessed Christmas morning.

The congregation presented a semi-military appearence, as hundreds of Union soldiers sat in the pews or knelt in the aisles. Some had recently enlisted, while others were home on furlough; and with a few exceptions, they and their parents belonged to St. Patrick's parish. Bishop Hughes preached the sermon appropriate for the day, and as he neared its conclusion feelingly spoke of the hardships undergoing by the army at the front, and of the aid they expected from their friends at home to render their lives bearable during the long winter. He then exhorted them to pray for the success of the Union army, and a speedy termination of the war.

As Mr. Maguire and his family emerged from the church they were joined by a few young men and women, school-mates of Maurice and Eleena, who had promised to spend Christmas evening at their house. An engagement with Bishop Hughes prevented Father Martin from being present at dinner; but as the day waned his welcome and well-known ring at the door-bell was recognized, and all met him with a hearty greeting in the parlor. The evening passed pleasantly; the priest and Mr. Maguire vying with the young folks in creating harmless merriment. Again were reminiscences of Christmas in old Ireland told, and of their youthful exploits in its celebration. When Eleena sat down to the piano she played the Adeste Fideles, and afterwards a song of Bishop Hughes', which is found in every American edition of the Catholic Prayer Books. At the request of her father and the priest she sang the "Coolen," that beautiful Irish air which is a thousand years older than Christianity, and which is still admired by all nations for its pathos, plaintiveness and sublimity. She next sang it in the Irish language, which her father had taught her in early youth and so sweet and passionate was her rendering of the glorious melody that it sunk into the hearts of her hearers and melted them to tears. While she sang her soft, mild eyes glowed with the languor of love; her voice rose and fell in measured, melodious cadence, and throwing her soul into the song, she looked to them an impassioned sappho.

Ah! what a happy Christmas evening. Long afterwards it was remembered by those who participated in it, and in after years, when Mr. and Mrs. Maguire and the priest were gathered to their fathers, it was remembered by those they left behind with pride and pleasure.

The Christmas holidays over Maurice resumed his studies at the Academy; the Maguires resumed their usual quiet life, and Father Martin the duties, which it was his holy mission to fulfil. Mr. Maguire being a shrewd business man often engaged in commercial speculations which generally, thanks to his foresight, proved successful; for he was one of those who, while he remained in vigorous health, could not bear to be idle.

Winter passed away, the spring with its blossom and flowers came

and with it came tidings of reverses to the Union army. New York was stirred to its depths by the announcement that a draft would soon take place, and mothers wept as they gazed on their sons, thinking that, perhaps, it would be their fate to be balloted into the army to meet a bloody death on the battle-fields of Virginia. Anxiety pervaded every household and when the news was confirmed, sorrow reigned in every family.

The dreaded day at length arrived. The balloting took place, and among the first names drawn for service was that of Maurice Maguire! He was a student, not a clergyman, the government argued, and therefore liable to be drafted.

Maurice, who possessed his father's ardent patriotism, heard his doom with resignation; but his mother and sister were inconsolable. Night and day they wept and no persuasion on the part of Maurice or his father could induce them to remain tranquil when parting from him. Eleena loved him with all a sister's devotion, indeed up to the present her heart was bound up in her father, mother and brother. She had never known a more tender love and never imagined she ever could. Father Martin was deeply distressed by their sorrow, and endeavored to cheer them with consoling words, and examples of other mothers and sisters whose sons and brothers were forced into the same regiment as Maurice. But he broke down in the effort, and unconsciously the tears flowed down his cheeks as he spoke. The good priest needed consolation as much as either, for he loved Maurice with all the loving tenderness of his Irish heart.

It was determined by the priest and Mr. Maguire that the day of Maurice's departure for the camp should be kept a secret from Eleena and her mother, in order that they might be spared the pangs of parting from him. But fate ordained otherwise. The line of march to Staten Island led directly through the street where Mr. Maguire's residence was, and when the reverberating drum-taps announced the approach of the military, Mrs. Maguire and Eleena rushed to the door to see the soldiers pass. The soldiers halted in front of the house, waiting for another contingent of drafted men to join them. At this moment Father Martin and Mr. Maguire appeared. They feared a scene would occur when the mother and daughter saw Maurice in the ranks, and hoped, by their presence and skill, to avert it. But the quick eye of Eleena, as it scanned the ranks, perceived her brother at about half a block's distance, and, with a cry, rushed to the street before any one could restrain her, and in a moment was sobbing on her brother's breast.

He, too, was affected; but, keeping back his tears, he endeavored to mitigate her sorrow. With loving words he tried to soothe her, but she only replied with sobs. Her mother followed. Both hung on his neck, and in frantic accents implored him not to leave them.

"Oh, Maurice! Maurice!" exclaimed his mother; "my first-born and my best-beloved, will you leave your poor mother and sister thus? Come home with us! We will find somebody to take your place, if we have to spend the last cent in the world."

Here her husband and Father Martin interposed, and dragged her, almost forcibly, from the arms of her son.

At the same moment the colonel of the regiment and the captain of the company to which Maurice was detailed rode up, and reined in their horses before them. Pity for the afflicted mother and daughter was plainly expressed in the countenances of the soldiers, and the crowds on the sidewalks expressed their sympathy by restraining their boisterous cheers and maintaining a respectful silence.

Eleena, in a dazed condition, looked at her mother struggling in the arms of the priest and her father, who were endeavoring, but in vain, to convey her to her house, and then looking at her brother with a sigh that almost seemed to rend her heart, threw herself again upon his bosom; but in the effort fainted, and fell helpless at his feet.

Maurice stooped to raise his sister from the ground, but ere his loving arms could touch her prostrate form, a young man sprang towards her, and, raising her in his arms, delivered her to her brother; and turning to the soldiers asked, in an angry voice: "Has no man here got a canteen?"

A dozen boys in blue sprang forward with generous impulse, and the stranger, taking a canteen from one of them, sprinkled Eleena's face with water, and, forcing some into her mouth, stood for a moment with folded arms, to witness the result. It was soon apparent. Slowly she opened her eyes and gazed around her. Her mother and father and Maurice were before her. On every side were soldiers, and their presence restored her to consciousness.

Suddenly recognizing the position in which she stood, and seeing all eyes riveted on her, she turned towards her brother, while modest blushes suffused her cheeks, and said, in plaintive accents, —

"Brother, I am content; kiss me and depart."

"Not yet," said the young man, who had raised her from the ground, pointing his finger towards Eleena.

The young girl turned with flashing eyes full on the speaker, who, a stranger and unknown, had dared to address her so imperially. He did not heed her haughty look, but turning to the colonel who had remained not only an interested but affected spectator, saluted and said,—

"Colonel, I will take this young man's place. He seems to be more suited for the church than for the army. He has friends; I have none. Release him and I will be his substitute in the ranks without fee or emolument. I have served in the Papal Brigade with my Irish comrades, and an Irish soldier who has crossed bayonets with Garibaldi and his cut-throats at Spolletto and Castlefidardo will not be afraid to encounter the fiercest rebel that dare raise a hand to pull down the free flag of America."

The colonel looked with admiration on the animated face of the speaker, his fine form and military bearing, and dismounting, took him by the hand and answered,—

"I accept your generous offer as freely as it is given; if I had ten thousand men like you I would not be afraid to march on Richmond to-morrow! What is your name?"

"Brian MacMahon."

"What rank did you hold in the Papal service?"

"That of first lieutenant under Colonel O'Reilly."

"How long did you serve?"

"From the beginning to the end of the campaign; until the dismissal of the brigade."

"That you are a soldier can be easily seen by your looks, and I am much mistaken if you do not rise to a higher grade than lieutenant in the Federal army. Maurice Maguire," the colonel continued, turning to the young student who, with Eleena, stood speechless before him and the generous stranger, "step out of the ranks; "deliver your musket to Brian MacMahon, you are no longer in the Federal service."

MacMahon sprang forward and Maurice instinctively surrendered to him his weapon. As the young man stepped into the ranks a cheer burst loud and high from the soldiers and the vast crowd that thronged the streets.

The colonel was about to give the order to march when Eleena and her mother impulsively grasped MacMahon's hands and blessed him for what he had done. Mr. Maguire and the priest, who were filled with emotion at the generous incident which they had witnessed, shook him warmly by the hand, and with Maurice, proffered him a thousand thanks.

The Papal Zouave blushed, and wishing the scene ended, briefly thanked them for their compliments, and looked eagerly in the direction of the colonel, expecting to hear the marching order. But Father Martin, who had intently watched the young man, again approached and addressed him.

"My Irish friend, I am deeply impressed with your generous conduct to-day, and I fancy I see in your face a resemblance to the MacMahons of Monaghan. Tell me, are you any way related to them?"

"Yes, I belong to the same family, but have no living relatives save an uncle, who went to Mexico the year I was born, and from whom my father and mother, who are now dead, never heard."

"That will do. You will remain in camp on Staten Island for an indefinite period, and I will meet you there. Good-by."

He grasped his hand and had barely joined his friends, the Maguires, when the order passed along the line,—

"Attention!"

The order was obeyed and a few moments after the command "forward, march!" was given, and the soldiers, amid the plaudits of the populace, and to the strains of "Yankee Doodle," marched to the Battery and embarked for Staten Island.

Mr. Maguire and his family, accompanied by the priest, returned to their homes, and that night they offered up fervent prayers to the throne of the Almighty for the preservation and success of the young Irishman who had offered himself as a sacrifice for their well-being and comfort.

## CHAPTER III.

ALL winter the conscripts remained on Staten Island, learning their drill. The hostile armies were in winter quarters and active operations would not be resumed before spring. Father Martin and Mr. Maguire often visited Brian at the camp and conversed with him. Occasionally Eleena accompanied them, and as winter wore away and spring approached, and the bright sunshine dispelled the snow, her visits and theirs were repeated more frequently. May came with its buds and blossoms; and along the pleasant shores of the Island Brian and Eleena, who had now become dear friends, often rambled while the priest and Mr. Maguire were friendly entertained in the officers' quarters. Balls and parties were frequent to which Brian and Eleena were always invited. They attended many, and were frequently thrown into each other's company. It is no wonder that a mutual feeling of friendship, if not a warmer feeling, sprung up between them.

But the day at length arrived when the regiment was ordered to the front. The parting between Brian and the Maguires was very affecting. Brian and Father Martin had spent the night preceding the departure of the regiment in Mr. Maguire's home, and with two of his comrades enjoyed a pleasant and happy evening. Father Martin was also present; but though each endeavored to be pleasant a feeling of melancholy was perceptibly visible on their faces, and each retired for the night in sorrow for the speedy departure of Brian. It took place on the morrow. Up Broadway to Forty-Second Street the regiment marched amid the enthusiastic cheers of the populace who turned out in thousands to see them off. It was observed by the Maguires [illegible] after they had taken their last farewell of the young [illegible] Martin lingered beside him holding a whispered conver[illegible] and was the last to shake his hand as he entered the trai[illegible]

For over a year Brian corresponded monthly with [illegible] and the priest. He generally wrote on the eve of a battle o[illegible] of the Potomac, and when the engagement ended detailed th[illegible] in which he participated. These letters were always receive[illegible] pride and pleasure by the Maguires especially by Eleena and the p[illegible] When Brian was promoted to a lieutenancy in his regiment, tho[illegible] modestly stated in his letter, it was hailed with pride by all, and t[illegible] glowing anticipations of his future shone like a summer sunbeam[illegible] their hearts. The letter was written on the eve of the battle of Getty[illegible] burg, and during an hour when General Meade had halted the army for an interval of rest.

But months passed away since then and no tidings of their soldier friend were heard. Father Martin was absent in Ireland; Maurice was ordained a priest, and established in St. Patrick's parish. Time had worked wonders and though it brought many joys to the Maguires, it also brought sorrows. Mr. Maguire failed in his speculations like many others at the time, and became a bankrupt. For months he kept it a secret from his wife and daughter, but at last was obliged to confess it. His home, which he had mortgaged, was advertised in the papers to

be sold, and he was warned by his creditors to remove on the 24th of December, the day of the sale.

As the dreaded day approached Mr. Maguire became more and more despondent. In vain he implored his friends for a loan to tide him over his present difficulties. He implored many whom he had befriended in their poverty to aid him, but met with a cold refusal. They turned their backs on him and he found himself not only friendless in the great city of New York, but destitute on this Christmas Eve. His buoyant spirits deserted him and he was bowed down with the weight of sorrow. His wife and daughter tried to cheer him but could not. His spirit was broken and he bent like a reed before the storm of adversity that assailed him. The roses fled from Eleena's cheeks; pining in secret melancholy, she, like her father and mother, awaited, with fear in her heart the dreadful day that would make them homeless.

Christmas Eve came again; but ah! how different from the happy ones they had passed in the old home. It was their last day in it. While partaking of a scanty breakfast Maurice arrived and gleefully imparted the intelligence that he had negotiated the loan of a thousand dollars from a friend to aid them in their present emergency. This news, so entirely unexpected, created a feeling of joy in every heart, and when the sheriff and auctioneer, followed by a crowd of would-be purchasers entered the house, they were welcomed courteously by the family.

The bidding commenced vigorously. When it rose to a thousand dollars Mr. Maguire offered that price but was outbid by a gentleman who offered three times the amount. This was decisive. The home of [illegible] was sold to a stranger, and while the snow was falling [illegible]ve he and his family were preparing to leave the place, [illegible]had been for years a scene of contentment, if not happi-

[illegible]mas Eve is a time of joy and festivity; but to this vir[illegible]ily it only brought misfortune. While the bells were again [illegible]cing with gladsome peals the nativity of the Saviour, and joy [illegible]pposed to reign in every household, there was mourning around [illegible]earth of the Maguires. Maurice, imbued with that trusting love [illegible]e Redeemer which only a Catholic priest knows or can impart to [illegible]ers, was endeavoring to console his afflicted parents and sister. [illegible]s words, in a measure, comforted them; but after his departure gloom [illegible]d sorrow again sat on their hearts. Mr. Maguire sat on the rocking-[illegible]air with his head bowed on his bosom, and seemed the embodiment [illegible] grief and sorrow. His wife's pale face imaged the picture of [illegible]despair. Eleena's was as pale; but controlling her sorrow, the prompt-ings of her heart, beating with love for her parents, compelled her to try to mitigate their grief, and seating herself at the piano she began to play an old Irish air which her father had taught her in happier days. But she broke down in the effort. It was too mournful, and as she looked around she saw her father in tears. She flew to his side, but ere she approached him a knock was heard at the door, and the

next moment Father Martin and a Union officer entered the room. That officer was Brian MacMahon in a colonel's uniform.

In a moment a smile lit up the face of Mr. Maguire, and he and his wife rushed forward to meet them. But when their cordial greetings were over the memory of his misfortunes again came crowding on his heart in dejection. Father Martin soon learned the cause of this, as, with tears in his eyes, he related the story of his sufferings. His two friends listened attentively, and sympathized in his affliction. After the recital a silence of a few minutes fell on the group. Father Martin looked at Brian as if he expected him to speak, but as he did not the priest in a voice at first broken by emotion, but growing calmer as he proceeded, said:—

"We must always trust in God, my friends, as He does all things for the best; our happiness or misery in this life and the next depends upon how we serve Him here. Therefore, we should bow to whatever crosses we may be afflicted with, and bear them patiently for His sake who suffered so much for us. Let us hope and remember that the darkest hour precedes the dawn. And now I will tell you a story of a certain friend of mine who was placed in similar circumstances as yours, and who always trusted in the mercies of his Maker and was not deceived.

"Accidentally I became acquainted with a young soldier of the Union in whose features I fancied I could trace a resemblance to a certain family in Ireland whom I had known in other days. On questioning him I found him a relative. I had known his uncle when a boy, but early in life we parted, he going to South America and I to the United States. Since then no tidings had been heard of him and he was supposed by all to be dead. His relative, the young soldier, and I often talked the matter over, and corresponded with the Peruvian authorities in Lima, in which city we believed he had resided and died. We were rewarded by the information that the soldier's uncle had died in Lima, leaving a vast fortune to his brother and nephew. But unfortunately we did not hear the news until the eve of the young man's departure for the front, when it was too late for him to do anything about the matter. There was one family of his acquaintance in the city in which he had enlisted, who, for some little kindly act done them, were deeply interested in him. With these he spent the evening and next morning left with his regiment.

"Previous to his departure he impowered me to place his papers in the hands of a lawyer to act in his case. This I did, and in six months nothing was wanted to enable him to inherit his uncle's property but the proof of his identity. A lawyer to gain such proof was despatched to Ireland, and, as you are aware, Bishop Hughes gave me a few months' leave of absence, I accompanied him. The proofs were soon found, and with them the lawyer journeyed to Peru, where the matter was settled in the soldier's favor.

"In the meantime the latter had been fighting under Grant, and had received promotion on several occasions for bravery displayed in the face of the enemy. For two years he had been present in all the

battles in which his corps had been engaged, and had received but slight injury. But in one of Grant's last great engagements he fell while leading a charge, seriously wounded. He was conveyed to the hospital where for months he hovered between life and death. On his recovery he was again promoted, and his lawyer had the pleasure of informing him personally of his good fortune in Washington. He obtained a month's furlough, and hastened to the city, where the friends who had formerly shown him so much favor resided.

"With a beating heart he thought of the reception he would meet with, knowing that they would be as proud of his promotion as of his wealth. But disappointment awaited him. He learned from his lawyer that his friends were ruined and had left the city. Making enquiries he discovered them. But oh! how changed! He found them in tears, overwhelmed with distress, and almost in poverty. Need I tell you what that young man did? Like a ministering angel he appeared among them and raised their hearts from despair to happiness. Thus, my friends," said the priest solemnly as he concluded, "we should never lose hope, for it often comes even at the eleventh hour. Many a good Christian has done an angel's part in this sad world."

"Father, I understand the moral of your story," slowly and mournfully replied Mr. Maguire; "but as I made few acquaintances, indeed I only lived for my family, which I fear was too selfish of me, I know there is none at this late hour who can help me."

"Yes, there is one," cried Brian, rising hastily from his chair, and grasping Mr. Maguire by the hand; "yes, there is one who, though not much of an angel is still a Christian. Here are the title deeds of your old homestead. Did you ever know a MacMahon to go back on a friend?"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Mr. Maguire, as he held the papers in his trembling hand, "can this be possible?"

"Yes, it is possible," answered Brian. "I arrived in town this evening and was informed by my lawyer that you were homeless. With him I found the auctioneer, who introduced us to the purchaser of your home, from whom I bought it at his own price. I had just pocketed the documents and was returning here when I met Father Martin and Maurice. We left Maurice at the Cathedral, and the priest accompanied me here, and now, Mr. Maguire, I am only returning you a debt of kindness which I owed you."

"Can none of you return Brian thanks?" said Father Martin approaching Mrs. Maguire and Eleena, who sat as if riveted to their chairs, the tears running down their cheeks. But neither could speak so deep was their emotion.

"You are too generous, Brian," said Mr. Maguire, "and I do not know how I can ever repay you for your kindness."

Father Martin had been walking up and down the room gleefully rubbing his hands, while a smile shone in his twinkling eyes. As Mr. Maguire spoke he caught Eleena's arm and leading her towards her father's chair, put her hand in his.

"There is one thing you can do, Mr. Maguire," said the priest,

"which will repay Brian a thousand and a thousand times, and it is to place, with your blessing, Eleena's hand in his; I think she will not be an unwilling party to the contract."

While red and white alternately played in Eleena's cheeks, her father placed her hand in Brian's. Mrs. Maguire embraced her new-found son, and Father Martin's face beamed with happiness. Joy reigned that night in the house of the Maguires.

But little more is to be told. A few months later and the army was disbanded. Brian was offered a captaincy in the regular army, but declined, as he intended to go to South America on his wedding tour. The marriage took place in the old Cathedral, Father Martin performing the ceremony, and Father Maurice celebrating the nuptial Mass. Brian and Eleena lived for years in the old homestead, where they were often visited by Father Martin. He and Mr. and Mrs. Maguire have long since passed away. Brian, his wife, and Father Maurice are still alive. But whenever the holy season returns, and their numerous progeny meet around the hearth, the story is faithfully told by Eleena of "The Two Christmas Eves."

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# The Sleepy Carthusian.

[The following graceful *morceau*, sweet as anything that Goldsmith ever penned, and almost irresistibly fascinating in the extreme beauty of its simplicity, is taken from the *Pélerinage en Suisse*, by Louis Veuillot. It was translated in the "Irish Monthly" by the editor of that excellently edited magazine, the Rev. Matthew Russel, S. J., and was pronounced by the "Spectator"—one of the leading English dailies, to be *a veritable gem*. It is now published in a beautiful little collection of poems by Father Russell, entitled "Erin: Verses Irish and Catholic," published at a very moderate figure by the eminent Dublin publishing firm, Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, O'Connell Street. I may remark *en passant* that Father Russell is a poet of no inconsiderable powers of mind. His "Emmanuel: A Book of Eucharistic Verses," and his "Madonna: Verses on our Lady and the Saints," have both ran through more than one edition. In fact, one of them—"Emmanuel"—has now reached the sixth edition at least. Essays and papers of rare critical excellence, on subjects always interesting to Irishmen, from the pen of Father Russell, form one of the most interesting features of the "Irish Monthly."—*Viator*.]

MANY years ago there lived in the Monastery of Gottestheil a monk who was strangely persecuted by an indomitable drowsiness. With the best possible intentions he could not contrive to rise at midnight to go and sing matins in the choir. Now, nature, that had made him so sleepy-headed, gave him also a mechanical turn. Without any training, without any notion of mathematics, by the mere force of reflection and labor, he manufactured a wonderful clock. To the apparatus for striking the hours he added a rude chime of bells. This, however, was insufficient, and immediately at the corners and in the middle of the little capital which surmounted the dial, he placed a blackbird, a cock, and a little drummer with his drum. At the proper hour all this made a row.

For some nights things went on well; but after a certain time, when midnight came, the chimes chimed, the blackbird whistled, the cock crew, the drummer drummed, and the monk—snored!

Another man would have been disheartened; but the brother invoked again his inventive genius, devised a serpent, which was placed under his pillow, and which, when midnight came, was sure remorselessly to hiss into his ear, "Get up, get up — it is the time!" This serpent was much more effective than the blackbird, the cock, the drum and the chimes — all of which, besides, failed not still to come to its aid with a little supplementary tantararara.

This succeeded admirably, and the Carthusian never missed awakening. Alas! in the middle of his joy at this success, he made a melancholy discovery. He had thought he was only drowsy, he sees now that he is lazy. Even when completely waked up, he hesitated about leaving his hard pallet. Many a minute he lost in relishing the pleasing consciousness of being in bed.

The matter called for an immediate reform. The Religious felt himself guilty, and the mechanic felt himself humiliated. Speedily a heavy board is placed over the bed in such a fashion as to fall rudely on the sluggard's feet, ten seconds after the charitable warning of the serpent. More than once the poor monk betook himself to the choir lamed and bruised.

Well, would you believe it? Whether it was that the serpent had lost its shrillness, or that the board had become in course of time less weighty, or the old man more sleepy-headed — whether it was that his limbs had grown hardened, or that he had contracted the criminal habit of drawing them back before the chastisement descended, it was not long till he felt the necessity of another invention. And so, every night before lying down, he tied to his arm a strong cord, which, at the fatal hour, stretched itself on a sudden, and jerked him out of bed.

At this point he had arrived. What fresh somnicidal projects he was turning over in his head heaven knows, when he found himself falling asleep forever. Asleep! No, the fervent Christian judged not thus; and in spite of his little sin of sloth, full of confidence in Him who pardons, "Ah," he cried, "I am waking up at last."

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OUR minds prepare for God a mortified flesh free from the rebellion of the senses, prayer free from distraction, a loving heart free from all bitterness, a humility free from all taint of vanity. All this is very good, an excellent preparation; but who carries it out? Alas! when we come to the practice of it, we fall short. Must we on this account be disquieted, troubled, or afflicted? No, certainly not. Must we apply ourselves to exciting a multitude of desires to stimulate ourselves to attain this perfection? By no means.

# Irish Novels and Novelists.

If I were asked at this moment, What is the greatest want in modern Irish literature, I would most unhesitatingly answer, "The want of wholesome works of fiction." It is only too true that the history of Ireland has yet to be written. We are, unfortunately, far behind England, France, Germany, and other countries, in that respect. Still, it is only one Irishman in a hundred who will not be satisfied with Haverty and Mitchell and Magee. They are very good as far as they go, and, for the average reader, they go nearly far enough. But the want is more likely to be felt when we descend into the region of fiction. This is essentially a novel-reading age. A youngster has, nowadays, hardly learned to read when he brings his knowledge to experiment on some work of fiction. From Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver he ascends (or descends) to Captain Marryat and G. P. R. James. Lever, Lover, Miss Braddon, and Ouida all come in good time. Now, this is not as it should be; it is not as it would be if we had a good supply of thoroughly Irish and thoroughly Catholic novels to put into the hands of our young men and women.

Let it not be understood that I am in any way commending universal novel-reading. Far be it from me. Some there are, to be sure, who would rigidly exclude from the school-boy's library anything more advanced in the line of fiction than Robinson Crusoe. I am none of these, either. I believe that there is much truth in the statement that

> "Many a thoughtless maid and youth,
> Who slight the stern reproofs of truth,
> Are led to change, repent, lament,
> By fiction's softer blandishment."

I have great faith in the influence for good which a well-written Catholic novel will exercise on a Catholic mind. The Catholic "maid and youth," whatever may be said against the practice, will most certainly seek recreation from graver studies in the pastime which light literature affords. It is, therefore, as clearly the duty of those who have charge of young people to see that this pastime will be a harmless one, as it is to see that, during play-hours, they associate with companions who will in no way exercise an evil influence on their tender minds. The most superficial acquaintance with the light literature of the day will convince any one that moderate discrimination will not suffice in this matter. Catholic parents should know that it is often dangerous to put into young people's hands books written even by novelists who enjoy a respectable reputation, and receive a large measure of commendation in hand-books on English Literature. Take, for example, Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple." It is a book which might easily attract young people, fond, as they are, of reading daring adventures of dashing youths in the military and naval service. The story is interesting enough, and, in the main incidents, harmless enough; but the reader has not proceeded far until he makes the acquaintance of a certain Irish priest, whom the captain represents as a regular monster of dis-

honesty and knavery, and even hints that his morality is not all one would expect in a minister of the gospel. Such is Captain Marryat's typical Irish priest. Surely Irish Catholic parents would hesitate before allowing such a gross and scandalous calumny into the hands of their children. Again, take Lady Morgan. She is often spoken of as a popular Irish novelist, and yet I met, in one of her novels, — "Florence McCarthy," — the oft-repeated slander which lays the terrible sin of simony at the door of the Irish priesthood. She represents a certain Father Mulligan as sending a bill to one Shane Gratly, in which he charges the sum of 2*s.* 2*d.* for two confessions, and 1*s.* 8*d.* for one christening. A writer who does not scruple to put trash of this kind into her book, deserves but scant consideration from the Irish Catholic reader. Carleton, too, is often lauded for his "Faithful Pictures of Irish Life." No one will deny that he painted the Irish character faithfully enough in some of his works; but some of the shorter pieces in the "Tracts and Stories" are the merest travesty on truth. Father Russell is right in his belief "that, with the faith of his childhood, Carleton lost much of the refinement, purity, and reverence which are required in an interpreter of Irish character."

The works of both Lever and Lover are full of coarseness and lying calumnies on the Irish character. Their Irishman is always the "stage Irishman," and their Irish priest is always a "stage priest." Irish parents will do well to keep such filthy stuff out of their homes. Banim and Griffin are the best of what we may call the "old school of Irish novelists." Irishmen will always read "Father Connell" and "The Collegians" with pleasure and profit. Perhaps no better delineation of Irish character, certainly no purer or better Irish novel, was ever published, than poor Charles Kickham's "Knocknagow." Here is Katherine Tynan's estimate of that work: — "I think it would be hardly possible to over-estimate the merits of this book, — its true pathos, its genial kindliness, its fun and inexhaustible wit and humor."

But all the readable novels of what I have called "the old school" could be disposed of by even a moderate novel-reader in a very short time, and most people do not care to read even the best novel more than once. The question, then, presents itself, What is being done to keep up the supply of healthy Irish novels? Very little, I fear. Our people are far too fond of English novels and English periodicals. Tons of pernicious literature of this kind are imported into Ireland weekly from the "Modern Babylon;" many of our young men and women buy and read this dirty stuff in preference to Irish novels and Irish periodicals. The consequence is, that the supply of good Irish fiction is not as plentiful as it might be. The material is not wanting; the authors are not wanting; the only want is the want of readers. That want would be speedily supplied if our young men and women would vigorously "boycott" the English trashy works. If they read novels, let them be the novels of Irish authors; and, as for periodicals, let them buy the "Irish Monthly," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, "Young Ireland," and the "Shamrock," in which the distinguished Irish authoress,

Mrs. M. T. Pendar is writing one of her very fine stories, "The Last of the Irish Chiefs," or "Old Derry's Walls."

I cannot finish this little paper better than by quoting the following words from the pastoral letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore: "Parents would be sure to warn and withhold their children from anything that would poison or sicken their bodies; let them be at least as watchful against intellectual and moral poison. But let the family book-shelves be well supplied with what is both pleasant and wholesome. Happily the store of Catholic literature, as well as works which, though not written by Catholics nor treating of religion, are pure, instructive, and elevating, is now so large that there can be no excuse for running the risk or wasting one's time with what is inferior, tainted, and spurious. Remember, Christian parents, that the development of the youthful character is intimately connected with the development of the taste for reading. To books as well as to associations may be applied the wise saying, 'Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are.' See, then, that none but good books and newspapers, as well as none but good companions, be admitted to your homes."

Lurgan, Ireland. J. C. Cannon.

# To Eugene Davis.

SING on, O bard of the music enchanting,
Breathing the tender soul of the Gael,
Waking the silver-toned echoes that slumber
Yet on the hills of old Innisfail:
Tune us the chords that have long been reposing,
Strains that our masters wistfully woo,
Slaves though we be there are hearts in our bosoms
Beating the numbers of freedom too.

Sing us the songs that were taught thee by mother
Down in the flow'ry glens of the West;
Legends she told on the wild mountain heather,
Lays that sigh like her own stricken breast;
Strong as the breezes by Baltimore sweeping,
Smooth as the Ilen seeking the shore,
Plaintive and weird as the wailing of Cleena
Moving the waters of sweet Glandore.

Sing of the sunburst, so hopefully rising
Up o'er the sea of thy country's tears,
Flashing the dawn of her emancipation,
Ending the night of thine exiled years:
Yet, should the gleam of our long aspiration
Only light us to liberty's grave,
Then, let the drum be the lyre of thy choosing,
Beating the pæan or dirge of the BRAVE!

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. Dennis B. Collins.

# The Eldest Son of St. Francis.

CHIEF among the Saints to whom devotion is spreading in America is ANTHONY of Padua. Few of those who invoke his aid, however, have heard the story of his life, although all his clients have experienced the efficacy of his intercession, and have blessed God for his peculiar gift as the finder of things lost.

His name was Ferdinand de Bulloens. He was born in Lisbon, Portugal, on the Feast of the Assumption, in the year 1195, and was baptized in the cathedral of that city by an uncle whose name he bore.

His father, Martin de Bulloens, who held an office at the court of the king, was of Flemish origin. His family had the same ancestors as the celebrated Godfrey de Bouillon, and their patronymic was derived from the Castle of Bouillon, on the confines of France and Flanders. His mother, Maria Teresa Tavera, could trace her lineage back to a sovereign of the ancient kingdom of Astorias in the eighth century. Both of his parents were persons of distinction in the social world around them; they were conspicuous for their culture and noted for their piety; and in their home the child of destiny had gentle surroundings and lavish care.

From his infancy Ferdinand displayed the most winsome traits. He was docile; he was sweet-tempered; he was generous. At the age of five, in all the simplicity of childhood, but with the innocent precociousness of a soul that was the cherished temple of the Holy Ghost, he consecrated his virginity to God. A year or two later, he was placed with the clerics of the cathedral to be educated. He was instructed in religion as well as in science, and made progress in both studies.

After he had passed his fifteenth birthday, he heard the voice that of old had called to Samuel in the night. He answered the summons and sought admission to the Monastery of St. Vincent without the walls, a house of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. His parents consented to his desire to follow his vocation, and the monks, who appreciated his piety and ability, opened their doors with a cordial welcome. Clad in the holy habit of that ancient order, he began that career of sanctification that was to end in his canonization twenty-one years later.

But his retirement was invaded by visits from relatives, and his peace was disturbed by the pleadings of acquaintances, who spread before him the allurements of a brilliant career in diplomacy or at the bar. To escape their importunities he begged to be transferred to the Monastery of Holy Cross at Coimbra. His petition was granted. In his new retreat, in obscurity and humility, he was trained in the discipline of a supernatural life, and finished his course of philosophy and theology. There, too, he was ordained a priest. In the archives of the monastery it is recorded that he was "a very learned and pious man, much distinguished in letters, and illustrious by the abundance of his merits." He knew by heart the whole of the Bible and the most striking passages in the Commentaries of the Doctors of the Church. So clearly were the words of Holy Writ impressed upon his

memory, that, if all manuscripts in the world containing them had been destroyed, he could have reproduced both testaments without the loss, addition, or change of a letter.

The young monk was faithful to the rule of the community; but a longing came over him for a more austere life than was there prescribed. He was eager to follow Christ in His abasement, in His poverty, in His abandonment, and in His longing for the salvation of souls. His mind turned to the foreign missions, and he besought God to grant him the grace to go to Africa and be martyred. About this time he was attracted towards the newly established order of St. Francis of Assisi by the occasional visits of some mendicant friars from the neighboring monastery of Olivarez, and by the reception at Coimbra of the relics of five Franciscans who had been slain for the faith in Morocco by the Mahometan king, Miramolin. After mature reflection and fervent prayer, he made application for admission. It was granted by the unanimous vote of the whole chapter. Then he begged his *exeat* from his Prior. Eventually this was obtained; but it was given with reluctance, for the Augustinians cherished him for himself, for his virtue, for his erudition. But they loved him too truly to stand in the way of his sanctification; so, with tears and benedictions, they suffered him to depart.

When he became a Son of St. Francis, Ferdinand changed his name to Anthony. The humble priest had a devotion to the holy anchoret, to whom his new home, the Monastery of the Olives, was dedicated, and he desired to dissociate himself from his high-born family, to lie *perdu* from all his old-time friends, to be as a stranger among strangers, unknown and without honor. He was mindful of that promise of the Lord, "He that shall lose his life for me shall find it," and he desired to put far from him all the past, and to be lost among his lowly brethren for Christ's sake.

In December, 1220, his prayer to be sent to the heathen was granted, and with Fra Filippo, a lay brother, he set sail for Africa. But the red robe of the martyr was to be his only by desire. As soon as he reached the dark continent, he was stricken with fever and lay ill during the four months of his stay. His superior heard of his malady and recalled him and his companion.

The ship on which they took passage for the return voyage was driven off her course by a tempest, and made port at Messina, in Sicily. There they remained until after Easter, when they set out for Assisi, to attend a General Chapter of the Order convened by the founder.

Anthony's appearance had been wofully changed by the jungle fever and subsequent hardships and mortifications. He was wan and emaciated. His eyes were sunken, and his cheeks were hollow. None of his Portuguese brethren recognized him, and he did not disclose his identity. He was truly lost. No one paid him any attention. Even St. Francis, to whom God often gave insight to read the souls of his subjects, took no notice of him. When the business of the meeting had been finished,—when the work had been mapped out, the Provincials designated, their colaborers appointed,—Anthony found himself overlooked. He was a priest, and he had vowed to be poor and a beggar,

so his lack of an assignment did not distress him. He placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of Divine Providence, fully persuaded that it would best direct his steps. He would ask for nothing. He would refuse nothing. One by one and in bands the monks began to leave the place. The Provincial of Romagna, Father Gratian, was one of the last to go. He was looking for a priest to say Mass at a hospice where six lay brothers formed the community. All he had asked were engaged. Finally he accosted Anthony. Was he a priest? Yes. Had he employment? No. Would he become chaplain of the monastery at Montepaolo, a lonely place near Forli, in Tuscany? Willingly.

Anthony at once set out for his new post, and the superior, who was a lay brother, accepted his services and put him to washing the dishes and kitchen utensils and to discharging other menial functions when not engaged in the sacred duties of his office. Anthony obeyed. He rejoiced in the lowliness, the solitude, and the poverty of his condition. There was a cave near the house. He occupied it as his cell, and in it was wont to spend long hours in prayer and in the practice of penances that equalled in severity the mortifications of the solitaires of the desert. At times he was so feeble that he could scarcely stand, and had to be supported when he said his Mass.

Nine months he spent in this grotto, occupied with prayer, penance and study, then he was summoned to Forli. The period of his obscurity was to end; he was to be found out. The Provincial was about to preside at a Chapter and had called his subordinates about him. Besides, the Bishop of Forli was about to hold ordination services, during which some Franciscans were to be raised to the sacerdotal dignity, and it was seemly that a number of their brethren should be present on the occasion. Anthony found on his arrival that besides the friars there were some Dominicans, Fathers and Brothers, who were the Provincial's guests until after the ordinations. According to Franciscan usage, a spiritual conference was called. To it the visitors were invited. Then arose a friendly contest as to who should address the united body. The honor was offered to the sons of St. Dominic; but they all insisted that a Franciscan should have it. No one could be prevailed upon to speak. Finally Father Gratian, on the spur of the moment, turned to Anthony and bade him preach to his brethren and their guests, saying whatsoever the Holy Ghost should inspire him to utter. Some of the saint's biographers suppose that any possible objection to the taking of the post by a Franciscan would be avoided by the assignment to it of so obscure a monk; others suppose that when the Dominicans could not be persuaded to address the assembly, the Provincial thought that as no one would expect a brilliant extemporaneous discourse from such an unknown and unpractised preacher as the chaplain of Montepaolo, his Order would not suffer in the opinion of their guests, who were members of a body so given to the work of delivering sermons as to be named the Order of Preachers, and some of them present were distinguished for their oratorical ability; while a few historians claim that the Superior, who knew the hidden fires that burned in the heart of the lowly friar, expected that the austere man of

God would edify the assembly by a few plain considerations of those eternal verities which formed the subject of his constant contemplation, even if he did not electrify them with the arts of rhetoric or the graces of elocution. But Anthony was dumbfounded. He to preach, who had no experience, and before such accomplished orators! The thought made him tremble. Besides what could he say that was not known to them all, and better than he could tell them. He begged to be excused. He pleaded that he was a poor ignorant man, who was employed in a kitchen, and had never preached in his life. But his protests were idle. He was commanded to speak out of obedience. That ended his objections. What the magnet is to the needle, or the bugle blast to the war horse, obedience is to the religious. Slowly Anthony ascended the pulpit. The text given him was: "Christ became for us obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." With trepidation and a fluttering heart, he began his address. He announced his text in an almost inaudible tone, and tried to master his emotion, hoping to collect his thoughts sufficiently to occupy the attention of the brethren for a few moments with a few obvious considerations. After an apologetic introduction, he proceeded to his subject. As he went on, he gained courage. The theme soon mastered him. He forgot himself, his diffidence, his lack of training, his physical weakness, his critical auditors. Carried away by the flood-tide opened in his mind by the Apostle's expression, which had been his study by day and his meditation by night, he poured forth the riches of his well-stored mind in an unbroken series of sanctifying thought, with a sequence of argument that was masterly, and a diction that was full and splendid and prompt. As the subject developed before him, texts of Scripture, quotations from the Fathers, and illustrations from the lives and sayings of the Saints fell in order into appropriate places in his discourse. When he reached his peroration he was lifted almost into ecstasy in view of the infinite motives that surge upon the hearts of men from the Crucified of Calvary and move them to reciprocate His love. Emotion again choked his utterance, but it was no longer an emotion concerned with himself but an outward display of that ardent affection for the Lord that mastered his whole being; and with a broken voice that had once more fallen to a whisper he brought his sermon to a close. The monks had listened to him at first with an amused indulgence; then with surprise and admiration; and at last with stillness and strained attention that lost sight of the speaker and was centred in the beauty, force and sublimity of his ideas. When he ceased, there was profound silence. Then the rapture of the assembled friars found vent in words. They gathered around Anthony and blessed God for revealing him to his brethren. Father Gratian on the spot appointed him preacher for the province. Writing to St. Francis the next day the delighted Provincial informed him of the treasure that had come to light. The Seraphic Father joyfully received the glad tidings and confirmed the appointment of Anthony, but extended it so as to include all the provinces in the order.

The hidden life of Anthony was now at an end. He had tried to

conceal himself from his friends, to hide his acquirements from his brethren, to be thought little and of no account; he had sought solitude; he had accepted the task of scouring pots and pans; but Providence, which had disclosed his worth, had henceforth use for him in the open. His time was short. In the eight years that were to intervene between then and the day of his death, a life-time of labor was to be compressed. He was over twenty-seven years old then, and he was not quite thirty-six when he died.

The first six months of his active career were spent in the Romagna. He preached at Forli, Faenza, Imola, Rimini, Bologna, and the hamlets thereabouts, making innumerable conversions of heretics, and attracting to the sacraments a multitude who had abandoned the practice of religion. St. Bonaventure quotes this prayer composed by him and used by him before preaching his sermons,—

"O Light of the world, infinite God, Father of eternity, Giver of wisdom and knowledge, and ineffable Dispenser of every spiritual grace, Who knowest all things before they are made, Who makest the darkness and the light, put forth Thy hand and touch my mouth, and make it as a sharp sword to utter eloquently Thy words. Make my tongue, O Lord, as a chosen arrow, to declare faithfully Thy wonders; put Thy spirit, O Lord, in my heart that I may perceive, in my soul that I may retain, and in my conscience that I may meditate; do Thou lovingly, holily, mercifully, clemently, and gently inspire me with Thy grace; do Thou teach, guide, and strengthen the comings in and the goings out of my senses and my thoughts, and let Thy discipline instruct me even to the end, and the counsel of the Most High help me through Thine infinite wisdom and mercy. Amen."

From the very beginning of his public ministry, his preaching was attended with miracles. He had the gift of tongues. A Portuguese himself, when he was in Italy he spoke fluently in Italian, and when in France in French, although he had never studied these languages; and when he preached to a congregation of different nationalities, each one heard him in his own tongue and his own dialect. Morever, when he addressed multitudes in the open air, those on the outskirts of the crowd heard his voice as distinctly as if they had been in the first row around his pulpit.

The Lord blessed his labors with abundant fruit. He had not been preaching three months before he was widely known as "The Hammer of Heretics," from his success in converting the Albigenses of their error. The teachers of the new doctrine were alarmed at his triumphs. They could not resist him. Several of them, who were considered the ablest of all, endeavored to dispute with him, but they could not stand his resistless logic, his proofs from Holy Writ and tradition, his citations from the decisions of councils and his extracts from the works of the Doctors of the Church. Not only were they silenced but also persuaded to abandon their heresy.

Almost all the inhabitants of Rimini were affected with the false doctrine of the Albigenses—that there existed a good and a bad god, the latter of whom had made this world—and when they heard that Anthony was going to their city to preach to them, they agreed among themselves not to listen to him. When, therefore, he appeared, no one went to church at the time fixed for his sermon, and when he went out

through the town no one would stop to hear him when he preached in the streets. Neither troubled nor down-hearted, he retired to his cell and spent the day and night in prayer, fasting, and discipline. The next morning instead of mounting the pulpit he proceeded towards the sea-shore where the river Marecchia falls into the Adriatic. The people who had observed him pass by the church, spread word of his course, and soon a throng was following him at a distance, exulting at his discomfiture, deriding him, and congratulating one another on his apparent departure. They were curious to see what he would do under the boycott they had laid on him. When he came near the water, he extended his hands over the waves, and with a loud voice he called on the fishes to come and hear the word of God which was despised and rejected by men. Lo! while he yet spake, suddenly there was a stir over a wide stretch of river and sea, as myriads of fish arose near the surface and came swimming towards the shore, arranging themselves in order according to their size and kind, the smallest near the bank, the largest furthest off. They raised their heads partly out of the water in an attitude of reverential attention. Mark of Lisbon records that in that celebrated sermon to the fishes, St. Anthony said,—

"My brothers, the fishes, who are, as well as me, the creatures of our common Creator, you are much bound to praise your Creator, because from His hand you have received your being and life. And for your home he has given you this noble element of water, fresh or salt, according to the needs of your nature and support, and therein secret places in which to hide. He has willed it to be clear and transparent, so that you may see what to seek and what to avoid. He has also given you fins and strength to go whither you will. But most of all you should thank Him because you alone, of all creatures, were saved in the universal deluge, so that you have increased in number beyond all others blessed by God. You were chosen that in the belly of one of you the Prophet Jonah should be safe for three days, and then that you should replace him alive on dry land. You paid the tax and tribute for our Lord Jesus Christ and his chief apostle, Peter. You were His food, both before He died and after His resurrection. For these reasons and many more which do not now occur to me, you are much bound to thank God."

When he had finished his discourse Anthony raised his eyes to heaven and thanked God that if some of His intelligent creatures refused to listen to His word, His irrational animals did not decline to honor Him. Then making the sign of the cross over the waters, he dismissed the fish and they sank out of sight.

The spectators were filled with awe. They had drawn near when they saw the movement of the fish coming at the call of the Saint, and they had listened to his address. Now he turned to them and commented on the danger of shutting their ears to the truth, on the grievousness of heresy, on the necessity of accepting the doctrines of the Church. They listened and were won. All but a handful, who had hardened their hearts, were converted, and returned to the city to spread the news of the day's events. They were the first fruits of a bountiful harvest, for Rimini soon became as conspicuous for its loyalty to the Holy See as it had been notorious for its unorthodoxy.

The few heretics who remained obdurate resolved to poison the Saint. They invited him to a dinner. He went, with the hope of persuading them in private, since they would not listen in public to his

arguments against their vicious belief. As he sat down to table, however, their nefarious designs were miraculously revealed to him. He let them know that he was aware of their plot, and chided them for their perfidy. They boldly replied that their only object was to ascertain whether or not he was a true representative of Christ who had promised that His disciples should not be harmed by poison. Anthony inquired whether or not they would accept the test in good faith; and when they agreed to abide by the result, he made the sign of the cross over the poisoned food and partook of it without hesitation. When his entertainers saw that the noxious drug did not kill him, they no longer resisted the grace but fell on their knees, begged his pardon, and promised to return to the Church. From that out he had no warmer friends than they.

He interrupted his preaching to go to the Abbey of St. Andrew at Vercelli for the purpose of studying mystical theology. But after a few months he was recalled by St. Francis who erected a chair of theology in Bologna and installed Anthony as its first occupant. Here is a copy of the letter the Patriarch wrote on this occasion.

"To his dearest brother Anthony, Brother Francis wishes health.

"It is my desire that you should teach the brothers sacred theology, on condition that neither in you nor them the spirit of holy prayer, conformable to the rule we profess, be quenched. God speed you."

From that time forward, Anthony added to his toil of preaching to the people the task of delivering lectures on theology to his brethren, not only at Bologna, but wherever else he was sent.

He returned to Vercelli in 1224 to preach the rest of that year there. After Easter he was ordered to proceed to France. He obeyed the command and spent two and a half years in that country. He staid some time at Montpelier, Toulouse, Puy, Bourges, Limoges, Arles, Brive, and other places, and, besides discharging ordinary priestly duties, was entrusted with such responsible posts as that of Guardian of the Monastery at Puy and Custode of the District of Limoges.

While he was in France, he was favored with a vision of the Blessed Virgin. This miraculous event occurred on a Vigil of the Assumption, the eve of his own birthday, but the exact date and locality are unknown. In the martyrology which was then in common use in that country, the statement was made in prime of that day that the Church preferred to pass over in silence the question whether or not the sacred body as well as the holy soul of the Mother of God had been assumed into Heaven, rather than to assert a doubtful thing. St. Anthony did not like this passage, he was reluctant to hear it read. Yet he was distressed at the thought of neglecting the summons to choir. Love for the honor of Mary overcame his punctilious regard for the Rule of the Order, and he resolved to remain in his cell while that part of the divine office was sung. He knelt to pray; while meditating on the glorious prerogative of the Assumption, behold, the Immaculate Virgin herself appeared to him, radiantly beautiful and clothed in a robe of dazzling splendor. She assured him of the truth of his

pious belief, and bade him preach boldly the glorification of that pure body from which the body of Jesus Christ was formed.

Another marvellous occurrence marked his stay in France. In the autumn of 1226, he was at Arles attending a Provincial Chapter. While he was preaching to the assembled friars on the title of the Cross, and expatiating with the utmost tenderness on the wounds of the Lord, he saw at the door of the church Saint Francis, with his arms outstretched in the form of a cross and the stigmata in his hands dripping blood. The apparition looked at the astounded preacher with a bright and smiling face, as if approving the sentiments just uttered, and then raising his right hand he blessed the assembled throng and vanished into air. One friar besides Anthony, Fra Monaldo, beheld the vision, but all present felt the thrill of his presence, and experienced in their souls an indescribable peace and joy. The founder was then at Assisi, where three weeks later he died. He had come in the spirit to see for the last time his beloved son Anthony and to impart to him a final benediction. St. Bonaventure relates that St. Francis himself told of this miraculous visit to some of the brethren at Assisi.

Shortly after the death of the seraphic patriarch in October, 1226, a General Chapter of the Order was summoned to elect his successor. Anthony, whose position gave him a right to vote, departed from France for Italy to attend the meeting. On his way he sojourned in Sicily, where he wrought many miracles and effected unnumbered conversions, especially at Messina, Tentine and Cefalu. A cypress and an orange tree planted by him at the last-named place, were living three hundred years later, and a bell in the church there is still called "St. Anthony's Bell," and has wonderful efficacy against storms and lightning.

At the chapter which was held at Assisi after Pentecost of the next year, Anthony was chosen Provincial of Romagna, the scene of his early penances and of his manifestation to his brethren. This province embraced almost the whole of Cisalpine Gaul, including Rimini, Venetia and Carniola, and he began to visit every part of it shortly after his appointment.

After preaching at Rimini, Ravenna, Aquileia, Trieste, Gorizia, Udine, Gemona, Conegliano, Treviso, and Venice, he finally came in November, 1227, to Padua, the city of his predilection, whose name is indissolubly linked with his, and which accounts the possession of his relics as its most precious treasure. When he first entered it, he found it agitated by civil contests and disturbed by profligacy and heresy. The fame of his sanctity and his eloquence attracted the people to his sermons. He spoke with the freedom of an Apostle. He respected no person, he spared no vice, he shirked no labor. He preached, he visited the magistrates, he went from house to house reconciling enemies, reproving the wicked, calling the lapsed back to the sacraments, and stimulating the well-disposed to higher planes of sanctity; when he had sowed in public, he returned to the confessional to reap the harvest. Up early and down late, he seemed to be tireless. In an incredibly short time, he had transformed the town. The law courts

were deserted. Families were reunited. Quarrels were wiped out. The depraved forsook their evil ways, the good redoubled their fervor. Crowds attended his preaching. Confraternities of penitents were formed, whose pious lives were the edification of all who knew them. Padua awoke to a new life.

In the four months of his first stay in that city, Anthony conceived an intense affection for its inhabitants. They were warm-hearted, generous, impulsive, and receptive of his admonitions. For their benefit and at their urgent entreaty, he wrote out twenty-three sermons in Latin.

At this time happened a miracle which is inseparably associated with the saint's memory, has afforded a subject for artist and poet, and is usually referred to in his pictures. The monastery of Arcella, a mile outside of Padua, was the only foundation the Franciscans then had in that neighborhood, and often it was impossible for Anthony, with his numerous engagements as preacher, director, confessor, and superior, to get out of town before the city gates were closed. Accordingly he accepted the invitation of Count Tiso of Camposampiero to lodge in his house whenever it was convenient. A room in it was set apart for his exclusive use. Tiso loved the friar, and felt honored by the acceptance of his hospitality. He marvelled at the austerity, the equanimity, the indefatigable industry of his guest, and looked upon him as a living saint. One night as he was passing by Anthony's apartment, he noticed rays of light streaming under the door, as if the room was brilliantly illuminated. Looking through the keyhole, he saw a child of exquisite beauty standing on a book which lay upon a table, and clinging with both arms tenderly about Anthony's neck. With a look of ineffable affection he was regarding the saint, who was returning his caresses with rapture and love unutterable. Tiso was rooted to the spot with ecstasy and awe. He could not take his eyes from the Divine Infant, the celestial vision filled his soul with bliss. Presently he perceived the child point to the door and whisper to Anthony, then he knew that he was discovered; but as his presence did not seem to give offence, he waited until, with one last embrace, the lovely apparition disappeared. Anthony started as if arousing suddenly from a deep sleep, and, coming to the door, opened it and implored his friend to disclose the miracle to no one while he lived. Tiso promised. Not till after the saint's death did he reveal his secret.

About this time, also, occurred another most remarkable event in the life of Anthony. His father, Don Martin de Bulloens, was still living in Lisbon. Early one morning a young nobleman coming out of the Cathedral was set upon by an assassin and murdered. His corpse was thrown into the garden of Don Martin, where it was discovered an hour later. Forthwith de Bulloens was arrested on suspicion of having committed the crime. His trial was set for the same day. Anthony, in Padua, learned while at prayer of his father's peril. He resolved to go to Lisbon. Overcome by filial anxiety, he took no thought of the long journey, but set out to walk to Lisbon. As he trudged along, suddenly he found himself at his destination. He hur-

ried to the court. After greeting his father, he announced to the judge that he had come to defend the accused. What did he know of the case? He would provide a witness, he said, who should exculpate the prisoner. Who was that witness? The murdered man. Then, followed by the judicial officers and an anxious throng, he proceeded to the cemetery and ordered the grave of the nobleman to be opened. When the corpse was uncovered, Anthony addressed the dead man and adjured him in the name of God to tell whether or not the accused was guilty. The lifeless figure arose into a sitting posture, and with one hand resting on the ground and the other raised to Heaven, declared that Martin de Bulloens was not his murderer. He then turned to Anthony and entreated him to absolve him from an excommunication under which he lay. As soon as this was done, he fell back, rigid and cold. The judge urged Anthony to have the dead name the criminal, but the saint replied: "I am come to clear the innocent, not to convict the guilty." Then he went with his father to the home of his childhood, where his aged mother clasped him to her heart. But after a short stay, he bade his folk good-by and disappeared. He was miraculously returned to Padua, whence he had been absent one day and two nights.

After remaining four months in Padua, Anthony proceeded to Ferrara, Montepaolo, where once he had been scullion of the monastery, and to Bologna, where he had first taught theology. While in this place he received orders from the Minister General to proceed to Florence and preach to the inhabitants of that sinful city. Arrived at its gates, he sought out his brethren at Santa Croce and was cordially welcomed. He began his course of sermons immediately. One of the vices most prevalent there at that period was usury. Anthony inveighed against it as a crime against justice and charity. One of the most notorious offenders was a man of good family and high social rank, who, shortly after the Saint's arrival, fell sick and died. The eloquent Friar was asked to preach at the funeral. On the day of the obsequies, Anthony had a revelation that the deceased was damned. When the corpse was brought into the church, he ascended the pulpit and took for his text: "Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also." Then he delivered an impassioned sermon. He denounced the usurer whose avarice made him profit by the indigence of his neighbor and take advantage of the misfortunes of the distressed to increase his own hoard of riches. He is an oppressor of the poor, whose offences cry aloud to heaven for vengeance. "But harsh as the usurer is to others," continues the preacher, "he is far more cruel to himself. To his dependents he is pitiless, but to his own soul he is a deadly enemy, for he condemns it to the eternal pains of hell. This very man, whom you are about to lay in the grave, was one of those wretches; he was a miser and a usurer; now he is a reprobate in the bottomless pit, where he will be in torment forever. Go to his house, and in the coffers where he kept his money, there you will find his heart, verifying the words of Scripture: 'Where thy treasure is there shall thy heart be also.'" The terrified congregation rushed from the church, and the

intimate friends of the departed hastened to his domicile, sought his apartment, opened his coffers, and there, warm and palpitating, found his heart. Not satisfied with this, they returned to the church, took the body out, opened its side, and discovered that its heart was gone. With blanched faces and trembling hands, they bore the remains outside the city walls, and pronouncing them unworthy of Christian sepulture, they buried him in an unclean place. The effects of this awful revelation were instantaneous and general. The whole city heard of it with horror and the Shylocks forsook their greed. St. Bonaventure records the miracle, and it is the subject of a painting in the Church of St. Petronia in Bologna.

After completing his course of sermons, Anthony returned to Mt. Alvernia for rest and solitude and spiritual refreshment. He sought a grotto close to the cave wherein St. Francis had received the stigmata, and there, in unbroken intercourse with God, he fortified his soul for further sacrifices and trials and labors. Local tradition still points out the site of the retreat in which he passed this season of prayer, and on it a chapel has been built.

He returned to Florence for the Lent of the year 1229. After Easter he proceeded to Milan, Vercelli (where he had studied theology under Don Thomas, who was still living), Vareje, Cremona (where he dedicated a church to St. Francis, who had been solemnly canonized by Pope Gregory IX. on July 16, 1228, a year and nine months after his death, at Assisi), Bergamo, Brescia, Breno, Trent, Verona, and Mantua. Here he spent the Easter of 1230. Immediately after the feast, he set out for Assisi, where another General Chapter of the Order was about to convene.

Nine years had passed since the day when, as an unknown friar, he had first set foot within the Portiun-cula, and now he was acclaimed an Apostle and a Saint throughout the south of France and the north of Italy. A little more than eight years had elapsed since, under stress of obedience, he had begun to preach and already the fame of his eloquence was spread abroad wherever the family of St. Francis had a home. In a short time he had filled a long space and his race was nearly run.

One of the questions for the decision of the chapter related to the force to be attached to the injunctions concerning poverty and obedience which were contained in the Testament of St. Francis, but not in the original Rule. The friars determined to consult the Holy See. A deputation among whom was Anthony, whom the new general, Brother Giovanni Parenti, had relieved of his charge as Provincial in order that he might devote all his energy to preaching, was appointed to lay the difficulty before the Pope. When the representatives of the order reached Rome, and were admitted to an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, Anthony was made spokesman for the brethren, and made a declaration of the doubts that had called them to the Eternal City.

The Holy Father listened attentively to the presentation of their troubles, and promised to give a decision later on. This he did, three months afterwards, in September, 1230, when he ruled that the order

was not bound to observe the extreme regulations laid down in the Testament, and settled other matters that had been submitted to him.

The Pope was charmed with Anthony. He was impressed with his holiness and delighted with his erudition. He often conversed with him, and ordered him to preach before himself and the Sacred College. Rome at that time was crowded with foreigners in consequence of the Jubilee of the Crusade which had just been proclaimed, and which had attracted strangers from all parts of Europe to the Chair of Peter. When the announcement was made, therefore, that the gifted Franciscan monk was to deliver a sermon, a congregation of many races and many languages flocked to hear him. Spaniards, Germans, French, Greeks, Portuguese, English, Scotch, Flemings, Swiss, Irish, Sclavonians, and others, crowded around the pulpit of the Saint. The Holy Father, the cardinals, and many bishops and priests were present. There was the miracle of Pentecost repeated. Every man heard the preacher in his own tongue. At this the people marvelled; but while under the spell of his inspired eloquence their minds, unable to dwell on the wonder, were swayed and mastered by his persuasive thoughts. When the end came the congregation remembered that they had been moved to tears and to smiles; but most of all that they had been fortified with a strong resolution to love and serve their Creator; and only then did they recall that they had listened to a discourse that sounded as if delivered in every one's own dialect. The Pope could not restrain his emotion and called out: "This is the ark of both Testaments, and the storehouse of the Sacred Scriptures."

More than once did Anthony preach in Rome, and always with grace and unction; and the Supreme Pontiff only echoed the general longing when he expressed a desire to keep him near the throne. But Anthony loved toil, obscurity, humiliations, and the souls of the lowly, and he begged to be allowed to go on with his work. At length the Holy Father consented, and the saint returned by way of Mount Alvernia to his beloved Padua.

He was received with proper demonstrations of welcome. After Christmas he began in the newly erected church of St. Maria Maggiore a course of lectures on Christian Faith. So convincing were his arguments, and so docile were his hearers, that a few months later a paper brief praised the zeal of the inhabitants of Padua, their hatred of false doctrine, and the purity of their morals.

About this time Anthony, at the entreaty of the Bishop of Ostia, wrote out fifty-seven of his sermons on the festivals of the saints.

How he found time for all his occupations was a problem for his acquaintances. He made a meditation, said his Mass, preached almost daily and sometimes repeatedly on the same day, read the Divine Office, lectured on theology, catechised the children, passed long hours in the confessional, visited the sick, comforted the troubled, gave audience to streams of visitors, and attended to a thousand and one other cares, always without bustle or worry or fretfulness.

Incessant labor, poor fare, frequent vigils, and persistent penances, were fast breaking down Anthony's by no means robust constitution.

Symptoms of the dropsy which caused his death had given warning of the presence of that malady for some time; but the disease being neglected made rapid progress. Still he worked on. During the Lent of 1231 he surpassed himself. From dawn till darkness he toiled in one way or another for his Paduans, never breaking his fast until evening, and utilizing the best part of the night for further activities in their behalf; and the fervor of the people corresponded to his. Never before had such a Lent been passed in Padua. All the inhabitants of the city followed the exercises conducted by him, and crowds from the adjacent country trooped into town daily to receive the benefit of his ministrations. The roads leading into the city looked as if a continual procession were taking place, so immense were the multitudes coming and going. Many persons rose at midnight and walked for miles, so that they might be in time to hear him at the morning sermon. Bishop Corrado gave his flock an example of constant attendance, and encouraged his clergy to go with him. No church could contain the concourse of the faithful. A pulpit was erected outside the city, and around it thirty thousand persons assembled whenever the mortified monk was to preach. It was his practice to organize a religious procession from the cathedral to the spot where he was to deliver his sermon; as soon as the time came for forming it, the market was deserted, the shops were closed, the houses were left empty, and the people went forth singing hymns and reciting prayers to the open ground beyond the gates. After his discourse, Anthony had to be guarded by friends from the many who crowded around him to kiss his hand, or touch his habit, or obtain a bit of his girdle as a memento and relic. Padua became a city, wherein the highest virtues were practised in every house, and where the Holy Ghost found responsive souls prompt to coöperate with the movings of Divine grace.

On May 13, 1231, Anthony retired to Camposampiero, where his friend, Count Tiso, had built a hermitage for the Friars Minor. In front of the gate grew a huge walnut-tree, and Anthony formed the design of living amidst its branches. A little hut was constructed for him high above the ground within the bower formed by the leaves. The Saint mounted to his retreat, and there he prayed and wrote, even in his days of rest and illness concerned for the welfare of his neighbor.

He left his bosky cell to go on a mission of charity to Verona, and on his way back he grew deathly sick. He then had a revelation of his approaching dissolution, and of the renown of the city which should be connected with his name. On reaching a hill which commands a view of the plain in which Padua stands, he looked with fondness on the cluster of houses and blessed them; turning to his companion, Fra Luca Belludi, he said: "Great shall be the glory with which this spot is to be favored and adored."

Faint and weary he reached Camposampiero, and with delight ascended the dear old walnut-tree. But his time to remain on earth was short. Daily he came down to take his repast, with his brethren of the hermitage, until there came a time when he fainted at the table. The friars raised him from the floor where he had fallen. When he recov-

ered consciousness, he implored them to take him back to Padua, that he might die there. A peasant's cart was procured, and a mournful procession was formed, as the weeping monks slowly conducted the expiring priest to the city of his love. On the way he grew worse, and it was thought best to take him to the monastery of Arcella. There he was borne to a room and placed in a chair, for the water, rising to his chest, prevented him from lying down. He was conscious to the end. He made his last confession, recited the Seven Penitential Psalms with his brethren, and then sang, all by himself, in a low and wavering but sweet voice, his favorite hymn;

O Gloriosa Domina,
Excelsa super sidera,
Qui te creavit provide
Lactasti sacro ubere.

Quod Eva tristis abstulit,
Tu reddis almo germine,
Intrent ut astra flebiles,
Cœli fenestra facta es.

Tu regis alti janua
Et porta lucis fulgida.
Vitam datam per verginem
Gentes redemptæ, plaudite.

Gloria tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula.

As the last line was ended, he looked upward, and his gaze became fixed, while his face was radiant with a celestial light. "What do you see?" he was asked. "I see my God," he answered. Then he was anointed. As he received the holy unction, he seemed to grow strong. He turned his eyes towards the weeping friars and he begged them not to grieve. Relapsing into silence, he became absorbed in interior prayer, and almost before those about him knew it, he was dead. Gently and peacefully, as if entering a deep sleep, he breathed his last on Friday evening, June 13, 1231.

His austerities had so reduced him that when he died he was little more than a skeleton. His whole person was emaciated and his features peaked and bloodless. But immediately after his death his face grew wondrous fair and smooth, and a nimbus appeared to glorify his head.

As soon as he was dead, the children of Padua, without notification, went forth into the streets of the city, and, forming themselves into bands, walked up and down wailing and crying aloud, "Our Father, Saint Anthony, is dead!" The startled people, who had not had any intimation of his sudden illness and unexpected death, listened to the cries of the little ones with astonishment and grief, and, as if by agreement, poured forth from the city toward Camposampiero. On the way they learned that the precious remains were at Arcella, and there they assembled to venerate his relics and to invoke his patronage.

Five days later the body was solemnly conveyed to Padua, and after a Pontificial Mass of Requiem celebrated by the Bishop, it was laid in a marble sarcophagus in the Church of Santa Maria.

Miracles without number took place at his tomb. Day after day, the halt, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and those afflicted with chronic diseases entered the church in affliction and went forth whole; and even many who, because of the multitudes, could not get within the doors, were healed at his intercession. The place became the scene of pil-

grimages and processions. From all over Italy, from Spain and Portugal, from France, from Hungary and Germany, and from other lands, visitors came trooping to do homage to his virtue, and to invoke his aid.

The day on which Anthony's remains were borne in triumph to Padua was a Tuesday; and it was noticed afterwards that whoever had implored his help on that day, had his petition granted. For this reason, Tuesday has been especially dedicated to him, and it is customary for his clients to honor him on the nine Tuesdays immediately preceding his feast, which, of course, occurs on June 13th.

The immense number of miracles that took place near St. Anthony's remains, and the widespread devotion to him that was manifested as soon as he was dead, inspired the inhabitants of Padua to seek his canonization. A month after his entombment, a deputation, representing the bishop, priests, public officials and other citizens, were sent to Rome to entreat the Pope to have the process for his elevation to the altar begun. The petition was granted. After one investigation the cause was approved, and on May 30, 1232, the Feast of Pentecost, Anthony of Padua was formally numbered among the saints in heaven whom the Church of God honors by name on earth. At the moment when the Sovereign Pontiff proclaimed his high dignity, the bells of Lisbon began ringing of themselves. Shortly afterwards the glad tidings of the canonization was received there, and the mystery of the joyous peal was solved. St. Anthony's father was dead, but his mother still lived to bless the Almighty for favoring her with such a son. He was henceforth often referred to as "the eldest Son of St. Francis," because he was the first of the seraph patriarch's spiritual children to have the infallible seal of Rome attached to their reputation for heroic virtue.

The body of St. Anthony was preserved in the marble tomb in which it was first placed until the year 1263, when it was translated by order of St. Bonaventure to the high altar of a church built under his invocation in Padua. On opening the shrine, the bones were found disjointed and the flesh reduced to dust, but the skin of the head, the hair and the teeth were perfect, and the tongue was whole and incorrupt. St. Bonaventure reverently took this up and kissed it, exclaiming: "O sacred tongue, which always didst bless the Lord and cause others to bless Him, now does it appear plainly how highly thou wert esteemed by God!" He then directed that the tongue should be placed in a separate reliquary of great value and beauty. In the year 1310, the remains of the saint were removed from the high altar to a handsome chapel, in the same church, especially erected as a shrine; but in 1350, they were again disturbed, this time to another chapel still more beautiful. The relics were enclosed in a silver urn, the gift of Guy of Montfort, Cardinal of St. Cecilia and Apostolic Legate, who took part in the procession when they were borne to the place where they still repose.

The miracles which have been wrought through the intercession of St. Anthony of Padua are as numerous as the stars of heaven.

Between the time of his death and his canonization, forty-five were judicially approved, and they were only as one in a thousand to those that occurred. St. Bonaventure composed in honor of the dead saint, a Responsory which is taken up with a consideration of his supernatural achievements. It is as follows:

Si quæris miracula,
Mors, error, calamitas,
Dæmon, lepra, fugiunt,
Ægri surgunt sani:

Cedunt mare, vincula,
Membra, resque perditas
Petunt et accipiunt
Juvenes et cani:

Pereunt pericula,
Cessat et necessitas,
Narrent hi qui sentiunt,
Dicant Paduani:

Cedunt, mare, vincula, etc.,
Gloria Patri et Filio et spiritui sancto,
Cedunt mare, vincula, etc.

The Bollandists give another Responsory of St. Anthony, which, also is attributed to St. Bonaventure, in which spiritual graces chiefly are sought:

O proles Hispaniæ, Pavor Infidelium,
Nova lux Italiæ, nobile depositum
Urbis Paduanæ:

Fer, Antoni, gratiæ Christi patrocinium:
Ne prolapsis veniæ tempus, breve creditum,
Defluat inane.

St. Anthony is confidently invoked by persons who are lost themselves or who have mislaid anything, for that is his special gift—to find what is lost. This has all along been his distinguishing characteristic. Those who recite the Miraculous Responsory, as it is called, "Si quæris miracula," reiterate the stanza "Cedunt mare, vincula," because it eulogizes his power in bringing to light "res perditas" and in the thirty folio pages of the Bollandists recording his fame as a wonder-worker, instances of his ability as a "discoverer" are multiplied until, as one of his biographers says, "we enter a sea without shore."

M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours, went even further in his appeals to St. Anthony and had recourse to him for the recovery of lost graces. When he learned of a person who had trifled with or neglected opportunities for sanctification, he besought dear St. Anthony to obtain for him another chance to use those favors of the Holy Ghost and he recommended others to do likewise, saying: "We can never know how much a true sentiment of faith is capable of effecting in the search for lost graces."

More than six centuries have passed since "The eldest Son of St. Francis" went to his reward. But being dead he yet speaketh. His example is still alive and active on earth, and in heaven, in the communion of saints, he is a power before the throne.

L. W. Reilly.

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"I LOVE to hear the church bell call the Christian flock to pray,
To praise and bless and honor Him who sanctified the day;
And may each Christmas Festival, where'er man's feet have trod,
Be found a Star of Bethlehem to guide him to his God!
Oh, yes; these sacred Christmas times can pleasures still bestow,
As in sweet childhood's purer years a long time ago."

# The Lookout in Ireland,

At the present moment, is as sad as can well be imagined A high-spirited nation,—the most ancient, perhaps, of Western Europe,—disarmed, bound hand and foot, and thrown a prey to a sanguinary and thoroughly vicious oligarchy, without one safeguard of liberty to support it in its agony; no constitution to appeal to; no right of trial by jury; no right of free speech; no right of meeting allowed it; all the elements of freedom thrust into the pockets of a parcel of insolent under-strappers from Dublin Castle; justice poisoned at its very source; its judgment seat occupied by partisans of a very pronounced type; its magistracy filled by men who hate the people and the country in which they dispense what they call justice—"Don't hesitate to shoot," being the key-note.

The friends of the people who cannot sit placidly by while such a state of lawlessness exists, are shot, stabbed, or battoned, as suits the convenience of policemen, with or without the order of some African policeman raised from the ranks, who was not good enough for the Africans, but is too good for the mere Irish. Again, look at the pertinacity with which this miserable faction keeps outraging, day after day, every feeling of the Irish people, and for what purpose, if not to induce them to commit some breach that would give them a chance for shooting, "with intent to kill"? [See the evidence of a policeman at Mitchelstown.] Well may the Irish exclaim: "Oh, Justice! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Again, these "Manikin Despots," as they have been called, had the unutterable meanness to attempt to intimidate or cajole the Benchers of Ireland to disbar the able advocate of the Nationalists (Mr. Harrington), and so deprive them of his invaluable aid in the hour of their direst need. Could such mean villany be exceeded by the lowest miscreants in existence?

Then look at the equally great villany shown in the tempting *by the police*, of a starving people with ten-pound notes to swear away the lives or liberties of neighbors [see proceedings of last session of Parliament], or for the concoction of moonlight or agrarian outrages by policemen and their assistant suborners and informers. Fortunately Master Balfour's friends of this latter class on two recent occasions did not fare very well—one was hoisted to his eternal judgment on his own petrard, and the other attempted to cut his own throat. Another of his friends, of recent Clare notoriety, has yet to be looked to by Mr. Harrington. His cross-examination will be instructive!

The faction now in power tells the world that, indeed, it has the sanction of Parliament for its action in Ireland. The hypocrites know well that the only sanction they have is that of the majority of a foreign and Anti-Irish assembly boiling over with class and racial hatred. Laws to be binding on a nation must have the sanction of that nation, otherwise they are not laws at all; they are worse than illegal; they are simple, unadulterated tyranny, and should be trampled on by every

right-minded man. In the present case the faction is well aware that the overwhelming majority of the representatives, of the Irish people, voted point blank against their coercion act. What law then have they for their evil doings? The will of a foreign assembly, and such an assembly cannot be binding on another nation.

It has been said of old, that those whom the gods devote to destruction, they first set mad, and of a verity this appears to be the case with the faction now dignified with the name of a government under which we live. This faction since its advent has gone from one illegality to another till it is hard to say where it will stop. All the fundamental laws of freedom have been abrogated by it. Whatever constitution belonged to Ireland has been torn into shreds by it, and, of necessity, *treason* has been committed in so doing, for which some of its heads may yet be brought to the scaffold.

These words look far fetched; but not more so than Pym's, when he promised Wentworth, in his day of pride, to stick to him while he had a *head* on his shoulders — a promise which he fulfilled to the letter, and which, if the Irish people follow his example — for history repeats itself — they may see fulfilled in regard to some of our modern evil-doers in Ireland. Of a verity the evil deeds of "the wicked earl," as Wentworth has been called, are not to be compared to those in full swing in Ireland at present.

All these beautiful "recourses of civilization" are, of course, so many specimens of "patient and firm government," "manacles and Manitoba," "pay or quit," etc., etc. And so it is clear that the outlook in Ireland at the present moment is sad indeed; but still we have hope. The democracies of England and Ireland are joining hands; they are stronger than any oligarchy can be; and if the latter persists for a little longer in its high-handed proceedings either in England or Ireland, we may live to see the establishment of the United Republic of Great Britain and Ireland. Let these folk take warning in time. "Too late" has often been said in the present century.

Dublin, November, 1887. T. O'G.

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# Power of the Holy Face Over a Scourge.

THAT the Holy Face would reward with extraordinary graces those who invoked it in the spirit of faith in this country was to have been expected. We have been favored with a private letter, of the date of August 17th, 1887, from a good priest in Carroll County, Iowa, containing a circumstantial account of the disappearance from portions of that county of the devasting chinch bugs. The facts will show, unmistakably, that to the Holy Face alone is to be attributed the wonderful exodus of that farmer's scourge, and that our dear Lord does not confine His blessings to His children living in the Old World, but extends them, with a bountiful and impartial hand, to His adorers of the New World. We quote:

"It seems that the Holy Face has carried here a victory of no small importance. The chinch bug was so numerous that it threatened to destroy the entire crop, grass not excepted. A devotion for nine days was held to the Holy Face and the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel. Candles were burned all day before the Holy Face, water was blessed by means of the picture, and the water mixed with the oil of the lamp. Those that used the water, attending at the same time the devotion, reported that the chinch bugs were dying away, and moving in great quantities so that no serious damage was to be feared any longer. Of course, not all used the water nor resorted to prayer, and hence some kept their chinch bugs. But this makes it the more remarkable. Different parties have reported to me that the chinch bugs were dying away fast, and that they believed the devotion and water had effected it. In publishing this you will not mention my name, although I am ready at any time to defend what I say."

The above veracious incident should inspire us all with renewed confidence in the protection of the Holy Face for temporal necessities. If we only ask with faith we shall receive whatever is for our greater good. We cannot refrain from calling attention to the quaint manner in which the zealous servant of the Holy Face described the effects of a want of faith of some of his people in the efficacy of their prayers and water: "Some kept their chinch bugs." These few words are exceedingly expressive, and warn us to resort more frequently to prayer and other approved instrumentalities in our wants, both temporal and spiritual.

T. A. B., in New Orleans Morning Star.

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# How England Helped the Southern Confederacy.

THE recent efforts of English capitalists to create a "boom" in Confederate bonds has led to additional revelations concerning the assistance given by English capitalists to the Southern States in the War of Secession. The manner in which these English bondholders hope to realize at least a portion of the millions sterling which they advanced in order to dismember the United States, is to induce the Southern States to petition the United States Government to transfer to the bondholders the unappropriated balance of the Alabama award, and of the large amount of money received from cotton seizures in the South during the war. It is thought by them that ten million dollars are lying idle in the Treasury at Washington. This would be thirteen or fourteen million dollars, or about one third of the amount they would be satisfied with as a settlement. The amount of the Confederate debt is said to be four hundred million dollars. It is held mostly in Europe. How much of this the syndicate will be able to

gather in remains to be seen. At any rate, the syndicate, if successful, will reap a vast reward for their outlay.

It is needless to say that such a scheme will never be successful, and that it will only be resorted to as a forlorn hope on the part of those English capitalists who foolishly parted with their pounds sterling in order to gratify their prejudice against this republic, and with the hope that the success of the Southern Confederacy would be the death knell to a united republic on this continent.

In this instance, however, John Bull reckoned without his host, and now that his hatred of democracy has cost him millions of pounds, we hope he will be made even more miserable by the reflection that not a single sixpence will ever find its way back into an Englishman's pocket.

Mr. Ivan C. Michels, a Russian gentleman, well informed on the transactions between the late Confederacy and European Powers, furnishes a list of the names of some of the holders of the Confederate cotton loan bonds.

Mr. Michels said that these were the actual losses, moneys paid by each individual, but the amount of Confederate bonds they received in return amounted to several million dollars. He obtained the information through his London correspondent. Mr. Michels thinks the zeal of the London Times is best understood and explained by the contributions of Messrs. M. B. Sampson and John Thadeus Delane, editors of that newspaper, as one parted with fifteen thousand pounds of his wealth, and the other contributed to the lost cause to the extent of ten thousand pounds. The following is the list referred to:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sir Henry de Hington, Bart | £180,000 | Lady Georgiana Time, sister of Lord Westmoreland | £10,000 |
| Isaac Campbell & Co. | 150,000 | J. S. Gillet, Director of the Bank of England | 10,000 |
| Thomas Sterling Begby | 140,000 | D. Forbes Campbell | 8,000 |
| Marquis of Bath | 50,000 | George Peacock, M. P. | 5,000 |
| James Spence | 50,000 | Lord Warncliffe | 5,000 |
| Beresford Hope | 50,000 | W. H. Gregory, M. P. | 4,000 |
| George Edward Seymour | 40,000 | W. J. Rideout, London Morning Post | 4,000 |
| Charles Joice & Co. | 40,000 | Edward Ackroyd | 1,000 |
| Messrs. Ferace | 30,000 | Lord Campbell | 1,000 |
| Alexander Collie & Co. | 20,000 | Lord Donoughmore | 1,000 |
| Fleetwood, Polen, Wilson, and Schuster, Directors of the Union Bank of London, together | 20,000 | Lord Richard Grosvenor | 1,000 |
| W. S. Lindsay | 20,000 | Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Private Secretary to Lord Palmerston | 500 |
| Sir Oouts Lindsay, Bart. | 20,000 | Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone | 20,000 |
| John Laced, M. P., from Birkenhead | 20,000 | Total losses | £898,000 |
| M. B. Sampson, Editor of Times | 15,000 | | |
| John Thadeus Delane, Editor of Times | 10,000 | | |

The foregoing figures exhibit the startling fact that the twenty-nine individuals who thus opened their purses for the perfidious purpose of pulling down the stars and stripes of this great republic lost no less a sum than $4,490,000 by their insane investment. We have heard of many "wild-cat" schemes; but assuredly John Bull was badly

gored by the Southern ox when he undertook to support the Southern cause in order to help destroy this republic.

Much interest is manifested in this matter as to what sentiment is held by the Southern people themselves regarding this new movement to place the English-bought Southern bonds in such a position as to, at least, partially recoup the English investors therein. If we are to judge of the people of the Southern States by the sentiments advanced by Judge Lochrane, of Georgia, when asked recently his opinion upon this momentous question. The Judge was very candid in giving his opinion, which we annex:

"The idea of the States paying the Confederate war debt, which, like slavery, was abolished by the fall of the Confederacy, is absurd, and to discuss it would be giving dignity to absurd nonsense, except that the movement seems to have respectable names connected with it. It may be that distinguished attorneys have given abstract opinions as to the present validity of that debt, but such attorneys could not earn their bread in Georgia." He adds: "But to add to all this trash the threat that the bonds issued by the Confederacy shall be now paid by the Southern States, or else English capital will be withheld from Southern enterprises, and thus stop the progress of Southern prosperity until the full value of these bits of paper, hardly worth a penny a bushel, shall be made good to my Lord Penzance and his syndicate — such a proposition is ridiculous in its presumption. The assumption that the South, with her present credit and property, is dependent upon English capital to develop her resources, is an effort of English arrogance excusable only for its ignorance. But if the South had to pay the Confederate war debt, in whole or in part, to obtain English capital for its enterprises, then — to be as emphatic as possible — I would say, as my opinion — that we can tell these gentlemen they may go to the devil with their money, their threats, and their attempted blackmail."

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# In Jail.

TO-NIGHT the farmer safely sleeps by fair Duhallow's streams;
To-night on Galtee's storied slopes the peasant calmly dreams;
Beneath his roof-tree calmly dreams, and heeds not storm or hail,
While he who kept that roof-tree there is lying bound in jail.

To-night in many a cot and hall, and mansion proud and grand,
Wherever beats a manly heart with love of motherland,
There's scarcely one will seek his rest who, having heard the tale,
Would not exchange his couch with him who sleeps in yonder jail.

To-night where'er the wandering Celt has built himself a home —
In far New York, 'neath Southern Cross, in proud Imperial Rome —
Oh, many an exile fondly prays, "God speed the passing gale
That wafts our loving greetings home to him who sleeps in jail!"

How can we serve our country best, our fond affection prove?
And for our prisoned hero show our wealth of deathless love?
Oh, brothers, bravely face the foe! what coward now would quail?
When he who tamed Clanricarde's pride went blithe of heart to jail!

D. M. L., in Dublin Nation.

# Neuralgia.

WE have looked in the dictionary to find out the meaning of the word.

We didn't need to look, but we wanted to make sure.

Mr. Webster says that neuralgia is "a very acute pain, exacerbating or intermitten, which follows the course of a nerve, extends to its ramifications, and seems to be seated in the nerve."

Now, if the respected dictionary-maker had ever had any experience in the disease in question, he might have saved himself the use of so many hard words. He might simply have said that neuralgia was a disease resembling the dancing of seven million red-hot darning needles, with about the same number of hornets in good business standing, over the affected part, and everybody who had had experience would have understood him.

We are told that neuralgia is a modern disease. The ancients never had it. Happy ancients! David never saw a locomotive, and Enoch was translated before he ever mounted a bicycle, and Adam did not live to be able to see Niagara without paying toll for every breath he drew; but none of those worthy gentlemen ever had neuralgia. Who shall say that for being born so previous they had not their compensations?

When a man gets neuralgia he is sure of something for life — something that will stick. All his friends have had it a little worse than he has, though, as he soon finds out by talking with them. That is a consolation. It is always nice to find out that no matter what are your trials somebody else has fared a little worse.

Every one has some certain specific. Never knew it to fail! But when you come to try it, it does fail. Your friends drop in with words of sympathy, and one tells you about how Jones was. Jones was an old stager at neuralgia. He had it for twenty years, off and on — principally on. Was doubled up with it! Couldn't step for months! Couldn't eat! Lost all appetite for whiskey! Made his will eleven times! Didn't sleep for six weeks at a time! Drove his wife and his mother-in-law crazy!

"Did he die?"

"Lord bless you, no! He lived to be ninety-four, and died by falling off the haystack and breaking his neck."

That is the cheerful man who tell you this. He is trying to keep your spirits up. He wants you to think that you are in no particular danger, and that if you brace up you will live as long as Jones did.

Then comes in your lugubrious friend. He sighs, and says he is sorry, very sorry to see you so bad. And he goes on to tell you about Smith, whose case was very similiar to yours, poor Smith! it went to his heart, and he wasn't able to say good-by to his wife, he was taken off so sudden!

When the dcctor comes to see you he looks you over as if you were a house he thought of purchasing, rubs his hands, and says briskly

that "we have a great many such cases this season! Wet weather, bad air, cold wind, sudden changes of temperature."

And somehow he makes you feel as if, in some remote way, you were to blame for the weather, and you devoutly wish that you lived on the Equator, where the thermometer wouldn't register anything, for fear of boiling over.

When you have neuralgia you feel as if you had shortened. You have never been so short before, not even when your wife asked you for money to get a new hat which she says she must have. Your nerves are drawn up. You can't put your best foot forward without making a wry face. You stand on an unequal foundation. Creation is out of joint. The world smells of chloroform and hemlock.

And you ache, and you ache, and you ache! and that is the whole story!

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# High Mass on Board a French Steamer.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited by the arrival, at the port of Philadelphia, of the flagship *Minerve*, of the French navy, with Admiral Vignes on board. All day Sunday great crowds of people flocked to see the French vessel, but only a chosen few were permitted to board her. This, however, is not what makes the incident interesting to Catholics, but the celebration of High Mass on board by the chaplain, M. l'Abbe Bochez, on Sunday morning, at which a few Philadelphians enjoyed the privilege of attending. An altar erected on the gun-deck was adorned with magnificent embroidered hangings showing colors in keeping with the liturgical character of the day. The Admiral and the members of his staff attended in full uniform. Back of these were the invited Philadelphians, some of them non-Catholics; and still further back the officers in uniform, standing. The members of the crew, among whom were a few Algerines, were drawn up on both sides. A picked choir of sailors sang the Mass, accompanied by a full band of thirty instruments, which, among other choice pieces, played the "Stabat Mater" and "Tantum Ergo." The salutes which the Ritual requires during a Military Mass were strictly observed. At the Communion, the Holy Sacrament was administered first to Admiral Vignes and then to others. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dougherty and several others. After the Mass the Admiral welcomed the guests in a brief address, and expressed his regret that on account of the day he could not let them make a tour of the vessel, but on some week-day he would be glad to do so.

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MESSRS. CASHMAN, KEATING & CO. have furnished our MAGAZINE with a complete new outfit, in the shape of new type, to begin the new year with, for which we are profoundly grateful.

# Unmarried Women.

It seems certain that the number of unmarried women is rapidly increasing, and is likely to further increase. The conditions of society at present are not favorable to marriage. Women are not trained to be efficient and economical at home. Domestic duties are despised by mothers and daughters, and calls, amusements, and pleasure are looked upon as the natural things to expect both before and after marriage. Any one who has eyes to see with cannot fail to perceive that among the upper and middle classes the young woman who secures neither wealth nor position is looked upon as a complete failure. If mothers and daughters are to continue as they are marriages will become more and more difficult and more and more remote, and by consequence the number of unmarried will rapidly increase. What are these women going to do? Are they going to keep an aged and overworked father with his nose to the grindstone until he drops dead from sheer exhaustion and despair? Are they going to cripple amiable and generous brothers through all the earlier and later years of their life-struggle, and to make it impossible for them to marry too?

If women fear to face life with a husband of merely moderate means, they will have to learn to face it alone, and on their own account. Many of them are quite prepared for this, but unhappily these are the very women who would be willing to face it as the wives of poor men if the favorable opportunity should occur. It is not the capable and the generous-hearted who refuse to marry men who are not rich, but the vain, the frivolous, the silly, and the incapable. This is what constitutes the difficulty of the problem. What are we going to do with the hundreds of thousands of young women who have been bred to bad French, worse music, and no arithmetic at all; who dance and play tennis indifferently, and have not the least idea when the dumpling is on the table how the apples could possibly have got into it?

There are now a good many very clever women who constitute themselves the advocates of what are called "women's rights." Here is a commonplace but urgent problem for their solution. What can they and what will they do for their badly trained and incapable sisters? The really practical thing to do is to create a strong public opinion among women themselves in favor of a totally different ideal of young womanhood from that which prevails at the present time. Instead of the would-be artistic and simpering misses who now set the fashion among their sex, let us have some robust and useful young women, who, if they find themselves without aptitudes for study, teaching, clerical or literary work, can make shirts, concoct a beef-steak-pie, instruct their younger sisters in arithmetic and history, or the kitchen maid how to scour a pan. There is a prompt necessity for root and branch reform. The present system of bringing up girls among the so-called educated classes is laughable in its utter absurdity. Vain

mothers and weak fathers are more responsible for the existing state of things than daughters; and it is they who must be brought to see their mad folly before any amendment can reasonably be looked for.

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# English Missionaries of Peace.

THE visit of the English peace commissioners to the President last week did not evoke as much interest as those good gentlemen expected. Having come on a mission of peace, they were received very peacefully, and their departure from the capital was as noiseless as the flight of a butterfly over a garden wall. The members of the commission were, so far as we have heard of them, very excellent gentlemen, indeed. They have so commended themselves to the American people by their remarks regarding the present tory policy in Ireland that we almost feel inclined to promise them not to go to war with England—until we get ready. We sincerely hope they will prolong their stay until the arrival of their great countryman, Mr. Chamberlain, so that they may witness the welcome he will receive here from the Irish citizens of this republic. They should be in New York on the day of his arrival to witness the ovation he will receive at the hands of the members of the Tammany society.

We will never be able to understand why those English friends of international sweetness should come to this country in behalf of their peace-spreading mission. We have no war with anybody, and are not likely to have for some time to come,—except the Crows and the Anarchists, and these little affairs we prefer to settle ourselves rather than through a court of international arbitration. But England, the country whence those gentlemen come, is scarcely ever at peace. She always has a war on hand in some quarter of the globe. Why not submit their scheme to the sovereign of their own country and to the ministers who are always either decreeing a new war or pushing on an old one?

Then there are some very warlike countries quite near to England, France and Germany and Russia, besides Italy and Austria and Turkey and the bantam sovereignties near the Balkans. There is no knowing when any two, or all, of these will be at each other's throats. Strange that the Englishmen should come three thousand miles to talk of international arbitration to the people of the United States while they might get to Paris or Berlin or St. Petersburg or Vienna in a day or two and present their scheme where there is so much need of it.

But this is a way the English have. In this matter they act as their missionary societies do; they go far away from home, while their best field is at their very door-step.

The Michigan Catholic.

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TO ALL OUR PATRONS we wish the Compliments of the Season!

# Who Found America?

## WAS IT LEIF, ARI, OR THE IRISH ST. BRANDAN?

**Proof that an Expedition Sailed from Tralee Bay in the Sixth Century and Travelled Inland to the Ohio River.**

To the Editor of the Boston Advertiser.

THE unveiling of a statue in the city of Boston, on October 29, to Leif Erikson, the reputed discoverer of America, has opened up a question of singular interest to the American people, as well as to students of history and archæologists throughout the world. I do not go into print to attempt to take from "Lief the Lucky, son of Eirck the Red," properly so called, the laurels that may properly belong to him. I shall give him due credit for what he did; but as the whole and sole credit of being the first discoverer is claimed for him, I should like, in a spirit of fair play in keeping with historical truth, to take the chaplet of palms and laurels laid upon the pedestal of Leif's statue and place it first upon the brow of the first European who landed on the shores of this continent. It was not, I believe, Leif Erikson.

Now for the proofs *pro et con*. There are no proofs in this relation that will materialize in 1887 events which happened in the tenth or eleventh centuries. The only "proofs," if such they may be called, we have of the first discoveries are contained in the Scandinavian sagas or legends of mythic tradition handed down among the Norsemen as those in the Landnamabock, etc.; the Irish annals; the stories or myths of other countries, or authorities who reverently investigated the subject and gave their versions for what they were worth, such as Humboldt in his "Cosmos," Smith in his "Northmen in New England," Usher in his "Antiquities of British Churches" and his "Epistles of the Irish Saints," "Lyfe of Saynt Brandan" in the Golden Legend, published by Wynkyn de Woode in 1483 (nine years before Columbus sailed from Palos), the "Nova Legenda," written by Capgrave and published in 1516, Voraginius, bishop of Genoa in the thirteenth century, Otway in his work published in 1845, and finally manuscripts in the libraries of France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Denmark, etc., etc.

To the great Genoese sailor, Christopher Columbus, has heretofore been accorded the praise and credit of disenchanting the ocean and bringing two hemispheres into contact; of opening up for the suffering humanity of the Old World a new world of peace, rest and freedom. The bones of the grand old admiral will not rest less easily in his cathedral tomb in Havana, at the attempt to filch a leaf from his laurel crown and stick it as a feather in the cap of Leif Erikson or any previous discoverer of the New World. Columbus knew that Europeans had preceded him and discovered Huitramannaland (white man's land) marked on his sailing charts. The previous discovery, however, was in his time veiled in mythic uncertainty, hundreds of years having elapsed since the stories originated, and to him belongs the honor and glory of bringing together the Old and New Worlds for all practical

purposes of humanity. Leif and his predecessors deserve praise for their daring voyages of discovery, but Columbus alone conferred the boon of possession upon the races of the earth who have since made it their refuge.

The chief question for the present purpose is, was Leif Erikson — as is claimed — the first European who discovered and trod upon the shores of America? The following is, I trust, a fair answer to the question. I shall be happy if more light may be thrown on the obscurity that envelops the matter by persons who may be competent to do so.

The Scandinavians count three several predecessors of Columbus, viz.: Ari Marson, whose voyage took place in 983; Biorn, afterward, and later Gudlief, son of Gudlang, who toward the middle of the eleventh century followed the track of and conversed with Biorn in Huitramannaland, or Irland it Mikla, the great Ireland beyond the Atlantic.

Ari the Learned, born 1067, compiled the Landnamabock, from which the following is extracted: He was descended from Ari Marson. He says: "Ulf the Squinter, son of Hogni the White, occupied the whole of Reykianess (southwest promontory of Iceland) between Thorskafiord and Hafrafell. He had a wife named Biorg, the daughter of Eyvind, the East countryman. They had a son named Atili the Red, who married Thorkotu, daughter of Hergill. They had a son named Ari, who was driven by a tempest to Huitramannaland (white man's land), which some call Irland it Mikla (Great Ireland), which lies in the Western Ocean, near to Vinland the Good, west from Ireland. Ari was not permitted to depart, but was baptized there." The Landnamabock, compiled in the thirteenth century, relates of the second and third voyages, "So Rafn, the Limerick merchant, first stated, who lived for a long time in Limerick, in Ireland." This Rafn alluded to was kinsman to Ari Marson, and lived at the beginning or middle of the eleventh century. "So also Thorkel, the Son of Geller (grandson of Ari Marson) says that certain Icelanders stated, who heard Thorfinn, Jarl of the Orkneys (born in 1008, died in 1064) relate that Ari had been seen and known in Huitramannaland, and that, although not suffered to depart thence, he was there held in great honor. Ari had a wife named Thorgerd, daughter of Alf of Dolum. Their sons were Thorgils, Gudlief and Illugi, which is the family of Reykianess." Then follows a passage which shows that Eirck the Red was connected with the family of Ari Marson. It proceeds: "Jorund was the son of Ulf the squinter. He married Thobiorg Knarrarbring. They had a daughter, Thjodhild, whom Eirck the Red married. They had a son, Leif the Lucky, of Greenland," whom I believe is the Leif under discussion.

Ari the Learned, being immediately descended from Ari Marson, and having lived a century later, it is but natural to suppose that he would be anxious and careful to obtain the most accurate account of his ancestor, and no doubt he did.

Now, it is at present claimed that Leif Erikson discovered Vinland in the year 1000, and conceded in the Northern Sagas that Ari Marson's voyage occurred in 983. This certainly places Ari as the first of

his race who trod the *terra firma* of the American continent. The Huitramannaland, or Great Ireland, is stated to be situated in the "Western Ocean, near Vinland, and west of Ireland." The sagas describe the route toward it thus: "To the south of habitable Greenland there are uninhabited and wild tracts and enormous icebergs. The country of the Skraelings lies beyond these, Markland beyond this, and Vinland the Good beyond the last. Next to this, and something beyond it, lies Albania, that is Huitramannaland, whither, formerly, vessels came from Ireland. There several Irishmen and Icelanders saw and recognized Ari, the son of Mar and Kotlu of Reykianess, concerning whom nothing has been heard for a long time, and who had been made their chief by the inhabitants of the land."

Modern antiquarians have identified the country of the Skraelings as the Esquimaux coast, Markland as Labrador, Vinland as New England and Huitramannaland as the country "further southward, beyond the Chesapeake Bay."

Humboldt in his Cosmos says: "The Skraelinger related to the Northmen settled in Vinland;" that farther southward, beyond Chesapeake Bay, "there dwelt white men who clothed themselves in long, white garments, carried before them poles to which clothes were attached, and called with a loud voice." This account was interpreted by the Christian Northmen to indicate "processions in which banners were borne, accompanied by singing." Catholics will readily understand the significance of the above. To those who do not, I would say it refers to the observances and ceremonies then and now observed in the ritualistic services of the Catholic Church.

It is not my purpose or desire to controvert the statement that Leif Erikson discovered, or rather, landed first in Vinland (New England). I shall allow for argument's sake that it is so; but I do want to prove, if possible, that he decidedly was not the first European that landed on this continent, and it is more than probable that New England was visited from Iceland long before Leif's time.

In the oldest sagas, the historical narrations of Thorfinn Karlsefne and the Icelandic Landnammabock, the southern coasts lying between Virginia and Florida are designated under the name of the Land of the White Men. They are expressly called Great Ireland (Irland it Mikla), and it is maintained that they were peopled by the Irish.

The volumes in which these corroborative accounts are recorded were compiled in the North, three centuries before the birth of Columbus, and they undoubtedly represent the belief then held that there existed a "Great Ireland" beyond the Western Sea.

Thus far I have relied on Norse authority to show that Ari Marson and not Leif Erikson was the first of the Scandinavians that landed on the continent of America, as also to show that at that time it was the accepted belief of the Norsemen that long before Leif discovered Vinland, a "Great Ireland," peopled by the Irish, existed in the Western Seas, and that the Christian religion was practised in this favored land long before the dragon prow of the Viking ship of the Scandinavians, or the Spanish caravels of Columbus pointed westward.

Now I come to a different phase of the subject. I shall ask, "Was America discovered by the Irish?" It is a singular thing that throughout the proceedings of unveiling the statue not one word was said, tending in any way, to connect Ireland with the first discovery of the American continent. I shall not ask why this was so. I presume the speakers and writers had their reasons; they certainly did not "give honor where it was due." It is not material, however; the truth always remains the same, and sooner or later comes to the top.

The Irish Annals record that the Irish sailor, St. Brandan, who lived from the year A. D. 550 until the beginning of the following century, made two voyages of discovery in search of "the promised land"; that after the second voyage "he returned no more." His precise point of departure is explicitly given, viz., from "the foot of Brandon Mountain," now Tralee Bay. It is stated that his sea store consisted of live swine, his companions of monks. His first voyage abounded in adventures. The dates in the legends are positively fixed. Both Humboldt and Usher record the events. The voyages of St. Brandan were received traditions in France, the Netherlands, Spain, and Italy soon after the northern chroniclers had written their memoranda concerning Irland it Mikla.

Jacobus Voraignius, provincial of the Dominicans and bishop of Genoa (the native city of Columbus), gave St. Brandan's land special prominence in the thirteenth century in his "Golden Legend," and Paulo Toscannelli of Florence, the Italian geographer, on the conjectural map which he prepared expressly for the first voyage of Columbus, set it down as the "Terra di San Borondon" (St. Brandan's land), and marked it on the charts as opposite "Europe and Africa, from the south of Ireland to the end of Guinea." So strong was the belief in St. Brandan's land that, even after the voyage of Columbus, expeditions were sent to explore it. This is proved by the depositions taken before the grand inquisitor of the Canaries, Pedro Ortezde Funez, and from other Portuguese and Spanish accounts. The last of these voyages was undertaken as late as 1721 by Don Gaspar Dominiques.

Otway, in his "Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley," gives the following in a foot-note; "We are informed that Brandan, hearing of the previous voyage of his cousin, Barinthus, in the Western Ocean, and obtaining an account from him of the happy isles he had landed on in the far west, determined, under the strong desire of winning heathen souls to Christ, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself. And aware that all along the western coast of Ireland there were many traditions respecting the existence of a western land, he proceeded to the islands of Arran, and there remained for some time, holding communication with venerable St. Edna, and obtaining from him much information on what his mind was bent. There can be little doubt that he proceeded northward along the coast of Mayo, and made inquiry among its bays and islands, of the remnants of the Tuatha Danaan people, that once were so expert in naval affairs. Having prosecuted his inquiries with all diligence, Brandan returned to his native Kerry; and from a bay sheltered by the lofty mountain, that is now known by

his name, he set sail for the Alantic land; and, directing his course towards the southwest, in order to meet the summer solstice, or what we call the tropic. After a long and rough voyage, his little barque being well provisioned, he came to summer seas, where he was carried along without the aid of sail or oar for many a long day. This, it is to be presumed, was the great gulf stream, and which brought his vessel to shore somewhere about the Virginian capes, or where the American coast tends eastward and forms the New England States. Here landing, he and his companions marched steadily into the interior for fifteen days and then came to a large river, flowing from east to west: this evidently was the river Ohio. And this he was about to cross when he was accosted by a person of noble presence — but whether a real or visionary man does not appear — who told him he had gone far enough; that further discoveries were reserved for other men who would, in due time, come and Christianize all that pleasant land. The above, when clearly tested, shows that Brandan landed on a continent and went a good way into the interior, met a great river running in a different direction from those he had heretofore crossed; and here, from difficulty of transit or want of provisions or deterred by increasing difficulties, he turned back."

All the evidences related clearly show that "the relative claims of two discoveries and two discoverers of the American continent" — Erikson and Columbus — as the Boston Herald of Oct. 23d expressed it, may, after all, be dispelled, and two new names taken up as fit candidates for the honor. I have given the additional testimony at present at hand, which I think seriously damages Erikson's claim in favor of the Irish sailor, St. Brandan and his monks, as the first Europeans to set foot on this continent, and of Ari Marson as the first Scandinavian discoverer of America.

Boston, Nov. 19. D. B. CASHMAN.

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# Rabbit Plague in Australia.

WE read in the Book of Proverbs that "the rabbit" is "a weak people," or, as the Authorized Version has it, "the conies are but a feeble folk," and yet they are the plague and perplexity of both Parliaments and peoples in Australia. So terrible are the ravages of this little rodent, that the government of New South Wales has offered a reward of £25,000 to any one who will invent an effectual "plan of campaign" against bunny. Ferrets have been turned loose, great tracts of country have been covered with poison, rabbits have been caught and inoculated with infectious diseases and then set at large; but still the invaders come on. A late minister arranged that each squatter should kill the rabbits on his own run, and engaged that the government should give a subsidy to the extent of three-fourths of the expense. By this scheme £150,000 has been paid and a million rabbits killed; but still the survivors increase, and fresh droves swarm over

the borders from South Australia. Indeed, there is a growing feeling that nothing but wire netting sunk a foot deep into the ground and turned outwards will prove an effectual remedy. The cost of so fencing a colony would, of course, be enormous, and the government hesitates. At any rate the rabbit plague ought to afford an abundant supply of wholesome and cheap food. But in Australia even laboring men object to eat rabbit.

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# Burning of Rare Animals.

THE winter quarters of Barnum's menagerie, at Bridgeport, Conn., were destroyed by fire on the night of Nov. 20. It was the work of an incendiary.

The building containing the bears, monkeys, and many smaller animals was saved. The list of the dead includes four elephants, namely, Alice, Sampson, the sacred white elephant, and a smaller one, four lions, seven leopards, five panthers, two sea lions, two zebras, the hippopotamus, besides kangaroos, ibexes, wart-hogs, etc.

The lions first gave the alarm, in which the other animals joined, their roarings and howls of pain being heard above the noise of the flames. The rhinoceros broke his chain and came crashing through a side wall badly scorched. It is thought that he will recover.

The prompt action of Otto Mabis, the elephant trainer was remarkable. He entered the burning building and unchained most of the elephants. Twenty-seven of these huge beasts were thus liberated. When he came to the savage Sampson, by whom one keeper had formerly been killed and many a one injured, the creature knocked his benefactor down, and acted in such an ugly manner that it was impracticable to release him, and he perished. The lion tamer, Tim Buckley, also entered the building and freed a favorite old lion that followed him with the greatest docility out through a window. The appearance of all these monsters created a panic among the vast crowd that had assembled to witness the fire. One man was knocked down by an elephant, though the occurrence seemed really accidental. He had three ribs and one of his legs broken. After the first rush the elephants clustered together in an adjacent field and stood looking at the fire, until they were cared for by the keepers. Some of them subsequently wandered away, and were found in various door yards in the morning. One unlucky beast tried to swim across Long Island Sound. Failing in the attempt, he landed on a small island, whence, in the morning, some men dislodged him. He then made for the shore; but being chilled through, he sank in the muddy flats and perished.

The enormous hide of Jumbo was stored in a carriage house, and was but slightly damaged, while his bones were safe in the Philadelphia Museum.

Many ludicrous anecdotes are told concerning the rambles of the elephants and other liberated animals, which may be true or otherwise.

But the pitiful fate of the great lion set free by his keeper is worth telling. No sooner did he appear outside the burning building, than a couple of police officers began firing at him with revolvers. The keeper begged them to desist, as he was confident that he could control the animal and secure him in some place of safety. The wounded lion took refuge behind a freight car, where his keeper captured him again and presently put him into a pen. The inclosure was not sufficiently strong, however, and after a while the lion started on his travels. In jumping over a fence he alighted on a reporter for the London Times, who never was more surprised in his life. The man escaped with a few scratches, and the lion went its way. During the night a Mrs. Gilligan heard a disturbance in her barn, and supposing two of the cows to be fighting, undertook to part them by pounding them with a hoe handle. The cow she was pounding proved to be the lion, and answered with a frightful growl. Giving the alarm, a neighbor brought a rifle and shot the lion dead. It was found that he had torn the side of a cow, and had begun to make a repast of her calf. The boys who visited the spot the next morning cut off the tail and paws as trophies, against the remonstrance of the owner of the cows, who felt herself entitled to damages.

The building that was burned occupied a ground space of one hundred by four hundred feet, and was two stories high. It contained much valuable property besides the animals, and the total loss must exceed $200,000. It is thought that Mr. Barnum will rebuild at some point nearer New York City.

The remains of most of the animals were subsequently disposed of by burning. The bones of a lion and of the hippopotamus were secured for the Yale Museum. They were found in good preservation, the latter, especially, being protected by his enormously thick hide. The skin was found to be fully two inches thick when the animal was disarticulated for transportation. Representatives of various medical schools were on the ground, looking after such specimens as could be obtained for anatomical study.

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MANY people seem to forget that character grows, — that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business — prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years of age gets up in the morning, works, plays, and studies, and we will tell you just what sort of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man — a gentleman.

# Religious Profession in the English Army.

A RETURN just prepared at the War Office, of the religious profession of non-commissioned officers and men of the British European troops and Colonial Corps (exclusive of Indian troops), shows that at the beginning of the present year there were 158,414 Protestants of various denominations on the roll books, of whom 132,537 belonged to the Church of England, 15,072 were Presbyterians, 9,437 Wesleyans, and 1,368 belonged to one or other of the smaller Protestant bodies. The total of Catholics was 40,775; and there were 274 who were either Mohammedans, Hindoos, or Jews; while the religion of 1,044 was not reported. The proportion of Church of England soldiers per thousand (not reckoning the Colonial Corps) was 668; of Catholics, 205; of Presbyterians, 76; of Wesleyans, 46; of men of the smaller denominations, 5; there being thus in all 795 Protestants per 1,000, to 205 Catholics.

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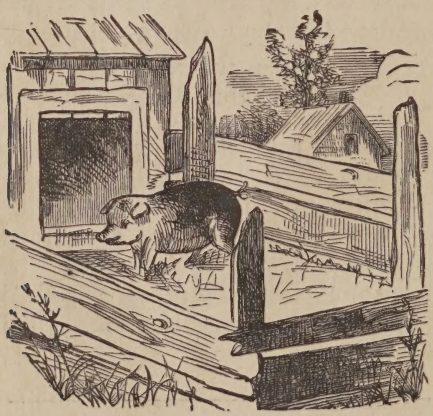
CONUNDRUM.



What useful thing always found in a grocery store may be found in this picture?
ANSWER.—A hogshead.

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THE proprietor of a "general store" in a Western town having received some filters from the East, put up a sign reading: "Filters will make river water fit to drink," but had to take it down after fourteen men had come in and asked for some "filter," under the impression that it was a new brand of whiskey.

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HERE is a suggestive item from the Brooklyn Eagle: "Is your father a Christian?" asks the new minister. "No," replied the boy; "he sings in the choir."

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

SHE is dressed for the Christmas party,
In a robe of white and blue;
With snowy ruffles and laces,
And snowy slippers too.

But never a jewel about her,
On throat or arms or ears,
And the pretty face the bright hair shades,
Is sullen and flush'd with tears.

For over in mamma's chamber,
In mamma's wardrobe hid,
Is a dress of violet satin,
And shoes of violet kid;

And a fan all covered with spangles,
And necklace, bangles and rings—
Which grandma sent from Paris,
With a host of beautiful things.

Mamma has told her daughter:
"These gifts are far too fine
To be worn to the Christmas party
By any child of mine:

"And 'twould vex our Blessed Lady
To see her favorite hues
Her white and blue discarded
For a violet dress and shoes."

So in spite of her tears and teasing,
In spite of her sullen frown,
The nurse has fastened on Minnie
Her sweet but simple gown.

And now she stands at the window,
And watches the snow-flakes fall:
'There's many a wretched lot,"—(she thinks)
"But mine isthe worst of all!"

When just outside on the pavement,
In the bitter wind, there stand
A boy with a steel triangle,
And a girl with a harp in her hand.

Little Italian minstrels,
With eyes as black as coals,
Their clothes are tattered—their shoes are torn—
Yet they sing, poor little souls!—

—A dismal foreign ballad,
So quavering and weak,
That Minnie opens the window,
And leans far out to speak:

"Why does your mamma give you
Such ragged clothes as these?"
With trembling lips they both reply:
"We have no mamma, please."

"But surely you have a papa,
And a home where you can stay,
Instead of wand'ring up and down
The streets, this bitter day?"

Then the little boy makes answer,
His dark eyes on her face:
"Our only home is a cellar,
A cold and cheerless place.

"We have no fire to warm us,
We have no food to eat,
And father is sick and cannot work,
So we sing about the street."

Ah! here was a Christmas sermon
For our sulky little friend!
As stern and as sharp a message,
As a loving God could send.

Somebody freezing and starving
In a cellar damp and bare,
While *she* was fretting for trinkets,
And a satin dress to wear!

The snow blew in on her ringlets,
But she did not care for that,
As she dropp'd her own bright Christmas coin
In the little minstrel's hat.

Then while they said: "God bless you!"
And, singing, went away,
She ran to mamma's chamber,
Where the hidden treasures lay.

Prone on that tender bosom,
Her bright eyes full of tears,
She murmured the touching story
Of the little mountaineers.

And said the Act of Contrition
Again and again and again,
As if the sense of the grand old words
Had only reached her then.

The lovely Parian statue
Of our Lady surely smiled,
From her flowery niche in the corner,
On her dear repentant child,

As off to the Christmas party,
She went in her raiment white,
Her face serene as an angel's,
Her hair like waving light. . . .

Out thro' the gusty twilight,
The stars of the Christmas tree
Sparkled and shone from the windows wide,—
While the guests danced merrily.

Ah! many a gorgeous darling,
Made gay at that brilliant ball;
But Minnie, the simple, fair-haired child,
Was the happiest guest of all!

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

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THE GIBBON IN THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

THE long-armed ape (*Hylobates lar,*) shown in the accompanying cut, is considered the best representative of the anthropomorphic apes, on account of the finely shaped, human-like head, the lack of a tail, the prominent forehead and jaws, and the nose, which is only slightly flattened; but his upper limbs are very much out of proportion. It is well known that when a man stretches his arms out to their full length

the measure from the tips of the fingers of one hand to the tips of the fingers of the other hand is equal to his height. In the case of the gibbon, this measure is double his height. When his arms are allowed to hang, they reach the ground. This ape has been rightly called "a dwarf among anthropoids." His greatest height is about two feet and three inches, while other members of this species, such as the gorilla, orang-outang, and the chimpanzee, are considerably larger. The long white hands and the frame of light hair around the face are characteristic features of this animal.

The gibbon is the only one of the anthropomorphic apes which is capable of walking upright without any support; but his gait is very peculiar, his body swinging back and forth, and his arms being extended like balancing poles. The limbs of this animal show to their best advantage when he is in his element, that is, in the trees. His movements are light and elastic as he swings rapidly from branch to branch, making graceful curves, and he flies from one tree to another without apparent exertion. Brehm called the gibbon a "bird in an ape's shape," and "the best rope dancer under the sun."

The home of the gibbon is Farther India. Once caught, he soon becomes tame, and delights his keeper by his affectionate and trusting disposition. An explorer tells of the extraordinary love of the mother gibbon for her young, and speaking of her care for them, he says: "I have often seen the mother take her children to the water, and, not allowing herself to be disturbed by their cries, wash their faces so clean that many a human child might envy the young ape the care it received."

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## A CHRISTMAS HYMN

THERE were three in the O'Meara family, Thomas, his wife, and little Nora. Little Nora was seven years old.

The O'Mearas were poor, and one of them was not contented. This was the husband and father. He had become careless of late, and he did not attend to his religious duties as he had formerly done.

The morning sunlight, shooting its golden arrows into the O'Mearas' little room, saw a very pretty picture.

Little Nora sat by her mother's side, repeating the following hymn:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where Our Infant Redeemer is laid."

"I forget the rest, dear mother," said little Nora. "It has something sweet in it about dewdrops. Please say it again."

And Nora's mother began:

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall"—

"Oh, I remember now," cried Nora, eagerly continuing:

"Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

They were proceeding to the second stanza, when Thomas O'Meara entered.

"Sure and what's the use of learning the child that?" he said. "She'd better be learning her A B C's. Go and get your primer, Nora, and leave hymns to ould women and them that likes them."

"I like them, father," said Nora, raising her eyes imploringly.

"Do as I bid you."

And Nora obeyed, dampening the well-thumbed primer with her tears.

Thomas O'Meara shortly afterwards was discharged by his employer, and he resolved to leave Ireland and go to America.

He had but little money, and he intended to let his wife and child remain in the old country until he could earn sufficient to pay their passage to the New World.

Well, he started, and Nora wept more tears at his departure than she did about the hymn.

Three months passed, and one joyful day Mrs. O'Meara received a letter from her husband, inclosing a sum of money, and telling her to come at once to him.

As soon as possible, Nora and her mother were on shipboard, speeding over the ocean. The steamer that carried them made a quicker trip than usual. They arrived two days before they were expected.

Thomas O'Meara had promised to meet them at the landing-place, but he was not there.

Anxiously Mrs. O'Meara scanned every face on the wharf — that familiar one was absent.

Sick at heart, she stood, with Nora by her side, waiting for his coming. Every newcomer she fancied to be him, and then with painful disappointment saw that it was not he — the expected one.

As night fell she took refuge in a hotel. Her husband had forgotten to send her any address, but she knew he worked on a farm: so the next morning she left the city, and went out into the open country. She would inquire for Thomas O'Meara at the different farmhouses. Surely the people would know him. Alas! she did not know what a large place America is.

Her efforts were vain. No one knew him. It was bitter cold — Christmas was near — and Jack Frost pinched poor little Nora's cheek's purple, and almost froze the tears in her blue eyes.

At the end of the third day the snow began to fall, and the mother and daughter found shelter in a deserted tumble-down old barn. Grief and anxiety had done their work. Mrs. O'Meara fell sick with fever. She grew worse, finally becoming delirious.

There was no house in sight. Little Nora was alone with her suffering mother. It was two days since they entered the barn, and during that time they had eaten no food.

Poor little Nora was growing very weak. She pressed her lips to her unconscious mother's hot brow. It was a sad Christmas Eve.

"Poor, dear mother," she thought, "father would let me sing my hymn now, to cheer her up, I know."

She began the hymn in her shrill, childish voice.

. . . . . .

Out on the lonely road sounded the merry jingle of sleigh-bells. Two persons were in the sleigh — the driver and another. The moon shone coldly bright on the far-reaching expanse of snow.

"Hark!" said the driver — it was Thomas O'Meara, and the man by his side was his employer. "Do you not hear a sound, sir?"

"The wind?"

"Sure there's no wind at all, at all. Listen! D'ye hear that?" O'Meara reined in the horses.

Through the deep stillness of the night came the child's faltering voice, singing: —

"Cold on His cradle, the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

"That's the voice of an angel, or of my own little Nora!" cried O'Meara.

"The voice comes from yonder barn," said his employer.

Thomas O'Meara entered the barn, and found his wife and child. They were wrapped up warmly, placed in the sleigh, and taken to the kind employer's home.

Mrs. O'Meara soon recovered, and Nora's cheeks soon grew red again. The steamer had arrived two days before Thomas O'Meara reached the city, to meet his wife and Nora. He was almost frantic at having missed them. He made a vow if he ever should regain his loved ones, he would never more be careless about his religious duties.

He kept that vow. He is prosperous and happy; and on each Christmas Eve, he joins with grateful heart in singing the hymn which he once thought was useless for Nora to learn.

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## EVERY ONE HAS HIS OWN CROSS.

THINGS are very well balanced in this world as far as taking comfort goes, and we begin to believe that, high or low, all have their tribulation. Fishes are hooked, worms are trodden on, birds are fired at. Worry is everywhere. Poor men's wives worry because the stove won't draw, or the clothes line breaks, or the milk burns, or the pane of glass is mended with putty, or they can't afford to hire help. Rich men's wives worry because the dish is not of the latest pattern, or because somebody finds out how a party dress is trimmed before the party happens, or because some grandee's wife overlooks them, or because their help *sarses 'em*, breaks up the tea-sets, spoils dinners, gets drunk and cuts up sheets into underclothing. Causes vary, but *worry* averages about the same. The scale of miles is different on different maps but places remain just so far apart, and so do Humanity and Content.

## LITTLE ANNIE'S LESSON.

'Tis only good children
Whom the angels call fair.

"I WISH God had made me pretty," said little Annie Sparks, who looked so doleful that Aunt Marie resolved to help the child if she could.

That night, when Annie came home from school, her aunt said: "I am going to give you a new doll, my dear. I have two in my room, and you may choose one of them for your own."

Annie tripped up stairs gayly to seek her new treasure. She found the two dolls upon the sofa. The one that first claimed her attention was exquisitely dressed in silk and velvet; dainty lace was about her neck and wrists; upon her feet were pretty shoes, and on her head a lovely hat.

Before Annie had examined the dolls closely she thought this one would be her choice, for when she first glanced at the other she only noticed the dress, which was of the plainest calico, with no ornament of any kind; but when she examined more carefully, she found that the doll with the homely dress was a beautiful marble doll, with real golden hair, eyes that would open and shut, dainty little feet on which she could stand alone, arms with joints that admitted many different positions—in short, the doll was a marvel of beauty, while the other, which was of rough wood, had no grace or loveliness aside from its dress.

"Oh, I choose Miss Calico Dress!" said Annie, at once taking possession of her new treasure.

"But," said Aunt Marie, "look at this beautiful silk dress and velvet cloak and the hat."

"The cloak and dress are pretty, I know," responded Annie; "but those things don't make the doll."

"Neither," said Aunt Marie, "do rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and soft hair make the little girl; and if a child has a cross and selfish spirit, no matter how fair are the form and face that clothe it, God and the angels and the people around her will look upon her with but little pleasure; but if she has a sweet and loving spirit, it will shine through the homeliest features, and many will delight in her. A beautiful spirit, no matter how ugly the body in which it is dressed, will as surely be prized as your doll is prized, in spite of her faded calico."

Annie was an apt pupil, and never forgot Aunt Marie's comforting lesson, but ever after sought for the best beauty, which is never denied to the earnest seeker—beauty of heart.

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THE Boston Investigator (infidel) hopes the time may come when it shall hear the "gladsome news:" "The devil's dead." When that time comes there will be no infidels, observes the Milwaukee Citizen.

## TROTTY AND SPOTTY.

TROTTY was tired of dolls and all such playthings. She had something *alive* to play with. It was a little mite of a pig and its name was Spotty.

It was all white except that on its back were two black spots about as big as peas. And what a cunning curl its tail had! Not for anything in the world would Trotty have had that tail cut off as papa wished.

You should have seen Trotty rocking it to sleep, as she did every day. The way the little fellow squirmed and kicked and grunted, and was finally made to lie still and be rocked and sung to, was funny to see.

About this time there was a daily wonder with mamma how it could be that Trotty's aprons got so very dirty. It might be a white one, or a pretty pink one with ruffles and pockets, that nicely buttoned round her every afternoon. No matter. Before night it was fit for nothing but to go into the wash.

It seems that Spotty had a piggish habit of getting into all the dirt that he could find, so when Jane, the kitchen girl, who had Trotty's soiled aprons to wash, undertook to find out why there were so many every week, she soon knew just how it was; for seeing Trotty making very hard work of climbing the stairs one day, she followed her and found her in a room all by herself, with piggy wound up in her apron.

"What a naughty girl to carry that dirty pig in your apron," said Jane.

"Well, I tan't tarry him no ozzer way, he squirms so," retorted Trotty.

"What makes you carry him, then? Why don't you leave him under the shed?" asked Jane.

"Spose he don't never want to tome in ze house?" said Trotty indignantly.

"Certainly not, and now you will march him right straight to his pen, and then come and have off that apron."

Trotty followed Jane, holding piggy closer than ever and talking soothingly in his ear.

"You's nough sight han'somer 'n she is, Spotty, 'n I like you; but they s'an't cut off your tail, Spotty, no, they s'an't."

Trotty didn't carry the pig about in her apron after that. She found an empty flour sack and used to drag him around in it, till one day it burst open, and piggy curling his little tail tightly over his back was off with a squeal.

What a chase Trotty had after him! Round and round the little garden till he ran into the middle of a flower bed and curled himself up there for safety. He was right under a big zinnia and looked for all the world as though he was going to sleep.

Trotty held out her apron to him then; and told him to come to her or she would get a "great big knife and cut his tail smack off."

Perhaps that was more than Spotty could bear the thought of; at any rate, he went to her at once.

One day Trotty's mother went down cellar after something for dinner, and you never would guess what she found Trotty doing there, so I will tell you. Spotty was with her of course. He always *was* with her, when she was in mischief. She had him by his hind feet and was

holding him over a pan of cream so that his nose was half buried in it.

"I never fought you would see", she said. "He's jiss 'tarvin.' He 'queels and 'queels, and he don't grow the leastest mite. Jane says so, and I don't want him to 'tarve when 'ere's tream a was'in.'"

Trotty was a very little girl, and she was almost crying, so mamma thought best not to say much to her just then. But she took her away, and Trotty was soon out on the grass with Spotty, and was doing her best to stuff his unwilling mouth with plum cake and sugar candy.

## BABY ELEPHANTS.

How the young elephants, in the large herds, escape from being crushed, is something of a mystery, as they are almost continually in motion; but when a herd is alarmed, the young almost immediately disappear. A close observer would see that each baby was trotting along directly beneath its mother, sometimes between her fore legs.

On the march, when a little elephant is born in a herd, they stop a day or two to allow it time to exercise its little limbs and gain strength, and then they press on, the mothers and babies in front, the old tuskers following in the rear, but ready to rush forward at the first alarm. When rocky or hilly places are reached, the little ones are helped up by the mothers, who push them from behind and in various ways; but when a river has to be forded or swum, a comical sight ensues.

The stream may be very rapid and rough, as the Indian rivers often are after a rain, and at such a place the babies would hardly be able to keep up with the rest; so the mothers and fathers help them. At first all plunge boldly in—both young and old—and when the elephants reach deep water, where they have to swim, the young scramble upon their backs and sit astride, sometimes two being seen in this position. But the very young elephants often require a little more care and attention, so they are held either upon the tusks of the father or grasped in the trunk of the mother, and held over or just at the surface of the water. Such a sight is a curious one, to say the least—the great elephants almost hidden beneath the water, here and there a young one seemingly walking on the water, resting upon a submerged back, or held aloft while the dark waters roar below.

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## A CHILD'S APOSTLESHIP OF SUFFERING.

A few months ago died one, who, from his youth, had been a religious comrade of the venerated Father Ramière—the first Director of our League. He had for his special mission to teach the full meaning of one single part of that morning offering which is made each day by our fifteen million Associates.

"Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and *sufferings* of this day."

Here is an example of how far the apostleship of suffering, preached by him, can reach in its effects for good. One day in a familiar instruction, a priest let fall these words:

"Do you wish to convert a family? Bring into their midst a soul who knows how to suffer. Do you wish the return to God of some soul dear to you? Suffer for her!"

These words were heard by a little child of the common people who was preparing for her First Communion. How was it possible for her to understand them? That is God's secret. The poor child had often seen her mother weeping, and she herself blushed with shame

when her father reeled home in the evening, made a brute by strong drink. But this day, when the power of suffering had been made known to her, she came to her mother and embraced her affectionately, and said:

"Mamma, cheer up. Papa will soon stop making you cry."

The next day at the noonday meal—the only one which ever brought all the family together—the child took a little soup and a bit of bread, but refused everything else.

"Are you sick?" said the mother in amazement.

"No, mamma."

"Eat then," said her father.

"Not to-day."

They thought it was a child's whim, best punished by leaving her to herself.

That evening the father came home drunk, as he was wont to do every day. The little girl was already in bed but not asleep, and she heard him blaspheming and began weeping. It was the first timehis curses had drawn tears from her eyes. The next day at dinner she refused any other food than bread and water. The mother was troubled, and the father out of temper.

"I wish you to eat," he said angrily.

"No," replied the child firmly, "not as long as you get drunk and curse and swear and make my mother cry. I have promised this to our Lord, and *I wish to suffer so that He may not punish you.*"

The father lowered his head. That evening he came home quietly, without being drunk, and the little girl charmed him with her gayety, liveliness, and good appetite.

But long habit got the better of the father. The child began her fast again. This time the father dared say nothing. Only he began weeping and himself stopped eating. The mother also wept; only the little girl was tranquil.

Then the father rose, and pressing the child to his heart, he said: "You poor little martyr, will you keep on doing like this?"

"Yes, papa, until I am dead or you are converted."

"My daughter, I will nevermore make your mother cry."

The good man kept his word.

Dear children, who read these lines, see your power; and you, Associates of the Apostleship, behold an example. Children often are our best teachers.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart

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BISMARCK insists that the papacy is one of the powers of the world—one of the great powers; nay, the greatest power in the moral world to-day. He says that the presence of Germany's embassador at the papal court means that Germany is irrevocably committed to the Pope's sovereign independence.

## LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"I WILL never speak to you again!" cried Annie, in a very peevish manner.

"Oh, do not say that," pleaded her companion; "you should never say anything so dreadful; but I am sure you don't mean it, do you, Annie?" continued Bessie, coaxingly.

"Yes, but I do mean it; and I never will forgive you, either," answered Annie, as she turned away, and refused to take Bessie's offered hand.

Annie and Bessie were very unlike, although they were constantly together. Bessie never thought of herself; all her plans were for the happiness of others. Bessie Bountiful she was called, and well she deserved the name; not that she had much to give, but because she gave so cheerfully.

If Bessie had a fault it was that she was too generous; her friends often said it was no use to give her anything, for she would never keep it for herself. Bessie said she enjoyed and appreciated what they gave her, and sharing their gifts with others only made her doubly happy.

Perhaps you have concluded that Bessie had been guilty of some very great offence against her friend. I have no doubt Annie thought so, but I do not think you will agree with her when you have heard what it was.

Annie was an only child, and had been brought up to think that her pleasure and comfort were of the greatest importance. Her mother had been quite wealthy at one time, but through the failure of those she had entrusted with the management of her money, she was now very poor, and Annie was thus forced to do without many things she had formerly thought necessary to her happiness.

Annie and Bessie parted, Annie still refusing to "make up," and Bessie sorrowing because she had displeased her friend.

A few days after this, Annie was taken very ill, and was confined to her bed. Bessie grieved when she thought how she and Annie had parted, and as she had nothing to send her, she offered to sit with Annie, but was told by her mother that she was not allowed to see any one.

Bessie thought long and earnestly as to what she could give Annie. Alas! all had been given away. At last she thought she would beg for a few flowers, for she knew that they were always acceptable in a sick room.

Bessie asked at several places for a few flowers for a sick child, only to be refused; she was on the point of going home quite disheartened, when she came to a little cottage, nearly covered with vines. "Surely, here I shall not be refused," she said, and she was right; they told her to fill her little basket, and they inquired all about her sick friend, and told Bessie to come again if she wanted more.

While Bessie was gathering the flowers, she looked at the little ring on her finger, and she thought, "I will give Annie the ring: she will like it so much."

Bessie arranged the flowers very prettily, and then walked to the cottage where Annie lived. How to leave the flowers and give the ring without being seen, was what puzzled her; then she noticed, as she reached the house, the partly opened window, and when she peeped in, she saw Annie lying quietly asleep, and, fortunately, there was no one in the room.

She gently reached over the bed and slipped the ring on Annie's finger, and placed the flowers where she could see them when she awakened; then she quietly closed the window and quickly walked away.

When Annie awoke, she told her mother that she had had a beautiful dream about an angel, who had told her how wrong it was to think only of self, and—"Why, who gave me this ring?" she said, starting up, "and these beautiful flowers? Who could have brought them?"

Her mother told her that she had noticed a movement of the window shutter when she entered the room, and how, on looking out, she had seen Bessie walking towards the gate.

The tears came into Annie's eyes as she looked at the pretty ring; then she told her mother how she had quarreled with Bessie, and threatened never to speak to her again, and all because Bessie had given a package of sweets (that her aunt had sent her) to some poor children, instead of giving it to her.

Annie was very sorry because she had spoken so unkindly to Bessie, and said she had thought many times during her sickness what a sad thing it would have been if she had died without speaking to Bessie; she begged to have Bessie sent for at once, so that she might ask her forgiveness.

Her mother tried to persuade her to wait until the next day, but Annie was so anxious that her mother could not refuse.

Bessie was only too ready to forgive, and, as they kissed each other, Annie promised herself never to be so selfish or quick-tempered again.

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## AN OLD WOMAN'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

ONE bitter January night the inhabitants of the old town of Selswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place. In one large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother, with her granddaughter and her grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in praying to God that he would "Build a wall of defence round about them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn. Her grandson asked why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that should hide it; but she explained that her meaning only was that God should protect them.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1888.

# NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### The Christmas Tree.

O,
the
Christ-
mas tree
so bright
and green,
awaits Old
Santa Claus.
And the chim-
ney place all swept
and clean gapes wide
its ponderous jaws.
The little stockings are
all hung up, and baby's
just makes four. Won't
Old Santa Claus be surprised
when he finds there is one more!
There's an elegant place up in the
tree to hang Johnny's gun, and a
place for May and one for Kate to
leave their dolls upon. But for little
baby blue eyes a lower branch he must
choose, where she may reach and find the
place he's hung her first new shoes. Turn
down the light a little now, so old Santa
Claus can see. And baby and all
must go to bed and be as good as good
can be. And to-morrow morn get
up early, after a long night's
sleep,
and
come
softly
down
to the
Xmas
tree
and
see
Who will get the first peep.

THE New-York Freeman's Journal, under the heading, "Is This Justice?" comments editorially as follows: "The parochial schools of New-York City are attended by forty thousand children. It takes thirty dollars a year to keep a child in the public schools,—at least, it costs the tax-payers that much. The parochial schools save the public treasury over $1,000,000 a year, and the Catholics still pay their proportion of the school-tax."

MISS FLORENCE MACNAGHTON, of Bushmills, in the north of Ireland, lately tried to persuade a fisherman to sign the pledge. He said he would do so if she would swim across the bay from Blackrock to Port Ballantree, a distance of about a mile. The young lady accepted the challenge, and accomplished the swim in thirty-nine minutes. The fisherman now wears the blue ribbon.

### Two of a Kind.

PAPA—Why so pensive, my daughter? Eloise—Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything between us is ended. Papa—Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned to me this morning—protested.

### France Decreasing in Population.

THE same strange, inexplicable movement of diminution goes on in the "natality" of the French population. This diminution consists so far in a slackening in the rate of increase, not yet in an actual decrease. Yet it is a retrograde movement for all that, and, what is more, a startlingly rapid one. Look, for instance, at the following figures from the Journal Officiel: In 1881 the increase of the population was 103,229. In 1885 the increase of the population was 85,464. In 1886 it had sunk down to only 52,560. If this continues, by 1889 the increase will have disappeared altogether, and an actual decrease will have set in. Yet the French do not emigrate in any appreciable numbers. Already in nearly half of the departments the population is actually diminishing.

### Rejected by the People.

As we (New York Catholic Review) predicted, Mr. Henry George has been defeated as a candidate for Secretary of State. The people have rejected him and his theory of land taxation. His goose was cooked before Thanksgiving.

One million fifty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-six votes were cast, of which the United Labor leader received the insignificant number of 72,781 throughout the whole State. In this city, his vote fell off from the 68,000 he received when he ran for Mayor to 37,316. At this rate of progress, he will be afflicted with a more complete poverty when the returns come in from the next campaign.

Mr. Henry George has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. And he will be found wanting at every election, if he runs for office from now until doomsday on his land-confiscation-without-compensation platform.

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WHEN our non-Catholic brethren read in the dailies a London dispatch of Nov. 3, that the Truro Cathedral was, on that day, opened by the Prince of Wales, did the further statement that it was "the first cathedral built in England by the Established Church since the "Reformation," naturally suggest to their minds that every other cathedral in England was built by Catholics and only "confiscated" by the Reformation?

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THE Mitchelstown tragedy of the 9th of September has already been attended by a sad sequel. Not all the tributes of sympathy and sorrow could assuage the grief of the family of the deceased boy Casey; and on Oct. 27 his eldest sister died from the effects of several shocks received on the fatal occasion. Her health was previously unimpaired; but the sudden fright sustained seems to have undermined her constitution, and she died that morning, after a month's illness. The greatest sympathy is felt for the parents, who are in poor circumstances. The stain of blood-guiltiness that attaches to the Balfour Adminstration grows larger and deeper from day to day. It will bring fruit in due season. Balfour, beware!

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AN Irish boatman, named McMahon, has accomplished the feat of rowing, single-handed, completely round the Irish coast. An Irish dentist, named O'Meara, has travelled to the core of Afghanistan and drawn the teeth of that awful Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones, the Ameer. An Irish lassie, named Jenny O'Brien, every day drives a team of thirty-two horses at the Hippodrome at Kensington.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for November is fully up to its usually high standard of excellence. It opens with William Collins' able article on "The Irish Signers of the Declaration of Independence." The rest of the MAGAZINE is enriched by that fine variety of articles for which Mr. Donahoe has so much well-earned renown. — Catholic Columbian, Columbus, O.

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THE BAPTISTS now claim that St. Patrick was a link in their Apostolic chain. A Baptist contemporary publishes his "creed," and says it would serve as a Baptist formulary of faith. They should introduce into their hymnal "The Wearing of the Green," thinks Father Phelan of the Western Watchman.

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HARPER & BROTHERS have sent to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., a magnificent edition of "Ben Hur," with their congratulations on his approaching Jubilee. What! "Who would have thunk it?" asks The St. Louis Catholic World.

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### The Privileged Choir.

"AND now," said a Methodist parson at the close of his sermon, "I will ask all those in the congregation who are endeavoring to lead a better life, or who desire or expect ever to do so, to remain a few moments after the benediction has been pronounced. Members of the choir," added the good man, looking benignantly in the direction of the organ as he spoke, "are also cordially invited to remain."

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IT is rumored that the Hon. Edward Blake is being pressed by leading Canada Liberals to enter English public life. A seat in Parliament will be found for him, and he will be asked, it is said, to accept a place in the next Liberal Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone, who is sensible of what Mr. Blake has accomplished for the Irish cause in the Dominion, and of his great powers as a debater, believes that his entrance to the Parliament at Westminster would be an occasion of great strength to the English Liberal party.

### A New Cistercian Abbot.

A CEREMONY recently took place at Roscrea, in North Tipperary, which is full of interest. A new Cistercian Abbot was solemnly blessed by Mgr. Persico, the Apostolic Delegate, who had been charged to perform the ceremony. The Abbey has grown up within the last nine years on a property given for the purpose by Count Moore. It was founded by a colony from the celebrated Abbey of Mount Melleray, in the county of Waterford. Leo XIII. erected it into an Abbey nearly two years ago. The new Abbot, Father Camillus Beardwood, is a native of Dublin, and was for several years a monk at Mount Melleray. The Abbot's assistants at the ceremony were the Abbot of Mount Melleray and the Abbot of Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire. A most eloquent sermon was preached by the Dominican Father Keene, in which he implored of heaven that whatever might be the future of Ireland she might never lose her intense attachment to religion.

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IT is claimed that cigarette smoking tends to softening of the brain. We don't believe it. In order to soften anything there must be something to soften,—as much as to say, cigarette smokers have no brains.

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### Figuratively Speaking.

BY H. C. DODGE.

ASTRONOMY is 1-derful,
And interesting 2;
The earth 3-volves around the sun,
Which makes a year 4 you.

The moon is dead and can't re-5
By law of phy-6 great,
It's 7 where the stars alive
Do nightly scintil-8.

If watchful Providence be-9,
With good intentions fraught,
Did not keep up its grand design
We soon should come to 0.

Astronomy is 1-derful,
But it is 2 80 4
1 man to grasp, and that is why
I'd better say no more.

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THE Brooklyn Eagle, speaking of the growth of Catholicity in Brooklyn, N. Y., remarks: "Within the limits of Brooklyn diocese to-day, there are considerably over one hundred schools and places of instruction, attended by probably thirty thousand or forty thousand children, with four or five hospitals, and some sixteen asylums, with their door open to the poor, the sick and the unfortunate. And these numerous institutions,— churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, homes, asylums — have all been established during the last sixty-five years."

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ARCHBISHOP WALSH, of Dublin, in presenting the teachers of the Christian Brother's school, Ireland, to Mgr. Persico, said: "At present there are in their schools in Ireland not far short of thirty thousand pupils. That the excellence of the literary and secular teaching conveyed in those schools has reached to the height of the most exacting standard has been proved to demonstration by the brilliant success of their pupils when tested by those public examinations conducted under State authority from which no arbitrary regulations have been able to shut them out."

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OVER ten thousand people, Protestants as well as Catholics, visited the new St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn., on Sunday, Oct. 16, on which day it was for the first time thrown open to the public. The grandest sight of all, perhaps, was that of seven of the nine great alto-relievos which depict the life of Christ.

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FATHER HECKER tells this little anecdote in the Catholic World for October: "I once heard Dr. Brownson say that he and Daniel Webster, with whom he was well acquainted, happened to meet in a Boston Bookstore. Brownson picked up a book and began looking through it. Webster glanced at it and saw that it was a defence of the Catholic religion. 'Take care,' said the statesman to the philosopher, 'how you examine the Catholic Church, unless you are willing to become a Catholic, for their doctrines are logical.'"

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SOME persons become cold to the Church and cease to practise their holy religion because some prominent fellow-Catholic or some priest has said or done something to offend them. That will not be a valid excuse at the judgment seat of God.

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THE Rev. Thomas Esser, O.P., of the German Dominican Province, at the request of the Irish Bishops, has been appointed to fill the chair of scholastic philosophy at Maynooth.

### Another Monsignor.

THE ceremonies attendant on the investiture of a priest with the title of Monsignor and the insignia of the Roman prelature, took place for the second time in the history of the Church in New England, on Thursday Nov. 10. The priest thus honored was the Rev. C. A. Brochu, rector of the Church of Notre Dame, for the French Catholics of Southbridge, Mass, The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly officiated, and a great number of the priests of the diocese of Springfield, and some French priests from Canada were present in the sanctuary. Father Lagier, one of the oblate Fathers, of Lowell, Mass., preached in French. Bishop O'Reilly then briefly addressed the people: "My friends, I cannot let this occasion pass without saying something. I congratulate you, my people, and I also congratulate the priests on having among you a monsignor of the Church and High Chamberlain to the Holy Father. You must remember that this is not a mere ceremony, but an honor, a high honor, coming from the hands of the Vicar of Christ on earth. The Holy Father and his council always have reason for all honors conferred. I again congratulate you on this honor conferred on you and your pastor, and wish he may spend many happy years watching over his flock in this diocese." The ceremonies concluded with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Mgr. Brochu. The French Catholics are justly rejoiced at the honors conferred on their devoted rector. The evening before all the French quarter of the town was illuminated; and the day of the investiture itself was a general holiday in the parish. When Father Brochu came to Southbridge, he found a church with a $10,000 debt. Now, after fourteen years of labor, he has the same church greatly enlarged, a house, convent school, where 700 children daily attend, and money in the bank for the building of a new church, the plans of which came from Rome.

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THE Bishop of Olinda, Brazil, wishes his people there to celebrate the Jubilee of the Holy Father by extinguishing amongst them the slavery that Queen Elizabeth brought to, and the Puritans fastened upon, the voice of the Church. He says: "Let this be our Jubilee offering to Leo XIII., whose predecessors never ceased to combat the scourge of slavery. It will give immense satisfaction to the heart of the Holy Father at the time when preparations are being made for the canonization of the blessed Claver, the apostle of the negroes."

A FRENCHMAN once remarked of the average Englishman, that he is sure to know all about Timbuctoo, or Hindostan, or the frozen regions about the North Pole; but, ask him about Ireland, next his own country, and all he knows about its people is that they were born to be ruled without justice or humanity. He weeps for the suffering Caffre or inhabitants of Congo, but allows his fellow-subject across St. George's Channel to pine in ignorance and adversity and to die of fevers and starvation.

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### Noses as Signs of Character.

THE Roman nose denotes a propensity for adventure. A wide nose with open nostrils is a mark of great sensuality. A cleft nose shows benevolence,—it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul. A straight nose denotes a just, serious, fine, judicious, and energetic mind. The curved, fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catherine de Medici and Elizabeth had noses of this kind. The curved nose is a mark of a brilliant mind, but vain, and disposed to be ironical. It is the nose of a dreamer, a poet, or a critic. It is desirable that the nose should be as long as possible, this being a sign of merit, power, and genius. For instance, Napoleon and Cæsar had long noses. If the line of the nose be re-entrant,—that is, if the nose is turned up,—it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant or frolicsome.

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CARDINAL MANNING, who is not to be excelled in saying a great deal in the fewest words, writing to an Irish priest in commendation of five-minute sermons after Low Masses, says: "I am wickedly in the habit of saying that the three maladies which hinder piety are fanciful books of devotion, theatrical music in church, and pulpit oratory."

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SPAIN will send 30,000 pilgrims to Rome, headed by the noblest families of Madrid.

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WHEN Gen. Phil. Cook was presented to Miss Winnie Davis she was alluded to as the "Daughter of the Confederacy." The gallant General was led captive at once by her beauty and grace, and, extending his hand, said: "Miss Winnie, I am a widower; please enroll me as a candidate for the position of son-in-law of the confederacy." This sally met with a round of

applause, and Col. Hardin remarked that "there would be one source of congratulation in marrying the daughter of the Confederacy — the groom would never be bothered with his mother-in-law."

READ our advertisements for the Christmas holidays. We ask our friends to deal with those who patronize DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, newly consecrated Bishop of Grafton, Australia, is a native of Youghal, county Cork, Ireland, and he came from the same old grand stock which produced the famous Dr. Doyle, whose name is famous to every Irishman.

FATHER HEINAN, the parish priest of East Mauch Chunk, Pa., has inaugurated a crusade against the feminine "bustle." He says they are not only unsightly, and the production of vanity, but are altogether immoral. Sensible people everywhere will agree with this good priest's opinion. Nothing could be more absurd and offensive to good taste, to say the least, than this hideous protuberance which fashion's decree has added to women's attire.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, a resident of Somerset, Mass., a hard-working man with a family of four children, has received a letter from a solicitor in Denver, Col., informing him that he has been appointed executor of his bachelor brother, Bartholomew Maguire, who had left an enormous fortune, estimated at $3,500,000. This amount is principally invested in gold and silver mines. Bartholomew left the East about fifteen years ago. The fortune is bequeathed to the brothers and sisters of the deceased, six in number. One of the brothers is somewhere in South America, two brothers and a sister are in Ireland, a married sister is in Denver, and the executor of the will, Thomas, is a resident of Somerset. The letter requested Mr. Maguire to be in Denver by Nov. 21.

### The Dublin Corporation.

"Irish-American:" The Lord Mayor of Dublin has replied at considerable length to the attack made upon the Corporation by Mr. Chamberlain, M. P., who drew a disparaging comparison between it and that of Belfast. The Corporation of Dublin has been in the hands of the Irish National party for only a few years, and no one has been able to point to a single item of corrupt expenditure on their part; but for hundreds of years it was in the hands of the old Ascendency party, who jobbed, robbed, plundered, and squandered the city property, and, but for their drunkenness, their incompetency, and their dishonesty, the rates on the citizens of Dublin to-day would be almost nominal.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU'S remonstrances against the immodesty which the world of fashion winks at, and his refusal to be present at the Hon. Mr. Mercier's reception in Quebec, on account of his objection to the fashionable indecency of feminine full dress, recalls the *bon mot* of Prince Talleyrand, uttered to a lady who told him at a fancy dress ball that she represented the sea. "At *very* low tide, madam," he replied.

FATHER CLEARY gave the temperance pledge to 4,825 persons in Ohio during his late canvass in that State. He was also instrumental in organizing several societies.

### A Beloved Bishop.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS was celebrated at St. Joseph's Cathedral, on morning of the 8th of November, in honor of the nineteenth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, N. Y. Nearly all the priests in the diocese were present. Very Rev. Fathers Joseph M. Sorg, of Buffalo, and Patrick Cannon, of St. Louis, were deacons of the Mass. Among those from out of town were Father Gleason and Father Early, of Hornellsville, and Father Colgan, of Corning. After the services the Bishop was presented with $18,000 to assist him in building his new residence. The contributions came from the priests of the diocese, and ranged from $50 to $1,000 each.

THOSE are beautiful words, expressive and so true, used by Dr. B. O'Reilly in speaking of the efforts of Pope Leo to elevate the condition of the workingmen everywhere: "In removing intemperance totally and forever from the hearth and habits of the laboring man, the Church is doing away with one great cause of poverty, and implanting in the toiler's home the blessed germ of thrift, well-doing, and more than goodly virtue."

C. B. PALLEN, who has been the editor of the St. Louis Catholic World since its organization, has resigned.

### Score One!

A STRIKING instance of the enthusiastic and increasing sympathy which the Irish National cause has enlisted in the metropolitan suburbs was exhibited at a public meeting held at Camberwell, England, called to protest against the "Mitchelstown murders." In the course of an interesting speech detailing his experiences during a recent visit to Mitchelstown, Mr. James Hill, the Gladstonian candidate at the recent Buxton election, stated that he went to Ireland a Home Ruler, but that he returned a full-blown member of the National League. This announcement was received with loud cheers again, which were renewed when Mr. Hill exhibited his card of membership. Mr. Hill, who is one of the largest lock manufacturers in the world, dealing with the alleged dishonesty of the Irish people, remarked that though he had extensive business relations in Ireland, he never had a bad debt there, while he had frequently such in England and Scotland.

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IT IS well to teach people how to accumulate wealth; but it is better to teach them how to rationally use and enjoy it, and give some of it to the poor.

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### The Catholic People True to Their Church.

The Jubilee collection for the Pope, on a recent Sunday, at St. Joseph's Church, which was made a test in view of Dr. McGlynn's tirade against the government of the Church by "Italians and foreigners," was the largest in the history of the New York Archdiocese. The receipts will reach $35,000, against $20,000 in other years. The cathedral contributed $2,945; Paulist Church, $1,350; St. Stephen's—which last year gave only $360—$1,103; St. Francis Xavier's, $1,100; St. Ann's, $1,005; St. Michael's, $1,003, and the Immaculate Conception, $1,000.

The Xavier Union will make up a purse of $2,000 for the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee, and dispatch a delegate to Rome with it. The Xavier Union is the leading Catholic club in the United States. At a recent meeting of the union, preparations were made for the erection of a new clubhouse to cost over a quarter of a million dollars. It will be one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in the city, and will reflect credit on the energy and enterprise of the young Catholics of New York.

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CATHOLIC parents living in communities supplied with Catholic schools commit a grave scandal, as well as an act of insubordination, by sending their children to the public schools. If the parents despise the commandments of the Church and violate its laws, do they expect their children to do otherwise? Woe to the parents who scandalize their little ones.

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### Hurrah for the O'Briens!

O'BRIEN is a great name at the present time. The gentleman of that name in Tullamore jail, Ireland, is stirring up just indignation in all parts of the world against England's tyranny, and Mayor O'Brien's able management of city affairs in Boston is winning golden opinions from all honest citizens. Morgan J. O'Brien has been elected to the Supreme Court bench in New York City, while another O'Brien is the leading attorney of the West. Hurrah for the O'Briens.

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### Greatest Steel Truss Known.

THE first truss of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) bridge was finished and swung Nov. 7. It is 525 feet long between the centres of the towers, 82 feet deep and 35 feet wide, being the largest and heaviest steel truss in the world. It rests on steel towers 110 feet high, which stand on masonry piers whose foundations are 125 feet below high water, and its total height from the foundation is 337 feet. It carries a floor system on top for a double track railway, and is capable of supporting rolling a load of 3,000 pounds to the running foot on each track.

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DUMLEY (at the supper table) — "Yes, I have spent most of the day at the dentist's." Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady) — "are you having your teeth filled, Mr. Dumley?" Dumley (struggling with a steak) — "Yes, ma'am; filled and sharpened."

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THE message of the Chicago scaffold to the dynamiters abroad: "Stay on your own side of the water; the climate is unhealthy here."

### A Protestant Minister on City Matters.

THE Central Congregational Church and the First Baptist Church held a union service on Thanksgiving Day, at the latter's house of worship on Commmonwealth Avenue. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. T. Duryea, D. D., who took for his topic "The Immediate Duty of the Citizens of This City." He said, substantially, that if current reports are to be believed, a crisis has come in the history of the city we love. Some of its most prominent citizens have come together and counselled what to do. As we listen to the voices of censure and complaint, we are naturally led to inquire if there is anything wrong in the government of our city. We have aliens coming to us who are not in sympathy with our forms and ways. They are gaining on us. In our desire to develop our resources we find them an important factor. They are gradually assuming to be a power, and already their influence is felt in the administration of government. We are told that the government under which we are subjects has been corrupted. It is easy to make charges, but when they come from responsible men, there must be a laxity somewhere in officials occupying posts of honor. It is also said that there is a loss of reverence among the people; that the press is partisan; that integrity, honor, and fidelity, public and private, is on the wane. It is alleged, also, that our public school system is in danger from attacks from Roman Catholics. Let no man say the Catholics are hypocrites. We have invited the Roman Catholic Church here and given it a fair field. Let it beat us if it can; it ought to. The speaker argued that he was most secure to-day in his property, and his daughters were safer because of the Catholic Church. So much in the way of fairness. If he was in the Roman directory, he would urge the same measures they do. He wished we had in our American government anything like such magnificent statesmanship as is exhibited in the papacy. We should have order, prosperity, happiness.

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THE HOLY FATHER will celebrate his Golden Mass in the Vatican Basilica, to which entrance will only be obtained through the sacristy by those furnished with tickets. The doors will be closed whilst he is officiating, and all the forms necessary to maintain his protest against his treatment by the government will be preserved. The ceremony of the canonizations to take place during the Papal Jubilee, is transferred to Jan. 15th, 1888, the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus; the Holy Father having determined to open the Vatican Exhibition on Jan. 6th, the Feast of the Epiphany.

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VIEWING some new churns or milk-separators in Lord Vernon's dairy, Mr. Gladstone remarked the other day: "We both effect our separation by agitation. But butter, which is the result of your method, is the method of my result. However," he added, "we shall both, after a good deal of churning, effect the same thing eventually—the making of Pat."

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### The Irish Language.

GREAT praise is due to those patriotic Irishmen who are devoting a large portion of their time, and, it must necessarily follow, considerable sums of money, to the movement for the preservation of the Irish language. It is a movement in which every Irishman should consider it an honor to take part. Unfortunately, every Irishman is not qualified to take an *active* part in the movement, because a majority of them—paradoxically as it may seem—know nothing of their native speech. But every Irishman *can* give it both moral and material support by patronizing Gaelic literature. Societies for teaching the Irish language have been organized throughout the country. The Brooklyn society publishes a monthly journal, The Gael, which, also, gives lessons in the Irish language, old Irish songs, pieces for recitation, lectures on Irish grammar, etc. It is the first journal ever published in the Irish language, and should find its way into every Irishman's library. Its price is only sixty cents a year, and its publication address is 814 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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### Palace of the Cæsars.

WE are compelled to omit the last part of this interesting series of papers. It will appear in our next issue.

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WILLIAM O'BRIEN lay in bed in Tullamore Jail rather than arise and put on the convict garb. His friends managed to smuggle in a suit of clothes to replace those stolen by the jailers while Mr. O'Brien was asleep. He now has on a good suit of Irish tweed.

### Canadian Girls.

BISHOP CLEARY, of Kingston, Ont., made a pastoral visit to Napanee lately, and, while replying to an address from the ladies of the congregation there, denounced the general behavior of Canadian girls and the system of instruction at the public schools. He said Canadian girls were wanting in modesty; that they were not taught it in the public schools, and that, in fact, it was a common thing to see a girl staring a man out of countenance. At school the meeting of boys and girls in their classes had a bad effect. The girls lost their modesty, and became rude and shameless. Just the same in the States.

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THIRTY THOUSAND Confederate veterans greeted Jefferson Davis at Macon, Ga., and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed on the occasion of the reception. At the sight of a battered Confederate battle flag, the ex-President of the Lost Cause rose and said that he was like that flag in that he was "torn and riven by storms and trials."

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REV. EMILE BRUN, Methodist minister of Canada, has been received into the Church at Ottawa College. The convert descended from a Huguenot family, and went to Canada from France as a professor in a Wesleyan institution, but his studies led him to the Catholic Church, and he consequently renounced Protestantism to return to the faith of his fathers.

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READ our advertisements for the Christmas holidays. We ask our friends to deal with those who patronize DONOHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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THE UNIVERSAL WANT.—"Mr. Doppenheimer, I want to introduce a burglar alarm into your house. It will indicate at which door or window"—"I don want non of dose tings. I don' bodder me mit burglars."—"Once you have tried them, Mr. Doppenheimer"—"Look here, meester, if you wash got a condrivance what keeps mine wife from goin' dru mine pockets when I wash ashleep, den I talks mit you a leedle bit."

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### The Heaviest Man in the World.

THE British Medical Journal gives the following interesting particulars of the height, weight, and dimensions of Thomas Longley, of Dover, who is said to be the heaviest British subject in the world. Mr. Longley, who is a respectable and intelligent publican, was born (of parents not above the normal size) in 1848. As a baby he was not considered large. His present weight is 560 pounds; height, 6 feet 4 inches; measurement of the waist, 80 inches; size of leg, 25 inches. He finds considerable difficulty in walking, and does not trust himself to a carriage for fear of breaking the springs. He is said to be very temperate, both in eating and drinking, and has never suffered from any ill health of a serious nature.

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THE PAPAL JUBILEE COLLECTION, says the Catholic Review, in New York this year, reached the unusual high figure of $37,537.07. This magnificent sum represents, undoubtedly, the special interest which the Catholics of New York take in the Papacy in its present hour of trial, triumph, sorrow, and joy. It is a tribute to the prisoner of the Vatican. It is a filial homage to the Father of the Faithful on the Jubilee day of his glorious priesthood.

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AT the banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce the time-honored toast to the "Anglo-Saxon race" was replaced by one to "the English-speaking race." This is better.

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THE official returns show that during the past ten months 74,898 persons emigrated from Ireland, as against 57,270 for the corresponding period last year. 66,319 of these 74,898 emigrants went to the United States, 3,683 to Canada, and 4,301 to Australia.

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### Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell).

THIS French author has been lecturing in Brooklyn, N. Y. In the course of his address, he said: "It was difficult for a Frenchman to live long in England without contrasting the land of his birth and the land of his adoption. He had tried to destroy the absurd prejudices with which many Englishman regard France, and he would like to see these two peoples respect and love each other. The real France was to be seen in her good, warm-hearted, peaceful, and laborious peasantry. Jacques Bonhomme was deeply attached to his country, and took good care of his money. His clothes might be poor, but his blouse was his own, and it was new

when he bought it. His food did not cost him more than seven or eight cents a day. He kept early hours, and the words pauperism and workhouse were unknown in France. He was rich in what he knew how to do without. If stability of fortune was real riches, then France, with her 6,000,000 landed proprietors, was the richest nation in Europe. In making purchases, Jacques was indeed in his element. He pretended indifference to what he wanted, turned away from it, then went back and asked the price with contempt, and finally clinched the bargain. Jacques Bonhomme's wife was the very fortune of France. She was hard-working, busy, sober, the very perfection of industry. When she died it was with needle or distaff in hand. Not an hour of Jacqueline's life was passed in idleness. She never invested in lotteries or anything uncertain. What she wanted was a piece of land that she would find in its place when she woke up in the morning."

### Hon. Wm. Parsons.

HON. WILLIAM PARSONS, familiar to the public as having been, for many years, the most eloquent and brilliant lecturer on the American platform, has recently arrived in this country from Ireland, to meet his engagements for the present season. Mr. Parsons proposes to give illustrated lectures this year by the aid of a novel stereoptical process, which, with the Earl of Rossillens, will represent motion, such as the fall of waters and the descent of lava on volcanoes, in the pictures thrown upon the curtain. This novelty, together with the splendor of the views presented, and the magnetic, descriptive eloquence of the famous lecturer, is certain to prove one of the most attractive entertainments ever presented to lyceum audiences. Mr. Parsons is in the full vigor of health and intellectual power, and will be welcomed warmly everywhere.

THE Hungarian Catholic Assembly have voted to present the Pope with an address, signed by 1,500,000 men and 86,000 women. The Hungarian Papal Jubilee collections amount to $85,000. The Magyars have not forgotten their Catholicity.

SOME one has said, that it is always the unexpected that happens. We have an illustration of the truth of the remark in the fact that Harper Brothers have sent the pope a splendid edition of "Ben Hur," with their congratulations on his approaching Jubilee. Shadow of Eugene Lawrence, where are you? asks the N. O. Morning Star.

### Successor to the Late Bishop of N. O.

THE meeting of the Bishops of the Province of New Orleans, with the view to the selection of a successor to the late Archbishop, resulted as follows: Bishop Durier, dignus (worthy); Bishop Janssen, dignior (more worthy); Bishop Fitzgerald, dignissimus (most worthy). The Pope may appoint any one of these or some one not mentioned. Bishop Fitzgerald is a Limerick man, of magnificent physique and learning. He has been twenty-one years Bishop of Little Rock. Bishop Janssen is a Hollander, and has been Bishop of Natchez eight or nine years. Bishop Durier is a Frenchman, recently made Bishop of Natchitoches. The late Archbishop's choice for a coadjutor and successor was Dr. Chapelle, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C.

THE HOLY FATHER in his address to the French Pilgrims, said: "Meanwhile, dearest sons, do not allow yourselves to be led astray by the specious promises of the apostles of irreligion and falsehood. They will come to you wearing the mask of hypocrisy, and, by their flattery, will try to turn you away from the Church and from the practice of your religious duties. They will try to get you into their secret meetings and will urge you to better your condition by open violence and to the detriment of the social body. Beware of them and close your ears to their mischievous discourses. To listen to them, to follow them, would be to lay in store for yourself the bitterest deceptions, and to be the workers of your own certain ruin."

THE BAPTISTS in Kentucky are awaking to the importance of religion as an essential element in education. At a convention in Louisville, one of the most prominent ministers of that sect, said: "You must provide for the education of 215,000 Kentucky Baptists. If you do not, the Catholics will provide it; other denominations will provide it."

AN excellent suggestion is made to his flock by the Bishop of Olinda, Brazil, to the effect that those who own slaves, should set them free in honor of the Pope's Jubilee.

### Dissolving.

CATHOLIC STANDARD: Protestantism is rapidly dissolving, partly by force of its own internal divisions and self-contradictions, and partly because of the rapid development within itself of its inherent principle of rationalism. Did the losses which the Protestant sects are suffering result in corresponding gain to the Catholic Church this would be reason for congratulation. But this is not the case. The tendency is not from Protestantism to Catholicity, but from Protestantism to skepticism, indifferentism, and positive infidelity.

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THE Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo and his friend and namesake, the Archbishop of Philadelphia, sailed from New York, *en route* to Rome on the Cunard steamer *Servia*, Saturday, 3d of December. They were accompanied by Rev. John Castaldi of Albion, of Buffalo diocese. After witnessing the grand Jubilee festivities in the Eternal City, and paying their visits *ad limina Apostolorum*, they will visit the Holy Land, and probably journey homeward by way of historic Spain, says the Catholic Union and Times.

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### Beautiful Faces.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX says: "I once read a book in which the author claimed to have discovered the reason why so many beautiful faces were always to be found among the Sisters of Charity and the nuns. He said it was in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in long hours of meditation and prayer. Unmarred by contending emotions, they were gradually moulded into harmonious outlines."

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### Parnell Speaks at a Recent Interview.

"RESPECTING the general situation, I may say, that in my judgment a more feeble or inert government never held the reins in Ireland. They are teaching Irishmen a most disastrous lesson by their bungling incapacity, teaching that the law may be successfully defied. For the law, as recently constructed by the Unionist majority in the house of commons, is daily defied, and with impunity, by thousands of members of suppressed branches of the League and by every Nationalist newspaper editor in Ireland. In fact, one of the extraordinary results of the coercion act and a 'firm and resolute government,' is that for every offence against the law committed before the passage of the coercion bill, hundreds are committed now. I leave it to you to say whether Ireland's respect for the imperial parliament, the possibility of her continued government by the same agency, or the solidity of the union is likely to be increased, or whether this administrative incapacity does not render much nearer the concession of such reasonable powers of self-government as will make our people law-abiding, prosperous, and happy."

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### Golden Jubilee of Father Damen.

ON Nov. 21, the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Father Arnold Damen, one of the most noted members of the Society of Jesus, was celebrated at the Holy Family Church, Chicago, the largest ecclesiastical auditorium in the city, and of which he himself was the projector and builder. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into religious life, and the occasion was celebrated with a special service.

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EVERY drinking man should commit the following diagnosis to memory. It is Dr. Kerr's statement of the physiological effects of drink: "There is an abnormal cerebral condition, a dynamical and psychical disturbance of the brain and nerve function, a real departure from sound health, which is itself a pathological state, with, in all probability, its post-mortem equivalent in hyperplasma of the neuroglia." Hyperplasma of the neuroglia is an awful thing to get.

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PITT and Fox died poor. Pitt was so poor that he was compelled to remain at one time in the British House of Commons to avoid arrest. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was poor. Edmund Burke was so impoverished that he had once to borrow the money to pay his fare to London. Alexander Hamilton, the founder of the financial system of the Republic, was kept poor through his continual service to the government. Parnell's income is far from large, and even the great Gladstone's resources have been seriously crippled by his devotion to the Irish cause.

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### Deaf Mutes.

THE new house recently purchased by Archbishop Corrigan for the deaf mute mission in New York City is situated on East 14th Street, between Second and Third Avenues. It is of brown-stone, five stories high, twenty-five feet front by seventy-five feet deep, and cost $28,000. On one floor a chapel will be fitted up where the adult mutes may attend religious services the same as in any other church. Another floor will be devoted to the use of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union ofdeaf mutes. Rev. Father Belanger, who has charge of the mission, will reside here and will make all mutes welcome without distinction of creed or race. It is expected that the house will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.

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REV. CHARLES N. MCKENNA, O. P., has arrived home from his European trip. While in Rome he was received in private audience by the Holy Father, who gave him a special benediction for his missionary labors, and praised the work that he and other Dominican Fathers are so successfully accomplishing in the United States.

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"FAITH comes by hearing," and in Catholic parochial schools every day is devoted to the study of this virtue. Faith makes the strong Christian, and without it, "it is impossible to please God."

It is absolutely necessary for a child, as well as for an adult, to learn who God is, and what are its duties to God. The whole after career depends on this knowledge, and parents are obliged, at the peril of losing their immortal souls, to have their children thoroughly instructed in this knowledge.

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### Eggs Fifty Cents a Dozen.

A GENTLEMAN who keeps a few hens for profit, recently carried some fresh laid eggs to a wholesale dealer at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and received for the same forty-three cents per dozen. The dealer said to him, "Next week I will pay you forty-five cents, and before Christmas fifty cents a dozen for all you will bring me like these."

What is true of Boston is, in a measure, true of every market for eggs. The next eight weeks will be the season of highest prices. Therefore work your hens now for all they can do. We have no doubt but that, for want of the proper ingredients in their food, more than one half of the hens in this country are now idle, when eggs will sell for fifty cents per dozen. It is pure folly to wonder, spend time and money or experiment to find out why your hens do not lay. You better, by far, profit by the experience of others, and make them lay during December and January. The following sworn statement shows, that the quickest and surest way to do this and increase the egg produce during three months, from one to six hundred per cent, is by the use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, once daily in the food.

SOUTH WALDOBORO, MAINE.

"I commenced Dec. 6th, 1886, to feed sixty hens with the Sheridan's Powder according to directions, and continued until January 31st. The first week they laid only thirty eggs, the second 61, the third 138, the fourth 196, fifth 262, sixth 315, seventh 389, and the eight 409 eggs. Or 150 dozen for the eight weeks.

"Yours truly, G. N. WINCHENBACH".

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this twenty-eight day of April, 1887.

GEO. G. BENNER, J. P."

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., are the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, which is sold by nearly all druggists and general storekeepers. For 50 cents in stamps Johnson & Co. send postpaid to any address, two packs of the Powder; five packs for $1.00. Or for $1.20 they will send a large 2 1-4 pound can of Powder, also one copy of the Farmers' Poultry Rising Guide (price 25 cents), postage or express prepaid. Six cans sent for $5.00, express prepaid to any express office in the United States.

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### Look After the Boys and Girls.

THIS is the time of the year when parties, socials, and balls are all the rage, and it behooves parents to keep a close watch on their children--boys as well as girls—and see what company they keep at these promiscuous gatherings. Crime is too rampant nowadays for fathers and mothers to be careless in these matters, and they should keep their eyes open for the danger that lurks in the ball-room. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

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READ our advertisements for the Christmas Holidays. We ask our friends to patronize those who advertise in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"SHALL I light the gas?" asked the landlady at the supper table.

"Oh, it isn't necessary," answered the new boarder, "the supper is light enough."

### Anarchists!

IN a country like ours, observes the Catholic Columbian, founded upon respect for the laws which we, the people, can make or reject, there is no room for Anarchism. And those who come here to disturb the civil order, and advocate its overthrow, should be made to feel that they had better leave the country for its good. Anarchists would be contented nowhere. They are but a disturbing element.

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THE queen has appointed the Duke of Norfolk special envoy to thank the pope for sending Mgr. Scilla to London on the occasion of her jubilee. The duke will start for Rome early in December.

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THERE is no gainsaying the fact that public sentiment is being aroused on the tobacco nuisance. For long, long years tobacco users have been allowed to contaminate public and private places until patience, complaisance, and forbearance have ceased to be virtues. It is a fact which we are ready to admit that a man may smoke or chew tobacco and still be a gentleman; but it is a fact that if he chews or smokes in public, he has to do some very skilful steering to avoid making himself a nuisance. If one must indulge in these habits, the safest plan is for him to have a smoking room in his own house, where a free indulgence will offend no one. No gentleman should smoke in the company of a lady, particularly in the streets. I have no objection to my neighbor keeping a pig, so long as he doesn't try to take it into my parlor.

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YOUNG Man (to sexton, at church door) —"Isn't the sermon nearly done?" Sexton—"About an hour yet. He is only on his 'lastly.'" Young Man—"Will it take him an hour to get through his 'lastly?'" Sexton—"No; but there's the 'One word more and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man! Your girl won't spoil."

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IT is about time for this great Republic to commence to totter. It will be remembered that it is subject to these tottering spells just before a Presidential election. So far our great and good government has never tottered completely over, but has come to a state of rest soon after the ballots were counted. We think it will do so again. Yielding to our political impulses, we shall probably be led to do some shrieking over the dreadful fate of this nation if Mr. A, Mr. B, or Mrs. C is not elected; but, now that we are enjoying a sane interval, we would ask our readers to keep perfectly cool during the next twelve months, and give just as close attention to business as if no appalling dangers menaced this great nation with a capital N.

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THE Irish people, by their struggle for centuries against tyranny and oppression, has taught the world the value of civil and religious liberty, and rendered incalculable service to the cause of true civilization.—*Henry A. Wise, former Governor of Virginia.*

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To know God is to believe in Him, and except there is belief in Him there will be no salvation: "For he that cometh to God must believe that he is (God), and is a rewarder of them that seek Him."

Next to the earth the Catholic Church is the oldest work of God, and after gaining all the wisdom of the centuries, she says that Catholic children must receive a Catholic education. Every good Catholic parent obeys that voice as the voice of God Himself.—Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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IN making preparations for the winter, don't go to the extreme of carefully excluding every breath of the free air of heaven. Don't shut up the rooms so tightly that you have to breathe the air over and over again. See that the air has what is so dear to every newspaper man—a good circulation.

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AT Francis de Sales Catholic mission to the deaf mutes of Philadelphia, a beautiful statue of St. Joseph, given by a lady, was blessed by Father Bochez, of the French frigate *La Minerve*, last week. Father Breton preached in the sign language. The mission is growing apace, but needs funds.

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ASK GOD to help an unfortunate man after you have done all you can to help him yourself.

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WESTERN WATCHMAN: — Some papers are mean enough to call the Irish World's late conversion "death-bed repentance."

# NOTES ON RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston, Mass.*

A GARDEN OF ROSES: Stories and Sketches, by Maurice Francis Egan. CONTENTS: A Garden of Roses; The Secret of the Old Violin; Floating on a Board; June Roses; A Passion Flower; Bluff's Boy; A Sprig of Shamrock; A Good Example; A Christmas Hymn; A June Day; Wilde by name and Wild by Nature; The Boy who Wanted to be Old; The Last Meeting of the T. I. and B. B. E.'s; A Day at Ridgewood; Grace Court; What They Found in the Country; Bianca; A Vacation Talk; A Talk in the Fall; He wanted to be a Curiosity; A Mysterious Disappearance; At School Again; In Poverty Hollow.

These stories are beautifully told by Mr. Egan, who ranks high as among the foremost of story writers for large and small children. It is a handsomely bound volume of 278 pages; price, 75 cts. As a sample of these charming stories, we give one of them in our Juvenile Department.

*The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1888. With Calendars Calculated for Different Parallels, Latitudes, and adapted for use throughout the United States. Price, 25 cents.

This annual is beautifully illustrated, and well printed on fine paper, and is an ornament as well as a desirable New Year's gift for the Catholic family. [We were pained to hear of a fire in the house of the company a few weeks ago. We know, by experience, the devastation by fire. Were it not for the great Boston fire some fifteen years ago, Mr. Donahoe could have withstood all his difficulties. The Manager of the Society, Mr. Kehoe, is full of pluck and energy, and we are glad to hear he is rising, Phœnix-like, from the ruins. The business of the Society is going on without interruption.

*Benziger Brothers, N. Y., Cin., and Chic.*

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. The fifth year. Price 25 cents.

The number for January, 1888, is full of excellent portraits, illustrations, stories, etc. It is, indeed, a home almanac, for every member of the family will be interested in its contents. The oil portrait of St. Joseph and our Infant Saviour is worth the price of the book.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co.*

*Vocal:* "Wearing of the Green," Song, arranged by S. Behrens. "Shamrock, Thistle and Rose," Song and Refrain, words by Joe A. Burgers, music by D. H. FitzGibbon. "Take Me on Your Knee, Papa," by Julian Jordan. "Back to My Love on the Shore," Song, by J. P. Skelly. "Don't You Hear the Robins Calling?" by C. W. K. Kellogg. "Out on the Deep," words by Samuel K. Cowan, music by Frederic N. Lohr. "The Maid of the Mill," words by Hamilton Aide, music by Stephen Adams.

*Instrumental:* "On the Wave," Barcalrolle, by Edw. Holst. "Second Mazurka," by Benjamin Godard. "The Chorister," by Sullivan, arranged for Quartette, by B. M. Davison. "Bloom and Blossom Waltz," by Edw. Holst. "Dancing Flower Schottische," by same author. "Song of the Cricket," by C. A. White. "The Woodland Rose," by same author. "Marigold," Morceau Elegante, by Richard Golodelen. "Recollections of Young Pianists," by T. P. Ryder, comprising No. 1, "Araby's Daughter," No. 2, "Buy A Broom," No. 6, "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," "Sans Souci," Galop di Bravura, by J. Ascher. "Idle Waves," Idylle, by Edw. Holst. "Ma Petite Fleur," by Chas. Voss. "Art of Developing the Fingers," by Chas. Czerry. "Autumn Leaf Polka," by Edw. Holst. "Rigandon," by J. Raff." "Mazurka for Violin and Piano," by Marion Osgood.

*Books:* The Folio for October and November are two excellent numbers of this popular journal. "The Maria of the Marquis." Instrumental and Vocal Gems. "The Jolly Persian," opera Comique, in three Acts, words by E. Letener and A. Vanloo, music by Chas. Lecocq. "Dorothy," comedy opera by B. C. Stephenson, music by Alfred Cellier. "Bach's Inventions," Edition White Smith, all elegantly gotten up in this firm's well-know popular style of issuing fine works.

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RICHLY rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make five dollars and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old: capital not needed; we start you. Everthing new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

# OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

## BISHOPS.

MGR. JOSEPH LAROQUE, former coadjutor-bishop of Montreal, who, in 1860, succeeded Mgr. Prince as Bishop of Saint Hyacinthe, Quebec Province, and resigned in 1865, died on the 18th ult., at the Precious Blood Monastery, Saint Hyacinthe. The deceased Bishop was ordained in 1835, consecrated in 1852.

THE MOST REV. JOHN POWER, bishop of Waterford and Lismore, is dead.

THE illustrious Primate of All Ireland, the Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, died at Armagh, on the 3d of December. Archbishop McGettigan was endowed with a rare combination of prudence, zeal, kindliness and firmness. He was not a politician, but always favored the National cause. He was born in November, 1814, at Drimdutton, parish of Moragh, county Donegal, and was ordained a priest, in 1839. He was made Coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe, on May 18th, 1857, and succeeded to the See, on May 1, 1861. He was made Archbishop of Armagh, in December 1868.

THE Rt. Rev. Bernard Finnegan, bishop of Kilmore diocese, Ireland, died last week. The diocese of Kilmore lies principally in Cavan County. The deceased prelate was consecrated on the 13th day of June, 1886. The Very Rev. John McGuire, D. D., P. P., Vicar-General, at present takes charge of ecclesiastical matters until definite arrangements are made.

## CLERGYMEN.

THE DEATH of Very Rev. Ulick J. (Canon) Bourke, took place on Nov. 22, in Castlebar, where the Very Rev. gentleman had been staying for some time, owing to the prolonged illness by which he was obliged to leave his home in Claremorris, for greater facility of medical treatment. His death is a severe blow to the movement for the preservation and restoration of the Irish language to which the first practical impulse was given, thirty years ago, by the publication of his "Easy Lessons," a work — to him a labor of love — that he undertook, literally single-handed. His subsequent literary labors (whether in English or Irish) have all been directed to the same end; and, just before he was stricken down by the illness that has culminated in his death, he had completed the manuscript of a work that he regarded as one of his best productions "Præ-Christian Ireland," which is now passing through the press in Dublin, while its author reposes in his grave in the historic West. Canon Bourke was not only a great Irish scholar; he was also, from first to last, a thorough Nationalist. May he rest in peace.

THE VERY REV. MONSIGNOR PATRICK FRANCIS ALLEN, Pastor of the Church of St. Patrick, and the leading Irish priest of New Orleans, died on Nov. 23d, aged fifty-four. Father Allen was born in Westmeath, Ireland, and arrived in America in 1861. He studied for the priesthood at Cape Girardeau College, Missouri, and was ordained in 1867. Father Allen was made a canon a number of years ago, and Monsignor or domestic prelate to the Pope on the occasion of his late visit to Rome.

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL OLD PRIEST.— On the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 9, Father John McDermott, one of the oldest priests of the diocese of St. Paul, died at his home in Darwin, Minn. Last spring he was injured in stepping off a moving train and has since suffered from paralysis. Father "Mac," as he was familiarly known throughout the State, entered the St. Paul diocese in 1860, and had charge at various times of the missions St. Anthony (East Minneapolis), Austin, Assumption, Carver County, De Graff, Wilmar, Litchfield and Manannah. During the last fourteen or fifteen years he was pastor of Forest City and Darwin, at which latter place he resided the last five years of his life. Good, kind, faithful Father "Mac" was a zealous priest, universally loved for his happy disposition. His funeral took place on the 11th inst. May good Father McDermott rest in peace!

ON Nov. 17th, Rev. Michael Filan, the venerable and Reverend Rector of the Church of the Annunciation Blessed Virgin Mary, Philadelphia, Pa., died suddenly. Father Filan, who was in his sixty-eighth year at the time of his death, was born in Dunmeanor, county Mayo, Ireland. His parents belonged to the

most respectable families in that section of the country, and by both of them he belonged to a sacerdotal race. He had three uncles priests. One of them, Very Rev. James Filan, was a professor in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and afterwards Vicar-General and Administrator of the Diocese of Achonry. The other two were Rev. Michael Filan, Pastor of Bellaghy, and Rev. John Durkin, Pastor of Foxford, in the same diocese. Rev. A. D. Filan, of the Philadelphia Diocese, is his brother, and Rev. Patrick Filan, of Gurteen, county Sligo, Ireland, and Rev. Michael F. Filan, of Mobile, Alabama, United States of America, are his nephews. He also had many other relatives in the priesthood, among whom were the late Bishops McNicholas and Durkin, both occupants of the See of Achonry.

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Rev. Father Keogh, which took place at the London Oratory. Father Keogh was born in 1833, and educated at St. Edmund's College, where he was the favorite pupil of the late Dr. Ward. At the age of twenty-one he joined the London Oratory; and then begun a long life of literary and beneficent activity. Always foremost in every movement to advance every Catholic interest, Father Keogh all through life, was ever zealous in his support of Catholic education, and tireless in his devotion to the service of the poor and the sick.

New York has lost one of its veteran priests, Father Matthew Nicot, of St. Boniface's, Second Avenue and Forty-Seventh Street, whose labors on the eastern side of the city for so many decades won for him the approval of three Archbishops of New York.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of the Rev. Stephen Byrne, O.P., of the Church of the Holy Rosary, Minneapolis, Minn. The sad event occurred on the morning of the 23d of November, in the Dominican convent. Deceased was sixty-three years of age.

## LAY PEOPLE.

The Chevalier Jacob Youde William Lloyd, K. S. G., of Clochfasn, Llanwrig, Montgomeryshire, died recently at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, aged 70. He was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England. After becoming a Catholic he served in the Pontifical Zouaves, and his Holiness, the late Pope Pius IX., conferred on him the Knighthood of St. Gregory. The Chevalier was an accomplished Welsh antiquarian, and published several antiquarian and genealogical works. He was a most generous landlord, and lavish in his charities to the poor.

We deeply regret having to announce the death of Miss Agnes Stewart, the well-known Catholic authoress, which occurred at Bowdon, in Cheshire, at the age of sixty-nine. Owing to ill-health Miss Stewart was unable to embrace the religious state, and devoted her life instead to producing such good books as the "Seven Lights of the Sanctuary," lives of historical personages and tales from history. For her labors Pius IX. twice sent her his special blessing. Her funeral took place on All Souls' Day.

William McElroy, Albany's oldest merchant, died on Nov. 16, aged ninety-two years. He was a native of Ireland, and was the pioneer linen weaver of this State at Schaghticoke in 1822.

Better than lengthy obituaries, eloquent funeral orations, and "brilliant obsequies" are a Mass and a few humble prayers for the dead.

### An Irish Patriot Gone.

John J. Breslin, of New York, the great Irish patriot, whose name in connection with the palmy days of Fenianism will long be cherished in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen the world over, died at his home on Canal Street, Friday morning, Nov. 18th, after a three months' illness. The many acts of heroism displayed by Mr. Breslin, in his ingenious and successful attempts to circumvent the plans of the British leaders are well known to many of our readers. The daring and courage displayed by him in his rescue of James Stephens, from the Bridewell prison, reads like a story from the pen of a Verne or a Hawthorne. In this work he displayed valor of a high order and ran the greatest risk to accomplish his object. Another experience which has made his name famous, was the rescue of the six Fenians who were serving life sentences at the final colony in Australia. The scheme originated with Mr. Breslin; but in its consummation he was assisted by the Clan-na-Gael society of New York, and several patriotic Irishmen, including, if we mistake not, the respected town agent of New Haven, James Reynolds. A new Bedford whaling boat, named the *Catalpa* was engaged to go to the coast of Australia and lay off and on, until the signal would be given by Breslin, who hurried there by steamer, so as to have the men prepared when the whaler arrived. She put in an appearance on Easter Sun-

day morning, 1876, and immediately took Breslin and the six Fenians on board. A British troop ship followed the American whaler out to sea and was on the point of firing into her, but gallant Captain Anthony hoisted the stars and stripes to the masthead and dared the haughty Britisher to fire on the flag of freedom. It is needless to say that he returned to port disconsolate and without his prisoners. Since that exciting episode Mr. Breslin has lived quietly in New York. He has taken no hands in the tactics that have, at various times, been suggested by O'Donovan Rossa and other extremists; but was ready at a moment's notice, should his native country need his services, to come to her assistance and survive or perish in her defence.

On the 20th the streets in the neighborhood of his residence presented a sad and mournful appearance. Vast throngs of people filled up every available space for blocks, while in the house were the many friends of the dead man, including delegations from many neighboring cities, and Irish revolutionary leaders of the days of 1865 and 1866, who had come to pay the last tribute of respect to one of Ireland's heroes. The funeral cortege, although a private one, was one of the largest that ever passed through the streets of New York, and all that was mortal of one of the bravest sons that the Emerald Isle has ever produced, were laid away in their final resting place amid the tears and sobs of those present.

### A Royal Welcome Home.

THE largest procession ever seen in Manchester, N. H., except in a political campaign, marched to the depot on the night of Nov. 15, to welcome Bishop Bradley home from his four months' sojourn in Europe. It was composed of several divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the benevolent societies of the Catholic congregations, English-speaking and French, with military companies and bands. The people of Manchester, irrespective of religion, filled the streets, anxious to do honor to Bishop Bradley. Fully twenty-seven thousand people were out, and the bishop and his escort were heartily cheered all the way from the depot to the Cathedral. The committee of escort were Thomas Cochrane, chairman; the Very Rev. Father Barry, of Concord; Fathers O'Connell, Nashua, and Timon, Manchester, and Messrs. Heavey and Bouther. The front of the Cathedral was brilliantly illuminated. The addresses were made from the church steps. Bishop Bradley's appearance was the signal for enthusiastic cheers. Mr. James T. Donahoe then delivered the address of welcome, dwelling on Bishop Bradley's great work for religion in Manchester, and paying a feeling tribute to the life and labors of the Bishop's venerated predecessor, the late Father McDonald. The bishop responded briefly but happily, expressing special pleasure at the fond remembrance of Father McDonald, and while heartily reciprocating his own people's good wishes, was also gratified at the evidences of good-will manifested by his fellow-citizens irrespective of creed. An address by Mr. Oswald Paris, on behalf of the French Catholics followed, to which the bishop responded in French. John Cashman then stepped forward, and on behalf of the citizens presented the bishop with a purse of $1,000. The Young Ladies Sodality, of St. Joseph's Cathedral, presented him a magnificent jewel, chain and cross, valued at over $300. The bands played selections while the priests escorted the bishop to the altar of the Cathedral. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and followed by the "Te Deum." The following morning 2,000 Catholic school children of Manchester assembled in the Cathedral, with their teachers, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy, Gray Nuns, and Sisters of the Holy Name. Bishop Bradley occupied his throne in the Sanctuary. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Vicar-General Barry, with Father Lyons as deacon, and Father Mackey as subdeacon. Father Crowley was master of ceremonies. Fathers Hevey and Chevalier were deacons of honor to the bishop. Other priests present were Fathers Timon, McBride, Laroque, Simard, and Desrosiers. Master Daniel O'Neill, on behalf of the school children, presented the bishop with a poetical address Then the bishop thanked parents, teachers, and pupils for this beautiful manifestation of their affection.

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# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIX. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 2.


"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in Americanpolitics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## "Doctor" Fulton's Indecent Harangues.

WE have, at the present time, within our midst, permeating the air we breathe, a man, who, after attempting various things in his connection with different churches, has finally come out, and, to use his own words, endeavored to "convert Roman Catholics." As if there was such a thing as converting Catholics! The means he adopts to carry out his narrow-minded, base, and thoroughly obscene intentions, is to vilify the priests of our Holy Church. It is our own opinion, and we believe the sentiment of all Catholics, that a priest is the noblest work of God's creation. We believe that this so-called Dr. Fulton is neither more nor less than a libertine, blatherskite, and scoundrel. Instead of achieving any wonders he is giving offence, not only to Catholics, but respectable people of all creeds. The Catholic Church has nothing to fear and nothing she is ashamed of. She has stood the opposition of her enemies, among them powerful potentates, century after century, and, withal, she stands to-day on a rock, the foundation of which is so solid that all her enemies throughout the entire world cannot disturb it one iota. But before proceeding further let us stop and ask, "Who is this man Fulton, and what has he done?" We will not waste our paper to give an extended sketch of his checkered career; suffice it to say, he is a man who has always been getting himself into trouble by his ravings and evident delight in casting slurs on people who, fortunately, do not believe as he alone does. He has attacked the press, the stage, numerous individuals, and, lastly, the Roman Catholic Church. He launched blasphemous remarks on the head of Mgr. Capel, because that gentleman succeeded in bringing Col. George Bliss over to the Catholic Church; also on the noble sisterhood, and even indorsed the bitter, though subsequently costly, alliteration of Dr. Burchard, thanking the latter for his "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" speech, and accusing Mr. James G. Blaine of being in league with the Catholics; and further, that Mr. Blaine had written a letter to the late Cardinal McCloskey, and the latter had pledged to Mr. Blaine the Catholic vote of New York City. In 1884 Dr. Fulton appeared before the Baptist ministers in New York, and told them

there wasn't any organization in existence for the conversion of Roman Catholics, apologized for his former sermons, and was forgiven. These are but a few of the numberless things which this man, who affixes "D. D." to his name, has been engaged in. They are given merely to show some of his small traits. It is needless for us to answer them; we will leave that with the intelligence of our readers.

It is not Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., that we are fighting, but to express our surprise and astonishment at the conduct of some of our esteemed contemporaries in tarnishing the cleanliness of their columns by printing thereon the indecent and foul remarks which Dr. Fulton has been delivering recently in and around Boston — remarks which were so offensive that we thank God there was a printing establishment in this city which had the moral courage to refuse to publish such obscene language even at a heavy financial loss to themselves. We do not suppose there is a newspaper in the city that takes any stock in Dr. Fulton, and much less in what he says. While they may not be inclined to aid this alleged Christian intentionally, they do so in publishing his speeches, keeping him before the public, and putting into our homes scurrilous literature on the instalment plan, which our children might get hold of and pursue to their detriment. If Dr. Fulton's book entitled, "Why Priests Should Wed," was printed in book form, it would not be read so much as his so-called sermons which appear in some of the daily papers. The newspaper is, to some extent, the people's instructor, serving the news of the day for their edification, and it should not have in its columns language and sentences which, for their gross obscenity, were decided by a Boston printing-house to be too foul for them to smirch their name with. We are almost of the opinion that a newspaper printing this filth is deserving of an everlasting boycott by Catholics and respectable persons at large. In an editorial in a Boston paper, a short while ago, in reference to Dr. Fulton, the following appeared: "He has not left his church on account of trouble, but because he is possessed of the insane idea that the Roman Catholics need conversion to the truths of the gospel, and that he is the man to set them right. Never was a man more thoroughly the slave of his hobby, and never did a man leave a good, warm evangelical nest to enter on a more foolish undertaking. His new crusade against Rome is already the sport of all who enjoy the sense of the ridiculous, and Dr. Fulton himself is regarded as a religious fanatic." After such a seemingly true statement of the case, why does this very same paper publish the sermons of a man they say is "regarded as a religious fanatic?" The Boston Daily Advertiser, speaking of one of these meetings in an editorial says: "We condemn the performance in Music Hall as slanderous and indecent. No self-respecting newspaper would condescend to print, even for the purpose of censuring, the filth that was uttered by one who, we believe, misrepresents the Protestant clergy as grossly as he does the general Christian sentiment of Boston."

"Honor to whom honor is due!" Dr. Fulton's recent transactions with the Rand, Avery & Co's printing establishment is so well known

that a repetition of it here is hardly necessary. While this latter firm, as before stated, did a very commendable act, though at a loss to themselves they will eventually find that it was the most sensible thing they could possibly have done. But while we gladly praise them for the part they took, let us look into the matter a little closer, and we find that the real objectors to printing this book were the girls who are employed by the firm as type-setters, who are deserving of much praise for the moral courage they displayed, and the part they enacted in refusing to handle Dr. Fulton's manuscript when they saw it was so indecent and immoral.

It was only necessary for one of these female compositors to set a few lines of Dr. Fulton's manuscript to find that it was filthy. She, with another girl employe, one a Catholic, and the other a Protestant, both declared to their foreman that they thought Fulton's copy too indecent for them to handle. It was then looked into by the foreman and subsequently handed to the members of the firm, and the result is now well known. Had these girls not protested, it is very likely that this nefarious book would, by this time, have been shelved in the library of Boston — the Athens of America and home of culture and refinement. It is now rumored that the manuscript for Fulton's book is in the hands of another printer who has agreed to publish it. It is very probable that this scab (?) printer will not put his card at the bottom of the book as most printers are fond of doing on their work as a medium of advertising.

In conclusion we take the liberty of asking in the name of Catholics, and all respectable people of the community, that the newspapers will discontinue printing Dr. Fulton's outrageous harangues on decency, and take no notice of him whatever. We do not ask people to stay away from his disgraceful shows, because we believe no decent people would wish to be seen in the one place with him. "Birds of a feather flock together," and the people who listen to this blatherskite, applaud his dirty utterances, and gloat over his scath, are willing, we take it, but deserving any way, to be wrapped up in the same parcel. If this abominable book is published, we feel sure it will find no lodgement in any respectable home, and be shunned by all reputable book-dealers, for why should a book fit to be printed only in hell be read on earth?

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THE ROSARY INTENDED FOR ALL.— Some young people think that the Rosary is intended for those who cannot read, or for aged people. This is quite a wrong impression. Edward III., King of England, Louis IX. of France, also Francis I. and Louis XVI., publicly professed their devotion to the Holy Rosary. Bossuet, one of the holiest and most learned men in France, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Vincent de Paul said the Rosary daily. On one occasion a Jesuit Father found King Louis XVI., of France, saying his beads. The Father showing some surprise, the King remarked: "You appear surprised to see me saying the Rosary, I glory in saying it. It is a pious custom which the Queen, my mother, taught me, and I should be very sorry to miss a single day without saying it."

# Irish Schools

## IN SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND FRANCE, IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

### France. Part II.

Fifty-one years after the restoration of the Lombard College, owing to the broad generosity of Fathers Maguire and Kelly, another open-handed priest, the Rev. James Farrelly, one of the provisors, purchased, with his own money, two houses which joined the Lombard College, and presented them as a gift for the accommodations of the inmates of the college which was not sufficiently large to accommodate both priests and students. The houses, however, were very old. The *Supérieur majeur* advised that they be taken down, and build a large, regular house, which would run at right angles with the ancient building, and form a wing. This addition may still be seen. For the completion of this undertaking, the bishops of Ireland forwarded to Paris a considerable sum of money, and the *supérieur majeur*, the Abbé de Vaubrun, contributed handsomely from his own resources. When finished, the desire of the priests residing outside to find shelter under their own roof was so great, that in twenty-four hours all the rooms (fifty-six) were occupied. It was on this occasion the Irish exiles — the men who had braved the prisons of England, and the inconvenience of the hookers "Cabin" upon the Atlantic, bade final adieu to Montaigu College. It was the first that had opened its doors to receive them a century and a half before, and their doors were never closed against them after. Hundreds of priests had there been trained in fastings and vigils for the arduous mission of Ireland. The ordeal they passed through was severe, especially in the matter of the small sea-fish, the herring, and the diminutive vegetable called a *haricot;* still, gratitude demands that the name of old Montaigu College should not be forgotten amongst the children of Erin, who, still in Paris, inhabit a richer and more comfortable home, close to the site of their first *Alma Mater.*

At this time the sufferings of the Irish Catholics excited sympathy in high places; and we find that Louis XV., in the beginning of his reign, ordered that eighteen hundred francs should be paid yearly to assist the priests who had finished their course, and were about to return to Ireland. He also contributed a handsome sum towards the erection of the college chapel.

Among the many souvenirs which render the College of the Lombards particularly dear to the Irish, is the fact that many great men, friends and benefactors of the College, were interred in the vaults beneath the chapel. Amongst these were Dr. Maguire, Archbishop of Armagh; the learned Morus, Regent of the University of Paris who died in the College of Navarre, and *who requested that his remains might*

*rest among the Irish in the Lombard College;* and the Abbe Bailli, an ecclesiastic of many virtues, who, during his life, contributed handsomely to the support of the institution, and in his will bequeathed his heart to the College, as the last testimony he could offer of his affection towards a people whom he regarded as confessors of the faith.

The success of the Irish College was the support and hope of the Catholics of Ireland. The priests from there were the principal resource of the Irish Church; but many have not hesitated to declare that only for this establishment the faith would have long since become extinct in their dioceses. This important fact is mainly gathered from the letters of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland from 1735 to 1740.*

Under date of July 3d, 1735, the Archbishop of Tuam, Bernard O'Gara, wrote to Cardinal de Fleury by the bowels of the mercy of God to protect and extend his protection to the poor Irish students: "Serenissimam ac Reverendissimam Eminentiam Vestram per viscera misericordiæ Dei, supplicter implorare, ut dignetur pauperes prædictos, vestræ protectionis patrocinio sublevare," &c.

The same prelate wrote to the Irish priests at the Lombard College, and addressed to the illustrious Abbé Mc Geohegan† under date of May 7th, 1736, on the state of religion in this (Ireland) deplorable country "in hac *deplorabili Patriâ.*"

On the same subject the Bishop of Raphoe (1735) wrote to the Rev. W. Dunlevy, in French, at Paris. The Bishop of Limerick, also wrote to the Rev. John MacMahon, doctor of the Sorbonne and Vicaire of the Hotel Dieu. Again this Bishop, whose name was Cornelius O'Keeffe, wrote to Dr. MacMahon. A joint letter was sent about this time signed by Christopher of Cashel, Cornelius of Limerick, and Thaddeus of Cork.

In April, 1737, the Archbishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, and the Bishops of Raphoe, Meath, Kilmore, Killaloe, Ardagh and Kildare (Kildarensis) wrote to Cardinal de Fleury an exceedingly touching letter, concluding with the words, "Pro qua gratiâ non cessabimus Deum optimum maximum exorare, ut suam eminentiam quam diutissimé servet incolumem subscribimurque."

These were the days when "the ruined shrine" was visible in almost every county, and the wolf-hunted priesthood carried their lives in their hands as soon as they landed upon Irish soil. Happily, these dreadful days are past; but we cannot help recurring to them when one reads the heart-felt appeals of the episcopacy to their friends in the French Capital upon the sad state of religion, the sorrows of both priests and people, and the sufferings of those who defended, or sought to defend, both throughout Ireland.

In 1770 the community in the Lombard College amounted to one hundred and sixty, of whom one hundred were priests and sixty ecclesiastical students. This number being much too large for the limited accommodation, the Rev. Lawrence Kelly, then prefect of studies, purchased a

* The population of Ireland at this time was a little over two million of souls all classes included. *Thom's Almanac.*

† This was the excellent Chaplain to the Irish Brigade, and the charming historian.

house and garden. Rue de Cheval Vert, now Rue des Irlandais, and built a college, since known as College des Irlandais: into it were collected all the students, while the priests remained at the College of the Lombards. Mr. Kelly undertook, what was considered in those days, a herculean task, the erection of so large an establishment, and the collecting of funds to finish the same. His zeal was rewarded with success; but at the expense of his life. The labor, the anxiety, and the ineffable pleasure, when the buildings were completed, were too much for his impaired health. He sank under them and died on the fourteenth day of July, 1777, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven years.

To this hard-worked priest the Irish college at Paris owes its present substantial status; but he was not permitted to see the intellectual college, as it exists to-day, only two buildings, which, if not so imposing as the stately temple on Ludgate Hill, London,* is not less, but perhaps more so, pleasing to the Father who gave strength and faith, courage, and humility, to the laborious priests and their compatriots who fought the good fight so long, so well, for God's Church, God's glory, God's justice in Ireland.

When one contemplates the Rev. John Lee and his poor fellow-students knocking at the door of Montaigu College in the autumn of the year 1578 for shelter and tuition, and the tired priest, two hundred years afterwards, spending his last franc to establish the Irish College, dying as the edifice was completed after seven long anxious years, and the deplorable condition of religion in Ireland in the beginning of the eighteenth century, he must feel that during all the dark days of religious persecution, in and out of Ireland, there were men equal to any of those sterling champions,—

> "Who bore the truth of old
> Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
> And made the caverns of the rock their fold;
> And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
> Our guiding lamp, with fire immortal fed."

Clemengis, one of the most learned of the rectors of the College of Navarre, was buried before the altar of the church under the lamp, and over his tomb these sweet lines—

"*Qui lampus fuit ecclesiæ, sub lampide jacet.*"†

Father Lawrence Kelly's bones rest under the altar of the chapel of the Irish college. There is nothing within sight to remind one of him, excepting, that his name appears upon one of the black marble tablets in the ante-chamber of the chapel; but his monument is higher than the pyramids, and more enduring than brass which has defied the black rains of a hundred years. It should be known of in all lands; it is revered in many and its teachings fearlessly expounded in all. Its alumni were outlawed and hunted in Ireland when he died; to-

* St. Paul's.

† He who was the lamp of the church,
Now lies beneath the lamp of the sanctuary.

day they are the pride of the Church and the glory of the Irish episcopacy, just one hundred and ten years since the worn-out priest, Rev. Lawrence Kelly, laid himself down to rest and his name to ascend to the stars.

1789!

The beginning of this memorable year in the history of France, found the Irish colleges at Toulouse, Douai, Lille, Ivry, Bordeaux, St. Omer, Nantes, and Paris, in the bloom of prosperity. At its close their alumni could truthfully say:

"The land is full of blood ; her savage birds
O'er human creatures do scream and batten ;
The silent hamlet smokes not; in the field
The aged grandsire turns the joyous soil,
Dark spirits are abroad, and gentle truth,
Within the narrow house of death, is laid
An early tenant."

Besides these, there was the church of St. Eutorpe, Bordeaux,* which was also Irish property. This well-known city, on the south bank of the Garonne, has always had more or less Irish merchants and in olden times Scotch ones, too.

The students were domiciled in the new college; the priests remained at the College of the Lombards. In 1792 they were suppressed and the little colonies scattered.

The wise man, the fearless man, was needed at this grave time to protect whatever he could of the property. It was fortunate for the Irish establishments at the time of the Revolution that the administration of the Lombard College was held by Dr. Walsh, a man in every way equal to the occasion. He had been appointed Superior of the Irish College, Nantes, in 1779. In 1787, the Archbishop of Paris consulted the bishops of Ireland on a fitting person to take charge of the Irish establishments in the capital; and at their request Dr. Walsh was transferred from Nantes to Paris, and placed in the Lombard College. At this time Dr. Kearney was Superior of the College des Irelandais. He had been appointed to this office in 1782, where he continued till the Revolution. Although he took no active part in the direction of the College for many years after 1792, he held his position of administrator of the same till 1803.† Several years later he was again appointed Superior.

In 1790, when all ecclesiastical property was confiscated, Dr. Walsh presented to the French government a document signed by the Superiors of the English, Irish and Scotch Colleges, protesting against the law, and claiming an exemption as their property was not French but British, and purchased with the money of British subjects. A commit-

* It is customary with English, Irish, and Scotch merchants, when residing abroad, to be known as Englishmen, and to be entered as British subjects in the Consular Archives, as O'Neill of Oporto, French of Bordeaux, Garvy of Jerez de le Fontera, etc., etc.

† The Abbé Kearney was present with the Abbé Edgeworth, a scion of the county Longford family, at the execution of Louis XVI. He was soon after cast into prison where he remained three years.

tee was appointed to investigate the matter; and in consequence of a report presented to the National Assembly, a decree was passed Oct. 28, 1790, exempting these establishments from the operations of the law.

The mob which ruled Paris so disgracefully and long, visited the Irish college at the height of the reign of terror. The *Sans Culottes* when they arrived in the Rue des Irlandais got their labor for their pains; all the students had decamped, and the priests from that of the Lombard.

The last decade of the eighteenth century scattered the Irish students in France, and threatened the destruction of the establishments which were so laboriously supported and erected by generous friends at home and abroad, and great priests; but the sad days and long nights of the saturnalia of blood came to an end. All through its horrors, Dr. Walsh and Father Kearney kept watch and ward over the property of the Irish Church, at the risk of their own lives. It was at this period that the vicar-generals of Paris, aware of the high attainments and thoroughly ecclesiastical character of Dr. Walsh, requested him to assist them in their management of the diocese, and for some years he formed one of the Archbishop's Council.*

With the fury of the Revolution expiring in the capital, the fagots of civil war were enkindled in the various cities of France, from which numbers of ecclesiastics fled to Paris for protection. Few, however, cared to receive them. In this melancholy state, they almost despaired of their safety, when Dr. Walsh, moved with compassion, and setting aside the dictates of human prudence, opened the doors of his college, and took in a great number of priests and religious, and conducted, during an entire year, a series of sacred conferences to the great advantage of all.

In 1793 a law was passed ordering the sale of all property belonging to the subjects of nations, at war with France. In consequence of this, the Irish Colleges of Toulouse, Douai, Lille, and Ivry, and the church of St. Eutorpe (which was also Irish property), Bordeaux, was sold. It seems at this date nothing less than providential that the Irish Colleges of Nantes, Bordeaux, and the two houses of Paris, escaped the revoluntary wreck and the crash of civil war.†

The brave captain-priest, who had beheld the sanguinary storm in all its fury, soon as the agents of order began to restore matters to their normal state, collected the scattered remains of the Irish foundations. Part of the property had been sold; for several years the government had suspended the payment of interest, and even *assignats* were substituted for a large portion of the capital, so that two-thirds of the property was lost.

For this no compensation was ever made. This, however, was not the fault of France, for the French government placed in the hands of

* This fact is stated in a letter of Cardinal de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris. There were other Irish ecclesiastics at the same time in high esteem in Paris. The Abbé O'Neill was chaplain to the King, and often pleaded the cause of his poor countrymen before the King.

† Twenty years ago over one of the principal doors of the Lombard College, was printed in large letters "*Propriete Nationale à Vendre*, national property for sale.

the English Commissioners a very large sum of money which was to be divided amongst the British subjects whose property had suffered during the Revolution. The claims of the Irish Colleges amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand dollars according to the London Gazette, Jan. 31, 1826. This large sum was paid by honest France to indemnify the Irish Superiors of the Irish Colleges; but dishonest England put it into her pocket upon the frivolous pretext that the French exercised control over the Irish foundations, and there it remains to the present day. The Carthage of modern times, and the most dishonorable of nations, when remonstrated with on the subject turned a deaf ear to all expostulation. "Give it back to France, then," bitterly wrote an Irish prelate to the minister of the day. France never got a penny of it, and Ireland never shall until she has the big embezzler by the throat and a loaded rifle pointed at her head.

This robbery on the part of England broke the heart of a great man, a glorious bishop of the Catholic Church.

New York, August, 1887. R. F. Farrell.

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# The Seminary for the Colored Missions.

TWENTY years ago, and in words really pathetic, the Second Plenary Council appealed, *per viscera misericordiæ Dei*, for priests who would devote themselves to the negro missions. The appeal was heard beyond the ocean and answered from an unexpected quarter — England. Five years later priests from Mill Hill, England, began to labor among the blacks, and have continued on with steady aim and some success. Again the Third Plenary Council renews the cry: Missionaries for the negroes! Again, too, the Fathers of St. Joseph's Society, whose labors seemed forgotten, answer this second appeal by proposing to open in Baltimore a seminary for priests for the colored missions:

"We have for a long time greatly desired to give to the missionary work among the negroes of the United States a more effective assistance than we have yet been able to offer. The time seems now to have come when we should begin to establish a house of studies in America for training priests for the negro missions. We have now had an experience of the colored missions extending over sixteen or seventeen years. We have gained an insight into the qualities requisite in the missioner, and into the character and needs of the colored people. This experience and insight may now be utilized upon a larger scale, and for the benefit of the whole work. We have also learned during the past years how difficult it is to obtain a sufficient number of vocations, or, at least, a sufficient number of persons who are attracted to the colored missions while their education is being carried on in the midst of brethren whose great desire is to devote themselves to the Eastern missions of the Church. The urgent need, then, of a greater number of priests for the colored missions, and the experience and insight already gained by our priests in America, have led to the determination to begin, without further delay, a college in America for the negro missions." (Letter of Rt. Rev. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford and Superior of St. Joseph's Society.)

So ready a response is chiefly owing to the zeal of Cardinal Gibbons, who, while abroad on matters connected with his high office

did not lose sight of the lowliest and most despised of his countrymen, but interrupted his journey in London in order to secure the establishment of this seminary. His eminence thus refers to it in a letter of approval addressed to the present writer:

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say to you how dear to my heart is the pious project which you have undertaken. The plan was conceived last May during an interview which I had in London with the Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, the Superior of your community, to whose unselfish zeal this country is so much indebted."

To prepare missionaries for the negroes is the object of the new seminary. The black harvest of the sunny South must be reaped and gathered in. It is an unattractive field, for it is difficult to fancy a people in a worse plight than the negroes of the South. Living amid our civilization, yet vast numbers of them are not of it; men by civil law, yet in very great part actually children; citizens by constitutional amendment, yet babes in the exercise of their rights; apparently Christian, they are really of no religion; naturally religious, they may be said to be without supernatural religion; before the eyes of the law they are everything, in its hands they are nothing. These poor people become members of the Methodist or Baptists sects, and, for the most part, are ignorant of the first truths of Revelation; ignorant, too, of the Commandments, while their knowledge of our Blessed Lord seems to go no further than a glib and offensive use of the holy name. Morality may have a name among them, but in how many localties *præterea nihil?* Knowledge, after a fashion, is becoming theirs, but of what kind? The common schools bring them up godless. "With desolation is the land made desolate."

But to come directly to the question of Catholic Missionaries. It may be asked: Is it necessary to have priests specially devoted to the negro missions? Upon this question both the Second and Third National Councils of Baltimore have spoken with no uncertain sound. Both have recognized this necessity:

"By the bowels of the mercy of God, we beg and implore priests, as far as they can, to concentrate their thoughts, their time, and themselves wholly and entirely, if possible, to the service of the colored people." (Sec. Conc. Balt.)

The Third Council (tit. viii. No. 239), going a step further, urges on the superiors of seminaries to foster vocations for this mission, and often to set before their seminarian that promise of our Lord which applies most especially to this apostolate. "No man who has left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold in this life . . . with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life." Such, too, is the opinion of the bishops of the South, who, best of all, know the needs of the colored people. The Rt. Rev. J. J. Kain, Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., himself a native of the Old Dominion, thus writes:

"The spiritual desolation of our large negro population is an object of deepest concern to all the bishops of the South, on whom mainly rests the duty of providing these millions of souls with the means of attaining a knowledge of our holy religion.

Many difficulties must be encountered and overcome. Though possessing now all the rights of American citizens, the negroes of the South are still a distinct class, with characteristics peculiarly their own. Little progress, therefore, can be made until separate churches and schools are provided for them, and until men, endowed with the apostolic spirit, and familiar with the negro character, are specially trained for this missionary field. . . . The seminary which your Fathers of St. Joseph's Society purpose opening in Baltimore for the education of priests consecrated to the exclusive service of the negroes, is, in my opinion, the most essential step in the evangelization of that race. Subjects will not be wanting, for the Church of God has ever shown herself fruitful in supplying fitting laborers for every sphere of her world-wide mission."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Wilmington, A. A. Curtis, who is a native of the eastern shore of Maryland, which is largely inhabited by negroes, thus writes:

"I hear, with exceeding pleasure, that you have actually begun to provide a house wherein priests are to be educated who will convert our colored people. We must do something for these colored people or run the risk of provoking our Lord's malediction. But we can do little till we have men called to, and educated for, this particular mission. In the diocese of Wilmington alone there must be more than one hundred thousand colored people, and yet I doubt whether among them all one hundred are Catholics. And at present little is doing or can be done towards winning them to the Church. May the Lord then signally bless and prosper you in your undertaking, and enable you to furnish us with men who will give themselves to the work of rescuing a people deserving so much at our hands, and, moreover, more readily to be won, I am convinced, than others, more cultured if you please, but at the same time far from being so religiously disposed."

When, in 1878, the Rt. Rev. J. J. Kain became Bishop of Richmond, he found in his episcopal city a negro population of thirty thousand, of whom *but six individuals were Catholics*, and on extending his gaze throughout his diocese he saw among the six hundred and fifty thousand negroes of Virginia not over a dozen Catholics outside of Alexandria and Norfolk, in which two cities together there were about three hundred. At once he threw open his cathedral to this poor people and began personally to instruct them. Six years afterwards the writer was sent to Richmond to take charge of the nucleus formed by the unwearied labors of the zealous bishop and his devoted clergy. His own personal experience greatly enhances the subjoined testimony of Bishop Keane:

"My desire for the evangelization of the colored race is, by no means, confined within the limits of my own jurisdiction and responsibility; and I feel sure that the great multitude of needy souls for whose salvation we must crave and strive will be more benefited by you as rector of St. Joseph's Mission College than they could be in any other way. Those poor benighted millions need an army of apostolic men, devoted to them alone, and filled with that special spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal, that untiring patience, that peculiar tact and energy, which the peculiar nature of the work absolutely demands. The Master of the vineyard, who knows the need, must surely provide laborers to supply it."

There can be no doubt of the need of men who will give themselves entirely to the negroes. In the North the colored people are few, for in the whole United States, outside of the former slave States, there is but one-half a million of negroes. In such places is heard at times an expression of wonder that the priests of the South do not look after the negroes. This is very unfair and unjust to the priests of the South, few, widely scattered, and mostly in straitened

circumstances. In Mississippi there are six negroes for every four whites, and surely the bishop of its episcopal See, Natchez, the Rt. Rev. F. Janssens, is well qualified to give an opinion, and his cautious words deserve great weight:

"The bishops of the South must feel the great responsibility that burdens their consciences for the salvation of the millions of the colored race within the limits of their dioceses. I, for one, feel also the difficulties that surround the accomplishment of this task. Our priests everywhere in the Southern States are devoted to their duty, and willing, too, to work for the colored people as well as for the white. But the work for the one and for the other is quite different, and it is almost impossible to do much good for the salvation of the negro whilst engaged in the ministry for the whites. Again, all the Southern dioceses stand greatly in need of priests to keep up the work that has already been established and needs to be continued. Consequently, it is next to impossible to obtain priests willing and possessing the necessary requisites to devote themselves to this peculiar work."

Among the visitors to the last Plenary Council was one of the vicars-apostolic from Japan. He was asked one day by a rector of one of our churches, "How many Catholics in your vicariate?" "About five thousand," was the answer. "And how many priests?" "Twenty-seven," he answered. The American pastor looked puzzled. "Ah!" said the old bishop, whose hair had whitened serving his Master in those Eastern lands, "*My priests have sixteen millions of pagans.*" We know very well that there are two types and two classes of the Church's ministers. The one is taken up chiefly with the sheep of the fold, the second with those "other sheep that are not of the fold." Both spirits are good; both are necessary. Nor does the one exclude the other, for in a true priest both always are found, one, however, being predominant. The majority of priests are for the home work. But at home or abroad they are always missionaries. To Paul was committed the Gospel of the uncircumcision, to Peter that of the circumcision; yet it was the latter who received the first Gentile, and even established his See in the centre of gentilism. In the martyrs of the first centuries is seen the eager missionary spirit which bleeds for Christ, thus sowing the seed of Christianity. In the deserts of the Thebaid were hidden saintly souls of altogether another spirit. While St. Patrick went to Ireland to convert its pagan inhabitants, his former masters and companions continued at Lerins their calm life of study, and died chanting the praises of God in echo to the gentle murmurs of the Mediterranean. St. Gregory remained in Rome and sent St. Augustin to England. St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Ignatius won their crowns among the faithful, while St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Solano, and Peter Claver were God's heroes among the nations. St. Francis Xavier, as we learn from his letters, found among his missionaries that some were better fitted for the quiet life of teaching in the college at Goa, while he brought others with him on his apostolic journeys, leaving them after him to water the plant which he had sown. One and all were doing the work of the Holy Spirit; one and all were apostles, "not from men, neither by men, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father."

It is the same in our day and land. Here in the United States

are millions of Catholics who, being children of the household, have had the first claim. Mixed marriages, irreligious schools, remote neighborhoods, the changed conditions of life experienced by emigrants, and kindred causes, have made the lives of all true priests in the North of a missionary type. Besides, apostles are needed for our white countrymen outside the true fold — men of all shades of belief and no belief, Jew as well as Gentile, twin-worshippers of the golden calf. But the spirit of God is not bound to geographical lines, nor chronological order, nor ethnological varieties. "The Spirit breatheth where it listeth." The conversion of the negro must go on *pari passu* with the others. The blacks enjoy the civil advantages and school privileges together with the whites; so, also, they should enjoy spiritual rights.

The negro, too, is here to stay. Doubts may exist whether the red man will die out, but the only doubt in regard to the black man is, Where is he going to stop in his increase? Thirty years, it is said, will decide whether the Indian will remain. The same time will reveal unexpected developments in the negro. To-day, between the Potomac and the Gulf, there are as many blacks as whites; with the former doubling every fifteen years, and the latter steadily migrating, what will not thirty years effect?

"For the third of a century, engrossed with the work in Virginia of missionary amongst the whites, I could not see my way to labor for the African. The Caucasians, with the light of faith imperilled, and charity waxing cold, and dangers to their souls imminent on all sides, had the first claim."

Thus writes the Very Rev. H. F. Parke, formerly vicar-general of the diocese of Wheeling. Father Parke's experience is that of every Southern priest. The journeys they have to make, the fewness of the Catholics, their remote and widely scattered dwellings, the scarcity of railroads, the poverty of the land — all combine to render a priest's life in the South very trying, and leave but scant time to fulfil even the strictest obligations.

It is precisely to secure men with a special call to this field that the new seminary will be different from others. The priests trained in it, though, in point of fact, of the secular priesthood, must have a peculiar vocation and follow a rule of life peculiar to themselves.

The priests on the negro missions form, therefore, a community, known as St. Joseph's Society, with just as many devotional exercises in common as are needed for a bond of personal union, not offering any impediment to the most unbounded missionary activity. This solidarity renders their efforts constant and uniform.

A breath will sever a thread of flax, yet when many threads are twisted into one a cable is formed which will moor the largest vessel afloat. "A three-ply cord is hardly broken." Here and there priests have taken hold of the negro missions and won many of the poor people to the church. At best these efforts are spasmodic. Sickness, death, transferral, or any one of the thousand vicissitudes of life may deprive the negroes of their missionary. A community dies not. One will

drop out of the ranks, another will die in the attack, a third will be temporarily disabled, but the vacancy will always be filled.

Let me, for a moment, glance at what may easily become the practical working of an organized missionary society of priests engaged in the colored missions. They are to be devoted solely and entirely to that work and bound to the same by vow.

By having a house centrally located in any Southern State, with five or six missionaries in it who would radiate in fixed directions, the seed would be regularly sown. Every one of them would have a number of schools in his charge, utilizing the school-house for preaching at night and for Mass in the morning. The catechism, of course, would be included in the daily curriculum of studies. After, say, a month's absence on his missionary excursion, the priest returns to the central house for a short rest — a rest which is very necessary, as the writer knows from personal experience in Virginia. These schools would serve also as means of testing the fitness of colored aspirants to the sanctuary.

The writer, after ten years of labor among the negroes, heartily endorses the subjoined words of Bishop Janssens, taken from the letter already quoted:

"I think that in order fully to succeed in this admirable and necessary work we should have negro priests and teachers. And the more I have observed the condition of the negro race, at least in the State of Mississippi, the more the thought has been strengthened."

But, we may ask in passing, where will colored boys, after being fully tested, make their preparatory college course? Scores of Protestant colleges for them might be named: Yale, Harvard, Cornell, etc., are open to negroes. For Catholics, no matter how good or how anxious to enter the sanctuary — and the writer knows many devout and pure colored boys — there is no Catholic college in the United States, as far as he is aware, into which they can enter. In my Virginia missions I was frequently told by negroes that I was a white man; it was meant as an argument against the faith.

But to return to our seminary. No sooner was the proposal to establish it publicly known than the sects took alarm. How they appreciate it may be seen from the following extract, taken from the New York Churchman (Episcopal) for Oct. 29, 1887:

"So the work goes on. On the one hand, the agents of a disorganized Protestantism have set apart this race of children into sects, which now count their bishops and ministers by thousands, and have colleges and seminaries, newspapers and reviews, all under the control and direction of negroes. On the other hand, the Church of Rome, stately and slow in her movements, building for the future, is laying in faith these foundations for future development. We are not prepared to say that the iron hand of Rome is not a better instrument for fashioning this crude material into Christian likeness than the feather-duster of Protestant exhortation. Though they believe that Romanism is but a caricature of Christianity, and rejoice in the individual freedom that Christ has given, yet can men fail to be persuaded that *training* is the necessary character of all successful Christian instruction to the rude and uncultivated? But alas! the negro Protestant religion knows not the meaning of the word. Unrestrained Protestantism among them means not liberty, but license of thought, word, and deed. Romanism among them, while it measurably guarantees moral teaching and direction, yet means slavery

to a foreign priesthood in all things. How shall this ancient church be aroused to give to these brethren the guidance of her systematic teaching, the training into freedom and Christian manhood?"

In the above quotation "church" and "this ancient church" mean Episcopalianism. Every one at all acquainted with the South will give the broadest sort of smile at the thought of the Episcopalians training the negroes "into freedom and Christian manhood." The colored people belonging to that sect often have but that veneer of respectability which knows how to cloak the most filthy depravity. As an offset, as well as a fitting answer to this Episcopal paper, the following taken from a colored weekly paper, voices the pretty generally received opinion of colored men who are not tied down to the sects:

"The Protestant Church can never be a power in the conversion of Afro-Americans to Christ until they begin upon the fundamental principles of the Gospel, and preach good-will toward, and equality among, all men. To the Catholic Church is due the credit of seeing deeper into human nature and the motives that sway its will. The equality of men before God will not be accepted by men who practise inequality among themselves. Humanity is next to godliness — in fact, it is the natural consequence of it. Men who tell us we are degraded, and act towards us as if we were hopelessly so, are sent to imbue us with moral principles, who by their acts declare that if we possessed them they would not recognize our worth as men. Some of these men feel called upon to excuse their course for introducing men to audiences whom they admitted to be learned, eloquent, and refined. The whole course of nature not tinged with godliness rebels against such two-faced proceedings; every conception of manhood is nauseated by them. If the Catholic Church is to set an example to the world in this matter, that church is an age in advance of Protestant ideas. Earnest self-sacrificing work bears fruit among the heathens of Africa; can it fail among an acknowledged religiously inclined people? Eliminate prejudice from religious practices, and the world is open for the greatest religious revival since Luther. Prejudice sits in high places; it excludes the poor from our fashionable churches in the Afro-American from common worship — except to himself."— Detroit Plaindealer.

"Where are the young men to come from who will go on the negro mission?" "Here and now," seems the only answer.

"As far as nationality is concerned, a house of studies under the charge of St. Joseph's Society in America will be naturally American in its character. And it is well it should be so. The elements that will compose it, and its definite end and object, will necessarily render it American. It will be all the more vigorous and fruitful if it be racy of the soil." (Bishop Vaughan's letter to the writer.)

Americans must do this work. Our Lord has left these millions in our hands, and we must convert them. They are our fellow-citizens; we must make them our brother-Catholics. Thus writes Bishop Kain.

"Among the myriads of our American youth there must be chosen souls whom God has destined for so noble and meritorious an apostolate. Your appeal will be the voice that will tell them of their vocation; your mission college will be the magnet that will draw their hearts towards their providential destiny — the training-school that will fit them for it. May your college ever be crowded with young levites, as noble-hearted and generous as so arduous a vocation will require; and may all the bishops of the South have reason to bless it for the devoted missionaries whom it will send forth."

And in a letter of encouragement to the writer, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, recognizing also the need of Americans for this work, cheerfully grants permission to any of his own students to enter upon it, although the very many wants of his own great See

demand more priests. The self-sacrificing spirit of our Catholic youth must fill it, and the generosity of Catholics must maintain it. As Bishop Janssens so well puts it:

"I hope and trust that the seminary may awaken Catholics to the necessity of rearing the negro race in true Christian morality; for not only the welfare of souls but even the future material and political welfare of this great republic is at stake."

For us Catholics it is more. It is a work of reparation, and thus the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia looks at it. I quote from his letter to me:

"I agree most cordially with the prelates who have encouraged you to establish a House of Studies adjoining the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Baltimore, for the training of priests to be wholly dedicated to the evangelization of the colored people of the United States. Whilst acknowledging our debt of gratitude to the devoted priests of St. Joseph's Society, who were educated at Mill Hill College, in England, we cannot but feel convinced that the young levites destined for this peculiar mission should be educated in this country, where they will become acquainted with the children of the race to whom they shall have in the future to minister, as also with the other races and general environment that must influence them. I feel that we have not done our full duty to the colored people of these States, and that the building up of the institution contemplated is an act of reparation which should not be neglected."

The priests of the colored mission must be "called of God as Aaron was." It must be the whispering of the Holy Spirit urging the young man to go forth, like Abraham, from his father's house, to a strange people. Prayer is the one power to move the Spirit. Hence the writer desires to entrust the vocations for this abandoned field to the religious communities of women of our country. Let them make vocations to the negro apostolate a constant prayer. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Thus the act of reparation which the Archbishop of Philadelphia recognizes in this seminary will become as broad as America and as universal as the church of God, and "Ethiopia will soon stretch out her hands to God."

In conclusion the writer wishes to inform the Catholic public that at the instance of Cardinal Gibbons the hotel building and property adjoining St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, have been purchased for the seminary for colored missions, and in part paid for. The studies of the seminarians will be under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers of St. Mary's, and it is the intention to open the institution next autumn.

John R. Slattery, Catholic World.

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ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, of Halifax, who is a man of great energy and public spirit, has devised a scheme for the facilitation of the entrance of ocean vessels into Halifax Harbor during foggy weather, which, if carried out, he contends will remove the only real objection to Halifax as the winter port of Canada. His scheme is, that a line of buoys should be put down, marking the safe course for ocean steamers from the automatic buoy to George's Island, each buoy to be mounted with a strong electric light.

# Notes on Foreign Travel.

## THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

### V.

As there exists no memorial of Nero on the Palatine, we are happily relieved from the necessity of recalling the long series of insane atrocities which disgraced his reign, the mere recital of which, in the monotony of its horror, becomes fatiguing to the coarsest and most callous taste. The same craving after the marvellous and stupendous in guilt, which characterized Nero, beset him likewise in art. The customary and commonplace palled upon him; only the monstrous and grotesque could excite his admiration. Accordingly, he must have a palace, more gigantic and colossal than anything his predecessors had produced.

But the unoccupied space on the Palatine was all too limited for the architectural designs of Nero. In the year 64, however, took place the great fire which consumed the larger part of the world's metropolis. From his tower on the Esquiline, Nero looked down on the magnificent spectacle, and, enraptured by the wild beauty of the flaming sea of fire, turned his harp to sing of the destruction of Troy. From the burnt quarters of the city he selected a site, extensive enough for the palace which he proposed to build. This, when completed, was known "as the Golden House of Nero." It covered the entire valley between the Palatine and Esquiline Hills. Tacitus, who must have seen it in his youth, tells us of the triple colonnade, one thousand feet long, in front of the enormous pile; of the colossal statue of Nero which towered before the palace, one hundred and twenty feet high, in bronze compounded of silver and gold. We read of walls in the interior, lined with mother-of-pearl, and encrusted with precious stones; of the floors adorned with pictures in mosaic; of the ivory plates covering the ceilings of the banquet hall, through the crevices of which showers of perfumed spray rained down on the guests; of the baths fed with sea-water and with water from the sulphur springs between Rome and Tivoli. What a Roman writer calls "the superb pleasure of conquering nature," Nero must have enjoyed to the full, seeing that the grounds on which the palace stood were diversified by woods, in which fluttered tropical birds of brilliant plumage, and tamed wild beasts roamed, of rare species from the far-off provinces of the empire. Herds of choice cattle browsed in fields which were broken up here and there into lakes, on which golden boats were to be seen floating. "Now, at length, I begin to live like a human being," was the condescending remark of Nero, when the work was done.

With the accession to the throne of the Flavian dynasty, Roman imperialism entered on a new phase. The first emperors of that line affected a certain simplicity in their personal manners, and reverted to the policy of Augustus in the erection of public buildings for the benefit of the people at large, rather than for purposes of private

vanity and display. When Vespasian succeeded to the supreme power, the "Golden House" of Nero was still standing. It remained as a constant reminder of the crimes, the confiscations, the burnings, which it cost to erect the splendid pile. It was built, in great part, out of the ruins of the city. Nero himself was more than suspected of having applied the incendiary torch which cleared the site on which his palace stood. People remembered, with bitterness, that the vast area now occupied by a single habitation was once studded with the homes of private citizens. Government in Rome was a despotism, tempered not only by assassination, but likewise by epigrams. "Very soon, and all Rome will be but a single palace," wrote the Pasquin of the time, "Prepare, citizens, to emigrate to Veia, if, indeed, Veia is not already occupied by the house of Cæsar."

Nero's palace was ruthlessly destroyed. Out of the debris were formed the baths of Titus, and the beautiful triumphal arch which commemorates the capture of Jerusalem. Over the great artificial lake, which gave such a picturesque beauty to the grounds of the "Golden House," uprose the mighty mass of the Colosseum, still standing as the unburied skeleton of ancient Rome. Poetry sang the praises of the new dynasty. "Rome," writes Martial, "has entered into possession of herself once more. Thanks to thee, O Cæsar! what ministered heretofore only to the pleasure of a single man, is now become the delight of all."

But times have changed, and men have changed with them. The vast amphitheatre which was hailed with gratitude and joy by the Romans of the time, as the proudest monument of imperial munificence, only recalls, at the present day, the unscrupulous policy which stooped to purchase popularity by pandering to the wild-beast craving for blood of a degenerate race. Of Nero, at least, it stands recorded that he put a stop, during his reign, to the murderous combats of gladiators in the arena. A passion for art, transcending the bounds of mental sanity, was one of the mainsprings of Nero's conduct. Perhaps it was, that this art-instinct of his enabled him to catch a glimpse of a truth, which Lessing, we believe, was the first to point out many centuries later, — namely, the baleful influence which the shows of the amphitheatre exercised in stifling the dramatic genius of Rome. For, how could a people, familiar from childhood with scenes of wholesale murder, in which human blood was poured out like water, find pleasure in the refined and purely intellectual griefs of the drama? How was it possible that a mere scenic representation of tragedy could touch to fine issues the springs of emotion in hearts which were seared by the every-day contemplation of actual tragedy in all its gross and hideous reality.

No further addition was made to the number of palaces on the Palatine, until the period when, to use the fierce language of Juvenal: "The last of the Flavian line was tearing in pieces a half-lifeless world, and Rome was a bond-slave to a bald Nero."

"Cum jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem, Ultimus, et calvo serviret Roma Neroni." Domitian was the "bald Nero," the next

emperor whom we find afflicted with what Plutarch calls "the mania for building." Former emperors had been content with the prospect of deification after death; Domitian was the first to seriously arrogate divine honors to himself in his life-time. In his public documents he invariably referred to himself under the titles, *Dominus et Deus meus*. Accordingly, the building which he proposed to erect, should be such as was suitable, not only to one who was vested with imperial power over the world, but likewise to one clothed with the attributes of the divinity. It was to be at once a palace and a sanctuary.

Recent excavations have laid bare the remains of Domitian's palace, which, if we are to believe contemporary writers, surpassed in extent and magnificence all others on the Palatine Hill. Its ruins were first discovered about half a century ago; but were immediately filled in, after such materials as possessed artistic value had been carried away. When first discovered, many traces of its internal decorations were to be seen on its walls; and it appears, in general, to have been in a far better state of preservation than we find it at the present day. Its existing remains, however, now stand so completely revealed that we are enabled to form a tolerably clear idea of its ground-plan and dimensions.

The design of the interior was that of an ordinary Roman house, though, of course, on a far more extensive scale. In these days a street (*clivus Palatinus*) branched off from the Via Sacra, and led up by a somewhat steep ascent to the summit of the Palatine. On the façade of the palace, which fronted the termination of this street, were three gates opening into the interior. The middle gate led directly into the Throne Room (*Tablinium*), in which the emperor held audience, and received embassadors and deputations from foreign countries. At the end of the hall, fronting the main entrance, may still be seen a sort of recess, in which once stood the imperial throne. The republican sentiment was now almost wholly extinct, though still preserved in a few breasts as a hidden central fire, glowing in the pages of Tacitus, and fusing with a white heat of indignation the satires of Juvenal. Caligula had thought, at one time, of assuming the title of king; but his panic-stricken courtiers dissuaded him from the rash step, by representing that he was already too highly exalted to stand in need of the kingly crown. But the time had now come when Rome's emperor could, with safety, assume the coveted dignity; and Domitian, accordingly, did not hesitate to invest himself with all the insignia of royalty.

In this magnificent hall it was that Domitian was to be seen consulting on affairs of state with his favorite, a semi-idiotic, scarlet-bedizened-dwarf; occasionally condescending to convoke, at his Alban villa, a cabinet council of the senate to deliberate on the best manner of cooking a turbot. When first laid bare, the Throne Room still retained many remains of its ancient splendor. Around the walls, which were lined with precious marbles, and decorated with colossal statues in niches, ranged sixteen Corinthian columns, twenty-eight feet high, and sculptured in the highest style of art. To the left of the Throne Room was a sort of chapel, sacred to the Lares, or household gods; on the right,

the Basilica in which the emperor presided over the administration of justice, and, in which, "with that fiery visage, of a dye so red, that the blush of guilt could never color his cheek, he marked the pale, languid countenance of the unhappy victims who shuddered at his frown." *Tac. Vit. Agricola.*

Behind these three halls was the *Peristylium*, a vast, open quadrangle, surrounded by porticos, resting on fluted columns of Carian marble, with a fountain in the middle, bordered by flowers and raer shrubs. At the further end of this open court was a large doorway leading into the *Triclinium*, or banquetting hall, of the imperial palace. The poetry of the period, which served no higher purpose than to swell the chorus of adulation, breaks out into lyrical raptures in its description of this hall. Never before, writes Martial, was there on the Palatine a Triclinium worthy of Cæsar; and he congratulates the emperor in possessing a banquet-hall to which that of Olympus itself must yield the palm. He assures us, that if Jupiter and Domitian had invited him to dinner on the same day, he would decline the invitation of the father of the gods, and accept that of the emperor. Whether the emperor took the hint or not we are unable to say; but one, at least, of Martial's poetic brethren, Statius, had the distinguished honor of dining with Domitian. Pliny has sketched for us the state dinners of Domitian, in which the tyrant took no pains to conceal his coarse contempt for his guests. To receive insults and return thanks was the passport to the imperial favor. A guest who respected himself, and,—

> "Who had not slavish temperance enough
> To wait a great man's heels, and watch his smiles;
> Bear an ill offence done him to his face,
> And thank the lord that wronged him for the favor,"—

was out of place at the table of Domitian. As nothing but the coarsest and most highly-seasoned flattery could suit the jaded palate of the emperor, Statius is at a loss how to find utterance worthy of his lofty theme —the banquet-hall of the imperial palace. He begins by invoking inspiration from the godhead of the divine emperor. He longs for the power of him who told the tale of Dido's banquet, and for the voice of him who sang the feast of Alcinous. He seems to dine with Jove himself, and receive nectar from the hands of Ganymede. "Oh, ruler over all lands, and mighty father of the world which thou hast conquered, do I *recumbent* see thee, thou hope of all mankind and nursling of the gods. I turn away my eyes from the vases and dishes of gold which cover the table, and gaze upon thy countenance, which would fain temper its splendor by an expression of majestic serenity. But in vain dost thou seek to conceal thy greatness; it shines forth in spite of thyself in thy looks. The most distant nations, the most barbarous hordes, need only to behold thee to recognize their lord and master!"

After reading this, we need not wonder at the bit of information which we find in Suetonius, that Domitian held poets in profound contempt. Like Midas, Domitian, we are told, turned everything he

touched into gold; and like Midas must he have been in one other particular, the reverse of complimentary, to have found pleasure in such silly rodomontade as that which we have quoted above. Both Martial and Statius would appear to have belonged to the Grub Street order of poets. The former lived in an attic up three flights of stairs, ("*Tribus habito scalis sed altis*"); the latter was found in a state of starvation at a time when benches were "breaking" under the throng which crowded the theatre to hear the recitation of his epic poem, the *Thebais*. Perhaps, however, there may have been, in such extravagant adulation an undercurrent of irony which avenged their degradation, and justified them before their moral and artistic sense.

Even the prose descriptions which we find in contemporary writers of this famous banquet-hall have the same strong flavor of Oriental rhetoric. We read of arches soaring towards Olympus; of roofs blazing with gold, and towering so high as scarcely to be distintinguished from the dome of heaven itself; of columns, so numerous and lofty as to be capable of supporting the universe, were Atlas to rest a moment from his labors. Archæology, however, has verified some of the details regarding the great variety of rare marbles which lined the walls; deep yellow and pink from Lybia and Numidia; pale green from Carystus in Eubœa; translucent violet red from Phrygia, fabled to have been stained with the blood of Atys, and the onyx and alabaster columns hewn from the quarries of the Nile.

A few shattered fragments of marble, and stray bits of mosaic, are all that the ravages of time and barbarous hordes have left of all this grandeur. One tragic picture, however, still survives in the pages of Suetonius, and looms up through the mist of ages from these heaps of ruin: Domitian, tortured by sleeplessness, and haunted by the dread of assassination, wandering up and down the brilliantly lighted corridors of his palace, the walls of which were hung with mirrors, now flinging himself in despair on a couch, again starting at his own image reflected in the mirrors, while anxiously scanning the horizon at intervals for the first faint streaks of dawn in the east.

A hundred years passed away before another palace,—which was destined to be the final one,—was built on the Palatine hill. A foreign dynasty, the founder of which was Septimus Severus, had acquired possession of the imperial power. It has ever been the policy of the founders of new dynasties to seek to dazzle the public mind, and throw a veil over the obscurity of their origin, by the erection of new and magnificent buildings. The plan commended itself as a cheap and easy method of rivalling the greatness of their predecessors, and attesting their fitness for their exalted position.

The only section of the Palatine left unoccupied was the south-east corner fronting the Celian hill. From this point the soil sloped gradually down to the plain below. To form a level, uniform with the top of the hill, lofty arched substructures had to be built. These still remain at the present day exciting the amazement of the beholder by their magnitude, and are often taken for the ruins of the palace itself,

of which, however, little now remains except part of a grand staircase which once led up to the higher apartments.

Of the existing ruins of the palace of Severus, none equals in interest those of the emperor's State Box, which was built on a sort of terrace, overlooking the whole extent of the Circus Maximus. The long and narrow valley which stretches between the Palatine and Aventine hills is, at the present day, one of the poorest and dingiest quarters of Rome. In ancient times it constituted the site of the Circus Maximus, and was adorned with countless columns, obelisks, and statues. The marble seats of the hippodrome, rising, tier on tier, to a vast height, afforded room for a quarter of a million of spectators. "A strange scene, it was," writes Lactantius, "to witness the passionate interest with which the immense multitude followed the varying vicissitudes of the race; crying aloud, gesticulating, leaping from the seats, now applauding, now insulting, the charioteers, as they whirled in their headlong course around the *spina*. From the moment when the presiding magistrate gave the signal for the start by dropping a white cloth into the arena, until the victorious chariot, after having traversed a distance of over four miles, passed the winning post, a roar like the sound of many waters rose from the vast throng which could be heard many leagues from Rome."

Besides the remains of the imperial palaces, may still be seen on the Palatine the ruins of dwellings, once inhabited by soldiers and slaves in the service of the emperor. These possess a certain claim on the interest and attention of the traveller, because of the singular inscriptions *grafitti*, scrawled with a piece of charcoal or some sharp-pointed instrument on the walls of some of the chambers. They were the work, for the most part, of the soldiers who were styled "veterans of the emperor" (*veteranus domini nostri*). Worthy of note is one in which a soldier gives bitter expression to his sense of unrequited service. It represents a donkey, turning a mill-wheel, and the animal is bidden to work on, "As I have done, and much good it will do you." "*Labora, aselle quomodo ego laboravi, et proderit tibi.*"

In these chambers, likewise, it was, that the famous caricature was discovered, at present in the Kircher Museum of Rome, which has a special interest as the sole memorial found on the Palatine of the presence of Christianity in the "house of Cæsar." The caricature, in question, is a gross representation of the Crucifixion, with the figure of a man beneath, in an attitude of adoration, gazing devoutly on the crucified victim. Underneath is an inscription in Greek: "*Alaxamenos adores his God.*" From this it would appear that some slave or soldier of the emperor, whose name was Alaxamenos, had embraced the new religion, and had become a butt for the coarse satire of his comrades. But the shaft was sped in vain; it merely glanced off from the well-tempered shield of the soldier's faith. Near by is another inscription, by the soldier's own hand, in which he gives expression to his victorious faith: *Alaxamenos fidelis.*

Having now described, perhaps at too great length, the palaces which once existed on the Palatine, and endeavored to recall some of

the historical recollections which cause the traveller to look with interest on their crumbling heaps of ruin, let us endeavor to realize the effect produced on the beholder by the mass of buildings which crowned the historic hill. At the close of the third century, when Septimus Severus had erected upon it the last of the imperial palaces, the Palatine was the exclusive possession of Cæsar, given over wholly to his family, his soldiers, and his slaves. Along the slopes of the hill were still to be seen many of the old buildings, dating back to the time of the kings and the early republic, carefully protected against the ravages of time, and venerated as the depositories of proud and heart-stirring remembrances. The history of Rome, from the days of Romulus to the accession of the African dynasty of Severus, was written in monuments within the narrow confines of the Palatine. Each succeeding age had left on that hill some memorial of its presence; and the house of the first of Rome's kings existed side by side with the palace of the first of Rome's emperors. The various transformations which the national religion of Rome underwent could be traced in the temples which recalled the early divinities of Latium, the sensuous mythology of Greece, and the more subtle and mystical religions which had been imported from the Orient. All these buildings were monumental evidences of the vast progress which Rome had made, of the great men she had brought forth, of the great triumphs she had won. The bitterness engendered by political strife had, by this time, wholly passed away; and party feeling was lost in the services which rival leaders, Gracchus and Scipio, Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey, had alike rendered to their common country.

The traveller from the outlying provinces, Gaul, Africa, or Spain, who in these days visited Rome, would find that rumor had not exaggerated the greatness of the imperial city. Having passed through the Forum of the emperors, and noted the architectural beauties of the Capitol and the Forum Romanum, he would still find that the Palatine possessed claims on his wonder and admiration. After toiling up the steep ascent of the *clivus palatinus*, and passing through the ancient gate of Romulus, near the temple of Jupiter Stator, he saw before him the façade of the palace of Domitian. The five imperial palaces which covered the summit of the hill, were divided into two distinct groups; one of which comprised the palaces of Tiberius and Caligula, overlooking the Forum; the other group, towards the centre and southern portion of the hill, consisted of the palaces of Augustus, Domitian and Septimus Severus.

In these imposing structures there may have been but little of that symmetry and harmony of design which the modern eye is trained to expect. Each of them bore the impress of the character of its builder, and of that special style of architecture which prevailed at the time of its erection. That of Augustus was marked by a certain grave simplicity; of Domitian, by a sumptuous magnificence; while that of Severus was characterized by the grandiose style peculiar to an African prince, a specimen of which we find in the baths of Caracalla.

All the resources of art were called into requisition to decorate,

in a becoming manner, the interior of these magnificent structures, The halls and porticos were veritable museums, in which were gathered. the masterpieces of preceding ages. Pliny tells us that in his time, the buildings were crowded with the works of the most distinguished artists of Greece. Literature was represented in the two celebrated Greek and Latin libraries, whose fame even then had extended to the limits of the empire.

All these "gorgeous palaces" are now like unsubstantial pageants faded, leaving scarce a wreck behind. The destroying hand of time, the hostile forces of the elements, fire, earthquakes, tempests, inundations, war and pillage, human greed, ignorance, and malice, have all combined to reduce to dust and shapeless ruin the stately monuments which rendered Rome the pride of her sons, and the wonder of the world. Two hundred years from the time of Severus, and these fair forms of architecture were merely regarded as an inexhaustible mine of materials, cheaper and more convenient than the distant quarry. Neither the beauty of the buildings, as works of art, nor the glorious memories which they serve to perpetuate, availed to preserve them against the hungry greed of a degenerate race. The rare marbles of Paros and Numidia, columns of Corinthian or Ionic architecture, were either sold to the highest bidder, or burnt into lime for the purpose of cement. In the long and sanguinary quarrels which raged for five hundred years between the nobles and the people, the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, the Colonna and the Orsini, many of the monuments of antiquity were turned into fortresses, and subjected to all the shocks and ravages of war. Writing to one of these nobles, Petrarch exclaims, "Behold the relics of Rome, the image of her prestine greatness! Neither time nor the barbarian can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction; it was perpetrated by her own citizens; by the most illustrious of her sons; and your ancestors have done with the battering-ram what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword."

A century later (A. D. 1432), and the scene of ruin and desolation which met the eye from the summit of the Capitol, furnished a scholar of the ante-renaissance period with an eloquent theme for moralizing on the vicissitudes of fortune: —

"The primeval state of Rome, such as she might appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of Virgil. This Tarpeian rock was then a savage and solitary thicket; in the time of the poet, it was crowned with the golden roofs of a temple; the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged, fortune's wheel has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred ground is again disfigured with thorns and brambles. The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman Empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how it has fallen! how changed! how defaced! the path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous frag-

ments, the marble theatre, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticos of Nero's palace; survey the other hills of the city: the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now enclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices, that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked, and broken like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is the more visible, from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune." *Poggius de Varietate Fortunæ.*

At the present day the traveller, who looks down from the summit of Mount Janiculum, sees in the distance the Sabine and Alban hills, sloping gently down to the sea; closer by, the desolate expanse of the Campagna, furrowed with aqueducts, and strewn with ruins; still nearer, the Corsini and Farnese palaces, gloomy and majestic, fringe with gardens and groves of pine, the old fortified walls of Rome, the villas, the ruins of the ancient baths, the mutilated columns of the Forum, the triumphal arches, the Colosseum, — a combination of monuments which renders Rome the most venerable city of the world. At the wonderful spectacle, his mind expands beyond the limits of the present; and he thinks, with admiration and awe, of that great people who have covered Europe, Asia, and Africa with architectural remains, which an Italian author has finely compared to the bones of a corpse which has had the universe for its sepulchre. As he looks with sadness on the discrowned temples, on the solitary trees waving over the baths of Caracalla and the palace of the Cæsars, on the shattered columns, looking in the evening air like the shades of old Romans, draped in their togas, and mourning over the past — he cannot help feeling at the same time, with a thrill of pride, as he beholds the peaceful cross crowning so many domes, that the inscription on the obelisk in the piazza of St. Peter's is no idle boast — CHRISTUS VINCIT, CHRISTUS REGNAT, CHRISTUS IMPERAT.

J. C.

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# Marriage and its Consequences.

MARRIAGE, being by divine institution a life-long union, by which two become, as it were, but one flesh, dividing the cares of life, and sharing its joys, constitutes thus domestic society, the source alike of the family and the state. It is noble in its origin, holy by its Sacramental character, and full of grave responsibility. It is momentous in its consequences both to the individuals who contract it, to their offspring, and to civil society of which they form a part. A well-assorted union is fraught with blessings to all these; while an ill-advised, or unhappy marriage, is disastrous to all of them. When children are born of a marriage, the consequences of that union, whether for good or evil, do not die with the parents; they will live on, and be propagated,

perhaps, to the end of time, by their descendants. If these truths were taken to heart, and exercised that influence which they ought on the conduct of Christians, many of the evils which we are now called on to deplore would cease to exist. If we would know what husband and wife should be to one another, let us learn from God Himself. When this earth had become fit for the habitation of the human race, Adam, the first man, was created. Then God said: "Let us make him a helpmeet like unto himself." (Gen. ii. 18.) A helpmeet, an assistant, a partner — that is what husband should be to wife and wife to husband. A help in the toils of life and on the road to heaven; each trying to lighten the load of the other, to encourage and to raise up the soul of the other to God. This is the noble idea of the marriage relation that God teaches us. But alas! how often do we find this holy union degraded by unfaithfulness, and instead of being a partnership of loving, mutual assistance, turned into a yoke which each endeavors to make unendurable for the other. Those who ought to become a mutual help on the way to heaven become too often a snare and a stumbling-block to each other's salvation by reason of unchecked anger, profanity of conduct, drunkenness, or cruel neglect. And the children that have been given as a sacred charge to those parents, and for whose souls they will have to give an account, instead of being trained to virtue, and bound to home by those innocent pleasures which parents should seek to provide, are often scandalized in their tender years by the bad example of their parents, and are spiritually murdered by those who should rather die than give them an occasion of sin. Let those who are already joined in wedlock reflect seriously on these truths; let them examine their past, and see if they have been a true help in earthly and spiritual things to their partners; let them consider how they have acted at home, and whether they have sought to make it as cheerful and as Christian as they could, and whether they are properly discharging the awful duties of parents, viz., that of training souls for God.

Archbishop O'Brien, Halifax, N. S.

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# What, Then, is Education?

His Eminence Cardinal Manning, than whom there is not in all the world a more illustrious example of the true Christian prelate, in a recent sermon on education, in answer to the question, "What, then, is education?" gave this answer, which is worthy to be written in letters of gold and placed on the door of every school-house, college and convent, and hung up as a motto in every school-room in the country: "In one word, it is the training of the disciples of Jesus Christ and nothing else," and he goes on to ask, "What is a disciple?" and he replies: "A disciple is one who follows a teacher and the discipline of a teacher," and he proceeds to insist upon the necessity of not only informing the intellect, but also of developing and guiding the con-

science; of training the heart and forming the whole man upon the Christian model. That strikes at the very heart of the matter. The fact is, the character of the education given to our children will depend entirely upon the light in which they are viewed by teacher — that is, whether the chief prominence is given to the fact that they are disciples of Christ or members of this world. And, here the danger for Catholic teachers is not so much that they will err in theory as in practice. The teaching of the Church is clear and explicit; there is no getting round it. We are immortal; we are made for God, and eternity is our home. This world is a state of probation. We are here in God's providential school, the design of which is to fit us to dwell forever with Him, and enjoy the full fruition of His glorious presence in heaven; and any education which does not give prominence to this idea, and keep this final end in view, is radically defective. Yet is it not lamentably true that even in Christian and Catholic schools this grand end is too often obscured and kept in the back-ground by the overpowering pressure of material interests? It is easier to walk by sight and sense than by faith. We are in constant touch with the material, the sensible. The disorders of our nature make us prone to earth. The necessities of the body must be provided for, material interests must not be neglected, and here come in ambition, rivalry, unreasonable strife for worldly honors, worldly distinctions, and the good things of this life. Hence that is considered the best education which is best calculated to fit our children for success in this life, and you will sometimes hear even Catholic parents say they prefer the public schools, because they give their children more practical training and not so much religion. That shows where their hearts are, and what views they take of the great purposes of life. Such parents need to meditate seriously on that solemn admonition of our Lord: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

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# Scene in an Army Hospital.

THE sun sinks lower and lower, throwing a beam of light through the large window of the dying soldier's ward, and now it reaches over the bed and up the wall; he turns his face away, and seemed to watch its glimmer up the ceiling. The atmosphere grows dense and dusky, but without clouds, and the orange light changes to a dull, lurid red, and the dying and dead leaves drop silently to the ground. Here we pause beneath the closed blinds of the Army Hospital. Who can tell the anguish of those weary hours, when the only sound the soldier hears is the disjointed wanderings of some feverish slumberer near him? Who, but those who have felt it, can imagine the sense of loneliness and desolation which must be the portion of the soldier, who, in the hour of dangerous illness, is left to be tended by strangers? For what hands, be they ever so gentle, can wipe the clammy brow, or smooth the rest-

less bed, like those of mother, sister, wife? The time draws near. The last sunlight fades away, and he is summoned to appear before the Almighty Ruler of the universe. All honors are paid to his mortal remains. The remains are slowly removed to the burial-ground, three volleys are fired over the soldier's grave, and here he is left to sleep his last sleep, until the grand reveille is sounded, when all must answer to their names.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1887. James McDonagh.

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# The Pine-Tree and the Vine.

From the German of Kerner.

I.

ONCE heard I on a summer even,
A vine with pine-tree converse hold: —
"Proud tree, thou towerest to heaven,
And still remainest stark and cold!

II.

"Like thee, I cast a light shade only
For those 'neath sultry suns who roam;
But how my red blood cheers the lonely
Wanderer's heart with dreams of home!

III.

"In autumn, by the household ingle,
What bliss I waken, what delight!
Another sun for man I kindle
When sinks the old one quenched in night!"

IV.

Thus spake the vine in boastful spirit,
The pine-tree sighed and murmured low;
"O Vine, the praise which thou dost merit
Freely do I on thee bestow.

V.

"I, too, can soothe life-weary mortals
When coffined in my arms I bear
Them onward to the grave's still portals,
And lay them down to slumber there."

VI.

Silent and sad the vine now listened;
If in assent I cannot say:
But in its eyes the tear-drops glistened,
Bright in the failing light of day.

J. C.

# Father Phil's Gold Snuff-box;

OR,

## A CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN BALLYROON.

### CHAPTER I.

"Who in the winter night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cowld blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin door
And on the earthen floor
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?"

NOBODY in or near the little Irish town of Ballyroon ever thought of calling its venerable parish priest, Rev. Philip Daly, by any other name than that of "Father Phil." It was as frequent and homely a phrase as "good-morning," or, "God save ye." Its unpretentious owner was indeed one of nature's noblemen as well as one of God's anointed.

If a stranger met him on one of his daily saunters down the village street he could not easily resist the impulse to look after the slightly stooped figure, because of the quaint, faded garb, the old umbrella that "followed suit;" and, above all, because of the indescribable look of kindliness that always beamed from Father Phil's countenance. The children clapped their hands with delight when he passed nodding to them all. The poor peasant, or laborer, he exchanged greeting with, felt as if some load was lifted from his heart, and resumed his poorly-remunerated toil with a quicker hand and lighter spirit; and vividly do I now remember what a serene radiance seemed to be added to the brightness of my mother's house whenever Father Phil came to pay us a visit.

The Christmas-tide was at hand, and my mother calling me aside one day, said, "Joe, Father Phil will be expecting me down to Ballyroon for a day or two; but as I am not strong enough for the journey" (it was about twenty Irish miles), "you will go."

I was delighted with the proposition, and promptly expressed my readiness to comply.

"And here," she added, placing in my hand a gold snuff-box, exquisitely carved and embellished, "you must take him this. The last time I met him I saw him take his snuff out of a grocer's common paper. I know he will refuse to accept this; but under no circumstances must you allow him to decline."

My mother then took the box out of my hand for a moment and put something into it which was not snuff, but which had the yellow color of that old Cork snuff our grandfathers used to tickle their olfactory nerves with in Ireland years and years ago. The box gave forth a pleasing jingle, as mother wrapped it up and returned it to me.

I started shortly after sunrise next morning astride of as spirited

a bit of horse-flesh as Ireland produces, and got over the twenty Irish miles long before the sun had finished his short winter-day journey across the Irish sky. Leaving my mare in the hands of the hostler, I hastened away to find Father Phil. He was pacing the little parlor with an open breviary in his hand when I entered. It is needless to say my welcome was warm. Laying down the book, and drawing a couple of chairs close to the hearth, where the peat fire warmly glowed, he asked me such a battalion of questions about relatives, friends, and other people and things, that for awhile I utterly failed to observe that he was taking an occasional "pinch" out of what was evidently as costly a snuff-box as the one I had in my pocket.

By and by the housekeeper came to say that Father Phil was wanted. When he withdrew I began thinking it was not extremely necessary that a person should carry two gold snuff-boxes, and that my mother's gift might well have been something of a different order; but then her instructions were imperative, and so when Father Phil re-entered the parlor I presented the box.

Taking the package he undid the silken pouch, and when his eyes rested on the contents, his first emphatic utterance was: "This, this will never do."

I cannot say whether he borrowed the phrase from Christopher North, the old autocrat of the Edinburgh Review, who strove to blight the budding flower of Byron's genius by that withering sentence; but any how Father Phil had the peculiar habit of announcing his conclusions first and presenting his premises afterwards.

The premises came in quick time in which my revered old friend adduced his reasons for declining mother's gift. However, I was inexorable; and Father Phil at last consented to assume custodianship of the trinket. He called in his man-of-all-work, "Billy," to see the new Christmas present.

"As nate an article as ever I laid eyes on," was Billy's comment; "but sure, sir," he added turning to me, "it's the shame o' the world; Father Phil will howld on to nothin' that's worth anything in this world."

There was a quiet twinkle in Father Phil's eye as he said, "Now, Billy, don't be talking unreasonably like that."

I could see the Celtic fire kindling in honest Billy's eyes, and there was a flash of eloquence in the way he made answer:

"*Am* I talkin' onraisonable? Do ye see yer mother's snuff-box there on the chimney piece? How often did yer send me off to Dunn, the pawnbroker, with that? Sure, it's the wondher o' the world Mrs. Daly is not broke horse an' foot afther all the times she relaised that same snuff-box for ye."

But Billy calmed down quickly after giving the foregoing "piece of his mind" to the priest. At Father Phil's suggestion he went off to see if there was hay enough in the stable rack for Joan, the pony, during the night. Billy's words let in a flood of light on some of the things that had previously puzzled me, and gave fresh zest to my eagerness to see more of the inner working of life in Ballyroon.

Accordingly when Father Phil next morning proposed that I

accompany him in his usual Christmas visitation of the poor of his parish, I instantly acquiesced.

A cold, drizzling haze, which the sunbeams vainly struggled to get through, hung on the hills that encircled Ballyroon. The landscape which I had seen in all its summer loveliness and beauty, now presented a dreary spectacle that smote eye and fancy painfully. Even Joan, while she was being harnessed to the gig, looked the picture of equine drowsiness. But Father Phil was as bright and buoyant as a young May morning. It was afterwards I fully understood the reason.

We drove to the furthest point of the parish on its western side. Under Father Phil's cheery influence, and the quaint humor of his racy yarns, my pulses soon began to leap.

Our first stop was in front of a little hut that stood at the foot of the hills. We entered. Coming in out of the daylight I could see nothing; but a moan from the interior soon convinced me that the place was tenanted. Father Phil struck a match, and taking a taper from the pocket of his great coat lighted it. A vision of the hardy, dauntless miner, with the lantern in his cap, plunging into the bowels of the earth to gather up its treasures, flashed across my mind; and I thought how far less arduous and profitless was his calling than that of this spiritual miner plunging into the depths of misery's dark abode to gather that greater treasure — a human soul.

But what a spectacle was revealed by the taper's light! Stretched upon a little heap of straw, lay the form of an old woman with nothing but a few rags to cover her. No fire upon the hearth, no hand to wipe the death-sweat from her brow, or pour a drop of moisture on the parched lips, — nothing, nothing but chillness, destitution and the shadow of death was around this old woman of seventy years.

Father Phil administered the last Sacraments; gave the poor creature a draught of brandy, and made her otherwise as comfortable on her bed of straw as he possibly could, telling her at the same time, he would send one of the neighbors to keep watch beside her. Then, with a struggle, lifting herself on one elbow, she said: "Sure, Father Phil, I don't think it's right to ask God to let me into heaven before you."

The poor creature sank back and Father Phil and myself hastened away. A kind watcher was soon sent to tend the old woman in her last moments. Through all the remaining hours of that day we visited scores of cabins. The pall of poverty hung over them all; but in each and every one Father Phil made a rent in the cloud through which the rays of loving charity shone; and the spectre of hunger was exorcised for a time at least.

As we reached the village confines on our return home, Father Phil said we should pay only one more visit. He reined up Joan at the opening of a dirty, crooked, and narrow lane. It was pitch dark and we had to grope our way until the glimmer of a rush-light met our eyes through the slits of a time and weather-worn door.

What a sight was there! Crouching around a half burned log

were a woman and four children, the eldest of whom could not be more than eight years of age. All of them were squatted on the bare, earthen ground except the youngest of the children which rested in the woman's lap.

"God save all here," said Father Phil. There was no answer. Mother and children were in a drowse — the languid drowse of hunger and weakness. Father Phil moved nearer and laid his hand on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Mrs. Mooney, don't you know me?" She started up like one out of a fever-dream, and looking around an instant, ejaculated: "Oh, yer reverence, forgive me!"

The children, now awakened, nestled closer to each other, and looked with frightened faces at the priest and me. All the fascinating frankness and buoyancy of childhood had left them. The hunger pangs had entered even into their little souls, the one active instinct left them being that of crouching closer together at any approach or intrusion.

Father Phil's manner and words — and the latter came with a peculiar huskiness — soon reassured the little brood and they looked at him with less timid eyes. The second eldest, a little girl of five, even ventured to speak by asking: "Mammy, will daddy come back to us any more?"

"Deed he will, deed he will, Lizzie;" and a few minutes later the mother's words were verified, when a big-framed man, with a heavy load of something on his back beneath which he staggered came in and flung down his burden on the floor, saying, "Mary, how is the poor childher now?"

It was Conn Mooney spoke. He had not seen Father Phil and me as he entered, but a second glance revealed our presence to him. The cold sweat that had been dropping from his temples when he came in fairly rained from his forehead when his eyes beheld Father Phil. Throwing his hands wildly above his head, he exclaimed in agonizing tones, "Oh, is the hand o' God sthraight against me intirely?" he reeled and fell at the priest's feet before Father Phil or I had time to catch him.

The scene that followed in that cabin of misery I must not attempt to describe. It burned into the roots of my heart and mind so deeply that no time or change can ever tear its remembrance out.

Under Father Phil's skilful help and directions the stricken man recovered consciousness and spoke. In a little while further we helped him to sit up.

"Now, Conn, like a good man, tell me what is the matter. Don't be any way delicate about telling old Father Phil," said the priest.

"Take me to the jail, an' let Mary an' the childher go to the poor-house, an' then I'll tell all," he answered despairingly.

"Tis out of your trouble I want to help you, not into more, Conn," said the priest.

After a moment's reverie, the man, with a hunted look yet in his eyes, said: "My wife and childher wor starvin' to death before me eyes, I thried for work an' couldn't get it. Them little ones' cries for some-

thin' to ate wor like spikes goin' through me heart. I went out at dusk this evenin' sayin' if there was anything they could ate above or below ground that I could get at, no matther who owned it, I'd take it an' bring it home. I went an' filled a bag wud peyatees an' turnips an' a goose, an' whin I threw 'em down on the flure there I saw you Father Phil an' I gev in complately because it was from you I stole 'em."

"You're nearer to my heart to-night, Conn, than ever. You didn't commit a venial sin," said Father Phil. Turning to Mrs. Mooney, he said: "Now give the little ones their supper, and rely on it, all will be well. Good-night. Conn, step out with me a minute."

Though the moisture was gathering in Conn Mooney's eyes, it was plain that the man's mental firmness was returning as he followed us out with a much steadier gait than that with which he entered. Slipping the gold snuff-box into Conn's hand, Father Phil said: "Go down to Dunn, the pawn-broker, in the morning, and tell him to give you all he can on this. Buy clothes for the little ones, and send them to Mass Christmas Day. Your wife will be able to provide them with a Christmas dinner."

The moisture in Conn Mooney's eyes condensed, and Father Phil and I felt the hot tears falling on our hands as we bade him good-night.

## CHAPTER II.

"I'm bidden' you a long farewell
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you darlin'
In the land I'm goin' to.
They say there's bread an' work for all
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair."

MY Christmas Day in Ballyroon was one of those happy festivals that leave a memorable and shining mark on the road of life like an oasis in the desert to which the wearied traveller looks back with ever-increasing fondness.

After dinner we called into some of the cabins we had visited a few days previously, and we were delightfully surprised at the change that had taken place. Where want and suffering had been rife, happiness and comfort shed their cheering rays. Conn Mooney, in whom I had taken a special interest, sat smiling with his four little ones, bright-faced and tidily dressed, playing around him. The only shadow on the brightness of the picture was their mother ill in bed. The barb of long and silent suffering, alas, had settled in her heart.

"Conn," said Father Phil as we were leaving, "I want to see you in the morning."

He came just as Father Phil and I were taking breakfast.

"Conn," said the priest, "when did you last hear from your brother Dan in America?"

"I never got a line from him, yer reverence, since the day I gave

him that £25 to take him to California. Sure it broke me to pieces. You see I owed an owld arrears of £30. 10 to the landlord and his agent, Nathan Pratt, towld me he was willin' to let me give the money to Dan an' wait until Dan would send it back. Ah! yer reverence, Dan—but maybe the poor fellow couldn't keep his promise."

"Sit down, Conn," said the priest to the man who was still standing near the door with his hat in hand.

"Now, Conn, tell me how was it that Mr. Pratt was so generous as to let you give away that money to Dan."

"I believe the agent was afeerd of him, yer reverence, an' he'd do anything to get rid of him. I never towld you before, sir; but Dan caught Pratt in a disgraceful act wan evenin' an' me brother threw him into the river without as much as saying 'be yer lave.' That's the kind of a man Dan always was."

"Now, when were you evicted from the farm, Conn?"

"Last Lady Day in August, yer reverence. Sure, I never saw a bright day sence till you came to me cabin the other night."

"You were put out for the old arrears?"

"Yes, yer reverence."

Father Phil took a little package from his pocket and said: "I have here two letters from your brother Dan; one I received six weeks ago which I answered—the other came to me on Christmas eve."

"Musha, how is the poor fellow at all, at all?" broke in Conn.

Father Phil read as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15, 1878.

REV. SIR: In an Irish paper I read some time ago under the head of "Eviction in Ballyroon" the case of a brother of mine, Conn Mooney, who was thrown out of his house and farm by Nathan Pratt, agent of the Ponsoby estate for an old debt of £30.10. When I was leaving Ireland I promised to pay that money which I did. I sent Pratt first a check for £15 on the 10th of December, 1876, and on the 1st of May, 1877, I sent him a second check for £20, telling him, at the same time, to hand the balance over what was due to my brother Conn. Pratt wrote back and said he followed out my instructions, but I never heard a word of or from Conn until I saw that notice in the paper. Will you, Rev. Sir, look into this matter and let me know all?

Respectfully,

DAN MOONEY.

"Oh, Dan, Dan, you never forgot me afther all," exclaimed the poor fellow, more mindful of his brother's affectionate thoughtfulness than of Pratt's villainous treachery and fraud.

"The second letter," said Father Phil, "will be more pleasing to you, Conn, than to Mr. Pratt, as it contains the affidavit of the cashier of the San Francisco bank, from which the drafts were issued in favor of Nathan Pratt, and here is a check for yourself for £30."

Conn was dumbfounded; in truth, so was I.

"Now," he cried, "the bloom an' blush will come back to poor Mary's cheeks. She never murmured through all the thryin' days. God's blessin's be on you, Father Phil."

Conn hurried home to pour the good tidings into Mary's ear; and Billy came in to get what he called his reverence's "commands" for the day. He was told to tackle Joan to the gig, but before going to exe-

cute the order, Billy had to offer his congratulations on the good luck that had befallen Conn, from whom he had just heard the news.

"Sure, I never thought the poor fellow an' his dacent wife wor so sthranded until t'other night," said Billy.

"How did you come to know it then?" asked Father Phil.

"Oh, now, when he's all right an' as you know about it too, I may as well tell ye," said Billy. "You see I was comin' up there back o' the house, when I heerd an awful cluckin' in the hen-roost, an' runnin' in to see what was the noise about, who would I meet but poor Conn Mooney. He didn't touch a thing, but he towld me the childher was hungry, an' I towld him to take a goose an' fill up a bag o' peyatees an' turnips, an' take 'em home. He towld me after about meetin' ye in his cabin."

"You gave good advice for once in your life, Billy," said Father Phil with a smile, and Billy cleared out to harness Joan.

"Joe," said Father Phil, "let us go and see this fellow Pratt. His house is only a couple of miles from here. Are you willing?" "Not only willing but anxious to go," I replied.

We found the agent. He was all cordiality and graciousness until Father Phil put the question, "Is there not some way of replacing Conn Mooney on his farm, Mr. Pratt?"

The face of the agent became livid, and he stammered out equivocally: "The Hon. Mr. Ponsoby, landlord of the estate, is the person to answer that question I should think."

"Well," said Father Phil, with a cool and cutting simplicity that was inimitable, "the person who caused Mooney's eviction without acquainting Mr. Ponsoby of that and *other* matters connected with it, ought to be able to reinstate him in his holding."

"Mooney was evicted for arrears of rent," was Pratt's curt rejoinder.

"How much did he owe?"

"£30.10."

"Now, Mr. Pratt, if you add £20 to £15 wouldn't that make more than £30.10?"

"Have you come to teach me mathematics?" was the agent's insolent reply.

"No. A higher lesson than that, Mr. Pratt—justice to your fellow-man. Did not Dan Mooney, now of San Francisco, send you the full amount of the arrears and £4.10 over?"

"He lies, sir."

"Then," said Father Phil, "the cashier of the merchant's bank in San Francisco and the manager of the Bank of Ireland are guilty of perjury;" and drawing that ominous package from his pocket again the priest read the affidavits setting forth that the two aforesaid checks had been issued in favor of Nathan Pratt, and the money paid to him in Dublin.

The agent reeled and fell from his chair. We summoned the servants and left.

Father Phil and I were taking tea that evening when we heard an unusual clamor in the street outside. We thought at first it was the noise of the mummers until Billy rushed in and said, "Oh, Father Phil, the people want to see you. They are celebratin' the death o' Nathan Pratt!"

"Pratt! what?"

"The agent cut his throat with a razor this evenin', an' the people are wild over it;" and Billy rushed out again.

Father Phil and I followed him. The words were true. Before the door was a throng of people with evergreens, streamers, and other emblems of jubilation. Father Phil surveyed the crowd a moment and then said:

"My friends, my friends, this will never do. The soul of Nathan Pratt is now in the hands of the living God, and we must keep ours off. This demonstration is altogether unseemly."

"'Twas the only dacent act in his whole life," said a voice in the crowd.

"He'd like to have some one to evict him from where he is now," cried another.

But Father Phil was stern, and under his dissuasion the crowd quickly broke into fragments.

Next day Conn Mooney came to me while Father Phil was absent, and handing me the snuff-box which he had just redeemed, said: "Poor Mary's gone, sir, an' she died like the low wind that blows over us in the spring time an' is felt no more; but I'll miss her."

Poor Conn, just as the skies were clearing, here comes another cloud to overcast them. I told him how Father Phil had written to Mr. Ponsoby, in London, showing how unjustly he had been evicted from his farm for an old arrears that had been paid, but dishonestly pocketed by the dead agent, Pratt.

"Oh, sir, the agents is bad, the landlords is bad; but the big government behind 'em is worst of all. Mary often said that while England's hand is over us we can't thrive. I believe she was right. I'll never go back to that farm, an' tell Father Phil so."

I did tell him; and after I had done so, he showed me a brief note he had just received from the Hon. Mr. Ponsoby, wherein that pompous person averred that he was not responsible for the acts of his agents, and that if Mooney had not paid his arrears into the landlord's purse, it was right to put him out, and out he should stay.

My last day in Ballyroon was one I shan't soon forget. There were two funerals on that day. The coffin containing the remains of Mary Mooney was borne on the shoulders of the people, and followed by a vast throng to its last resting-place in the old Abbey churchyard; and the rich casket in which Nathan Pratt's remains rested was slid by a hired undertaker's assistants into a walled vault with the requiem, "that job's done."

Conn Mooney and his children came out to San Francisco a few years ago. I crossed the Atlantic too, and the last letter I had from

Father Phil conveyed the news that Conn had sent him all the way from California another gold snuff-box, and he said he did not exactly know what to do with it. Perhaps the reader may be able to guess.

JOHN LOCKE.

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# Trades Unions: Give the Boys a Chance.

IT is a good instance of the patience the working people show in dealing with one another, that they long ago quietly submitted to the Trades Union order, which destroyed every chance their children had of learning a trade. It was a silly and suicidal policy which the unions adopted towards apprentices; silly because the day was to come when it would have to be repudiated, and suicidal because the spirit which prompted it was only a new shape for the devil, who rules the fierce monopolies of the country.

The working people were patient because the wrong done their children was done in the supposed interest of the poor. Boys were not to learn trades in numbers, lest the temptation to work for less wages might be too strong, and the condition of the mechanic be lowered. That is, the Trades Unions deliberately and foolishly preferred to put the screws on their own rather than to fight the injustice of contractors. It would have been a comparatively easy matter to educate a multitude of young bricklayers, or other tradesmen, in standing by one another in defence of their rights. It would have had a better effect than shutting out hundreds from a handicraft, and creating enemies in the rear as well as in the front. The trades made themselves monopolies, and thousands looked at their struggle with other monopolies as we look at the struggle of wild beasts.

The result in twenty years has been strikingly bad. The number of good tradesmen has diminished. The unions have succeeded in keeping out the young men; but they have not succeeded in making good workmen of those they admitted. It became a matter of influence to get a boy an apprenticeship, and the best boys do not always have or ask for influence. An aristocracy is recruited carefully from the ranks; but, for all the care in recruiting, an aristocracy goes to the bad easily. We have poorer mechanics to-day than we had twenty years ago, although they are fewer. A feeling of bitterness against the injustice of the unions on this point has filled many hearts. This is what the unions have gained by their policy of exclusion,—a poorer and scantier quality of mechanics, and the ill-will of the hundreds whom they have excluded.

But the most painful result of their policy has been the destruction of the apprenticeship system, and a partial extinction of the mechanic. The time is buried when a boy might go to the house of his master, and at his table and the workbench learn what it meant to be a decent man and a skilled tradesman. He learns a trade by stealth, or by influence, and when it is learned feels under obligations to no one. The

guards of a master's eye, and the influence of his home, are taken from him, nor does he feel the safe restraint of the old-time articles. There will be some severe work in resuscitating the ancient, honorable institution, and also in reviving the master worthy to teach apprentices. The selfish spirit of the unions has seized the individual member, and money is the measure of the work which master and apprentice will do for each other. The tradesman must be bought to teach and the apprentice paid to learn. Under such conditions it is not to be wondered at that the mechanic has nearly disappeared from the country districts, and in cities is so much of a prize as to command wages out of all proportion to his skill.

When the unions will open their eyes to the folly of their doings is a question. A few weeks ago one of them passed a resolution in convention which, though very weak, shows that they have not altogether lost their heads. The resolution gave greater latitude to local spirit by leaving to each State the right of determining the length of apprentice terms, provided for the issuing of certificates to good workmen, and forbade one master painter to employ the apprentices of another master without the latter's consent. These provisions will sit down on the "influence" racket somewhat, and give the boys a better chance. They need to be adopted along the entire line. Sooner or later the unions will have to choose between accepting all decent applicants, or seeing arrayed against them those who ought to be their brethren.

The Catholic Review.

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# Snakes Will not Live on Irish Soil.

JAMES FRANCIS HOGAN, in his book, "The Irish in Australia," relates that Vaucluse, one of the prettiest spots on Sydney Harbor, has a curious and romantic history. At the beginning of the century it was chosen as his place of residence by Sir Henry Hayes, an Irish baronet, who had the misfortune to be transported for abducting the lady on whom he had set his affections, but who did not see her way to reciprocate his tender passion. Though technically a prisoner, Sir Henry's rank and social position caused him to be treated by the authorities as a privileged person, and he was allowed a full measure of freedom on his giving his word of honor that he would make no attempt to leave the colony and return to Ireland. Sir Henry accepted his fate with philosophical resignation, and commenced to build a new home for himself on the beautiful estate which he had purchased and called Vaucluse. But though the place was, and still is, one of the loveliest spots on earth, it had at that time one serious and annoying drawback. It was infested with snakes. One day, however, a bright idea struck Sir Henry as he was cogitating on the subject, and wondering if there were any practicable means of ridding himself of these unwelcome intruders. He resolved to try a bold and remarkable ex-

periment. He would see whether the virtue of St. Patrick's prohibition of snakes on Irish soil would extend to the same soil if transferred to the other side of the world. He accordingly sent home for a number of barrels of Irish soil, and they arrived in Sydney in due course. Sir Henry then spread this imported earth, as far as it would go, around his residence, with the result, very gratifying to himself, that his domestic precincts were never afterwards troubled by snakes, although the other portions of the estate continued to be infested by the reptiles. Succeeding occupants of Vaucluse, amongst them the distinguished statesman, W. C. Wentworth, all agree in testifying to the singular fact that a snake was never known to cross the charmed circle of Irish earth.

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# A Bostonian in New York.

## II.

THERE are very few teams in New York such as those commonly used in Boston. In the former city they are mostly all trucks. They are very long and wide and can carry a tremendous load of freight. These teams fill the great, busy thoroughfares. The driver is perched upon a high seat, and, seemingly, does not pay the slightest attention to the crowd below trying to cross the street. As I stated in my last letter, there are but a few places where the police are stationed to help people cross from one side of the street to the other; hence, these bold drivers have their own way, and will most always take the precedence in passing. The moving of furniture is carried on in a way that adds greatly to its safety. Teams used for this purpose resemble very strikingly the circus conveyances used by the great showman Barnum for his animals, and not unlike those used by N. Ward to carry dead horses to the bone-yard.

One of the first things that the stranger notices is the horse-cars. He looks at them with apparent surprise and astonishment. If there is any city or any place in this State that has such poor and very disgraceful-looking cars as are found in New York City, I should like to hear of it. To be sure, there is the famous Broadway surface railway, whose cars however, can only be called neat and modest in their design and appearance. I say famous, only because of the disgraceful notoriety the road has achieved. Cars of every ugly design can be seen running through the streets, some with one horse, others with two; some with only a driver, others with a driver and conductor. These cars are in some instances so dirty and cheap-looking that a striking contrast is afforded when a well-dressed person is seen in one of them. On one line of cars, that I saw running through some back streets, the horses attached were in such a condition, that, if used for any other purpose than resting in Boston, it would so incite the feelings of humane people, that a mandate from the society with the long name would be immedi-

ately ordered and instantaneously executed. These poor animals pull the cars like a drowning person struggling for shore. The cruel drivers, who are a tough-looking class of men, club the poor animals and use blasphemous expressions, obviously believing that such treatment will make the moribund horses move faster.

With exceptions of one or two lines the conductor has no insignia by which he can be generally recognized, and the driver is usually arrayed in shabby clothes. On most of the cars neither the conductor nor the driver wear any uniform. Another thing I noticed was the quickness displayed by the conductor in collecting fares. In Boston, as is well known, a passenger often rides quite a distance before the conductor comes for the fare; and, indeed, it is not infrequent that a person has reached the designated point before the fare is collected, and in getting off settles with the conductor. But how different in New York! The minute you enter a car the conductor follows, and as you seat yourself on the hard, wooden board, he is in front of you with his hand held out. If a person stands on the platform, out comes the conductor's hand the first thing. The people of New York, of course, do not mind this, as they are used to it; but a person from the Hub is greatly surprised at the conductor's swiftness in this respect. It is not his fault however, for it is one of the rules he must obey. Five cents is the fare, and the conductor pulls a strap at every fare, or is supposed to, and moves the hand along the dial. A conductor will curse if a man signals the car to stop; but it is seldom that any one commits this crime. There is little need of it at best, as cars of the same kind are rnnning every few minutes. It is not like waiting for a car to the West End in Boston. When a driver sees a lady who wishes to ride he stops the car; when she gets on he starts again without getting a signal from the conductor. The minute a man jumps aboard and stands on the front platform the driver rings the bell, which is subsequently followed by the conductor putting his hand through the aperture in the door and saying, "fare." One ring stops the car and one ring starts it. There are no two rings on the bell at once. The first ring means to stop, and the following one means to go ahead, and so on in order. Smoking is allowed in the open cars when women are not in them. How mad I would get to see a woman stop the car! A good deal more could be said of these cars and the manner in which they are run. I patronized them so much while in New York that I noticed these little things, so different in many respects than in Boston. But in our city much more pains are taken,—with the street-cars I mean,—and thus greater safety is assured.

I have said that the cars on Broadway are the best in New York City. The others are so bad, that the adjective best is used only to fairly discriminate, and does not, therefore, mean all it would otherwise imply. Any of the cars run in Boston are better than these. But what a tale there is about this road! I do not know the entire story, but enough of it, as most persons do who read the daily papers and keep posted on the events of the times. This road, unquestionably, has done a great deal for the working man and is a benefit to the city.

But the manner in which the right was obtained by the projectors to run cars on this great thoroughfare is a striking example of the corruption that exists in polities, the wonderful things that can be achieved by the use of money, and giving to the office-holders the uncomplimentary, though just title, "Boodlers." The manner in which these Aldermen were convicted is the same old story over and over again. Jesus Christ was betrayed by Judas for twelve pence; our country's independence was nearly lost through Benedict Arnold, a man who was, before becoming a traitor, considered one of the bravest officers that we had in our great war of the Revolution; the Phœnix Park murderers were betrayed by their leader; and so it was here. A lot of these unscrupulous politicians banded together; the price for their votes was named and accepted. When partial detection was staring them in the face some of these city fathers became afraid. What did the convictors do? Looked for a traitor, and not only did they find one but several, and the result was that these men have scattered. They have been sent to prison, the grave, to foreign countries, and to dishonor, disgrace, and ignominy. Elected to represent their respective constituencies, and act for the public good, they forgot everything when money was held out to them.

Notwithstanding all this the road is patronized to a greater extent than any other horse-railroad in the city. There are now two hundred and sixteen of Jake Sharp's cars plying up and down Broadway daily. The conductor and driver work ten hours a day and receive twelve a dollars week. Here is a list of the so-called "Boodle" Aldermen, showing their present positions and stopping-places:

*In Sing Sing Prison* — Jaehne, O'Neil, McQuade.
*In Canada* —Maloney, Sayles, Keenan, Dempsey, De Lacy.
*Run away to Germany* — Rotham.
*Informers, worst of all* — Duffy, Fullgraff.
*Insane* — McCabe.
*Dead* — Kenny, McLaughlin.

Jake Sharp has for several months been languishing in luxurious refinement in Ludlow Street Jail, where every comfort that money could procure was afforded him. After his lawyers brought his case before several high courts in the State, they finally succeeded in having his conviction to Sing Sing Prison for four years over-ruled, and a new trial granted their famous client. Sharp is now out on bail, and if a new trial is had it will not be before January. If Sharp does not put in an appearance at that trial, a couple of his friends will be obliged to contribute to the county's treasury the sum of forty thousand dollars. If Sharp really intends going to Canada, or some other country where he will be safe from the clutches of the United States law, it is very likely that he would hand the bail money over to his bondsmen, and, of course, they would know enough to say nothing until the time came, and then pay the money, representing it as their own loss; but such things, I have no doubt, have often been done among friends. Possibly when this is in print Jake Sharp will be no more. To-day he is

a sick man, and considering his advanced years, the trouble and anxiety he has undergone, the frightful scathing by the press, and last, but not least, his escape from Sing Sing when he was on the threshold of that institution, are reasons enough to kill any man. When a man has reached the age of seventy years, and is the possessor of millions of dollars, as Sharp is, death would seem preferable to the prison or banishment.

The story of Sharp's early life makes interesting reading. It tells of a boy who enters the great metropolis from the rural districts with hardly a penny. His trials and temptations are pointed out; and, finally, with much perseverance he succeeds, and gradually rises and builds a road on which he subsequently travels to wealth, influence, and fame. Then what comes? It is the old story of greed — the more you have, the more you want. Becoming interested in railroads, etc., he looks for the public office-holders to get proper legislation for the success of his corporations. It is probable that he often succeeded at this business, for it is said of many New York politicians, that they are like an empty house marked "For Sale." The last scheme which required hired legislation was secured; but it was for Jake Sharp, and many others, "The last straw that broke the camel's back." But with all the ups and downs of his checkered career, he is a sad object to look upon to-day. He has not only caused misery for himself but to his family, for though he may pass away, the name cannot be forgotten where bribery and "boodle" stories are related. It will be linked with Tweed's. None of the latter's family could ever secure a place in society or anywhere else hardly, through the sins of their father — so it will be for the Sharp family. Suppose, for instance, that Jake Sharp's son ran for a public office, — would he be elected? No; and the one thing, if no other, that would cause his defeat, would be because he was the son of his father.

The conductor on one of Jake Sharp's cars, as they are often called, strikes me as being in a better position to-day than the wily wire-puller, and this fact brings to my memory a few lines of Whittier's beautiful poem on "Maud Muller," where a rich judge is going along a country road, and seeing a bare-footed, but healthy and beautiful looking maiden, murmurs to himself,—

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;
And her modest and graceful air
Shows her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay;
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
A wealth and quiet and loving words."

One day I saw a horse-car going in one direction, and a large truck close by it going in an opposite direction. It was a tussle, apparently, to see which would succeed first. Bang! bang! went the truck against one side of the car, taking glass, sashes, and all in a

twinkling, and with one loud crash. The passengers, on that side, especially, jumped from their seats in great haste, and wore terrified expressions on their countenances. I could almost foretell what would happen when I saw the car and the truck so close; but I have always noticed that drivers of all kinds of vehicles are pretty stubborn about giving in for another to pass first. A policeman happened to be close by but he said not a word. The driver stopped the car, and the conductor was already questioning the driver of the truck, that had demolished one side of the car, diverse questions, such as his name, place of employment, etc., besides taking other notes. A Gothamite who was with me at the time informed me that if the car-horses met with any accident, or even death, neither driver nor conductor are held responsible; but if any harm happens the car, whether their fault or not, they have to meet the loss themselves. I suppose this was the reason the driver stopped the car and the conductor catechized the driver of the car-smasher.

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

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# The Rose of Tralee.

THE pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to a cool crystal fountain
That lies in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was gentle and fair as the roses of summer;
But it was not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eyes ever beaming,
That make me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading,
And Mary all blushing sat listening to me;
The pale moon her rays through the valley was shedding,
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

She was gentle and fair as the rose of the summer;
But it was not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eyes ever beaming,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

WM. PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

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WHAT would you do, if you were never to be delivered from your trials? You would say to God: "I am Thine; if my miseries are pleasing to Thee multiply them, prolong them." Make friends with your trials as if you were always to live together, and you will find that when you no longer think of them and cease to be anxious, God will deliver you from them.

# God Must Have His Place.

THERE is a philosophy that has the brave humility to walk right up to the cross, and ceasing to argue, in order to pray, bows down and whispers, "I believe Thy word, O Lord, because it is Thy word." There is a philosophy that deems it no shame, but honor highest, to kneel before the altars of faith. There is a philosophy, which, though it questions the arguments of man, calls never into dispute the words of God. There is a philosophy which approaches religion, not as a critic to find fault, but as a child to listen and to learn. There is a philosophy which, when syllogisms fail, lays hold on faith and is saved from despair.

Far different is the philosophy accepted and advocated by so-called sages of our age. Theirs battles against faith, regards religion as a rival, and treats revelation as an enemy. And their reason made wise in its way by their philosophy, but made proud by its wisdom and made blind by its pride, assumes, more so now than ever, an attitude of hostility towards the grandest truths of heaven and earth. Renan in France has hurled his sacrilegeous sophisms against the divinity of the Saviour, and coupled the holy name with those of Socrates and Plato; and his efforts to disprove Christ's divinity are applauded. His work runs through various editions, and is translated into many languages.

In England and Germany, and in this country, a philosophy is, and has long been current, which utterly, and on principle, discards everything above the reach or beyond the scope of reason. That philosophy is as false to man as it is to God. It puts human knowledge in the place of divine faith, and substitutes the vain speculations of man for the truths of eternity. Out of its dead logic it [illegible] men to derive life. It puts forth its own reasonings in place of Christ's doctrines. In its pride and effrontery it sneers at the *divine*, and when, along the line of its arguments, it meets with Jesus Christ, as meet Him it must, it ignores His divinity, and, like Pilate, presents Him to its readers and contemptuously cries out, "*Behold the man.*" There is nothing in religion too holy to be trifled with by that philosophy. Instead of kneeling like a child at the feet of religion, it arraigns her at its own tribunal; and, like Christ before Caiphas, false witnesses are summoned to give testimony against her.

Such is the philosophy which enters so largely into our civilization, and is leading it, Christian though it be called, farther and farther away from the cross. And if there was anything grand in that philosophy; if depth of thought, clearness of statement, honesty of argument characterized it, while we could not accept its conclusions, and must repudiate its propositions, we might, at least, admire its powers, ill-directed though they were. But it is shallow and vague. It handles words with great ingenuity; but deep, broad thought it has not. It criticises, but does not create. It talks glibly of all things, but explains nothing. It goes groping through the dark, and no wonder, for the light of God, which is reason's sun, has sunk from its gaze. The philosophy of the age, in the main, has ostracized God. It boasts the name of rationalism. Its true title is irrationalism

N. O. Morning Star.

# Ireland and the Victorian Era.

YOU ask me — Why have not the Irish joined in the celebrations of the Queen's Jubilee? I answer that, if the Jubilee were intended to honor the Queen in a personal sense, Ireland had ample reason for her sullen silence. If it were designed to celebrate her government of Ireland for fifty years, holding her responsible, Ireland could not participate in it; for, if responsible, she is, as a sovereign, to Ireland, infamous.

Let the Queen tell her own story of her government of Ireland, and expound her own sense of her responsibility for it. It is to be found in the Life of the Prince Consort, approved and annotated by her. It is clearly shown therein that the Prince, who habitually obeyed the injunction of his friend and mentor, Baron Stockmar, to "be the constitutional genius of the Queen," "qualified himself thoroughly for supporting the sovereign by his advice" by "giving the most assiduous attention to every subject, whether at home or abroad." His diary confirms this and affords copious details in support of it. The standard of duty and prerogative which animated them is defined in a letter from Stockmar to the Prince, "containing the expression of a conviction," says the official biographer, with the Queen's sanction, "which it was the study of the Prince's life to realize." Whigs and Tories, writes Stockmar, saw that there was only one thing to keep democracy within bounds:

> "This one thing was the upholding and strengthening of the autonomy of the monarchical element, which the fundamental idea of the English constitution had from the first conceded to royalty, and, indeed, concedes to the present hour. . . . In reference to the Crown the secret is simply this: Since 1830 the executive power has been entirely in the hands of the ministry; and these being more the servants of Parliament, particularly the House of Commons, than of the Crown, it is practically in the hands of that House. This is a distortion of the fundamental idea of the British constitution which could not fail to grow by degrees out of the incapacity of her sovereigns rightly to understand and to deal with their positions and out of the encroachments on their privileges by the House of Commons. Still, the right of the Crown to assert itself as permanent head of the council over the temporary leader of the ministry, and to act as such, is not likely to be gainsaid even by those who regard it through the spectacles of party."

Upon this significant intimation the official biographer declares that "the Prince's reply must have been most welcome, for it gave Baron Stockmar the clearest assurance that the objects of his solicitude had advanced far in securing the very position before the country which he had set his heart upon their maintaining."

The insidious hint of Stockmar,— that it was the incapacity of preceding sovereigns that had made effectual "the encroachments of Parliament upon the power of the crown"— would have cost a head in the sturdy days when those "encroachments" were being effected. The Queen's reprinting of the Stockmar letter, and her approval of the comment upon it, is a sufficient refutation of the pleasant apology in her behalf that she did not meddle with government. The truth is, that while the prince lived they devoted their entire time to meddling with the government, when not visiting on the continent or absorbed in private

pleasure at home. The "Life" shows that they shared the industry of ministers in all diplomatic transactions; that they indicated their own preferences in advance to cabinets upon all matters which aroused their feelings or touched their interests. Concerning Ireland, the diary of the Prince, the letters of the Queen, and the narrative of the "Life," show that they had constant and close contemplation of the condition of that country between 1842 and 1851; and the spirit which both betray toward it is one of stolid prejudice and profound hatred. The gigantic famine which came slowly, but with awful distinctness, upon the country in 1846, and whose effects were not over in 1850, is minutely chronicled by his hand and hers. The chronicle shows that she was silent when a word from her would have saved the lives of tens of thousands of those she claimed as subjects; that she participated in gay festivities while thousands were being buried like dogs, coffinless, starved amid plenty; that coercion laws enacted at every session of Parliament while the famine continued, to "enforce tranquillity" while the slaughter went on all over the land, received her prompt signature, and that she refused to visit the suffering country while the dread visitation was blighting it. She knew that every year, while tens of thousands perished of hunger, food enough was raised by their labor to feed more than twice the entire population. Where is her protest against its export; where is her protest against the tithes collected during those years from the starving and the dying for the support of the church of which she was the head, and whose portals the victims never crossed?

When the famine was over she visited the island for the first and last time, carefully guarded by seven men-of-war. Surrounded by military she gazed upon a country over whose face the great scars must have been as visible as the paths of lava down fertile uplands, and over the fair bosom of the volcano-swept landscape. Two million and a half of the people had disappeared; more human beings had been starved into the grave in three years under her rule than England lost by the sword in all her wars. She had written that in the presence of great events she is unmoved; "it is only trifles that irritate me." In the presence of the greatest disaster that Europe has witnessed, she remained unmoved. During the week of her stay she spoke no word of pity, performed no act of clemency. In the phrase of the great poet she could say, —

> "I have given suck and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;"

but she was unmoved when Irish mothers gave suck to adult sons that they might be able to stand up in the Relief works and earn a pittance to postpone death for the robbed infants. She was unmoved when frenzied mothers ate the babes that plucked in vain at withered nipples. She was unmoved when crowds of little children could be seen scattered over the ripened fields, or in winter, like flocks of famishing crows, devouring raw turnips, shivering in snow, half naked, and uttering cries of hunger. She was unmoved when signing bills, taking away the last remnant of civil liberty from an entire people, whose offence was, that landlords carried out of their country the food intended by nature and

raised by their own hands for their sustenance, leaving three-fourths of them to feel the pangs of starvation. Desperation had resulted in the attempt at insurrection which filled the jails with victims. It had been represented to the people that if they treated the Queen with civility she would release some of the prisoners. They needed no bribe to be courteous to a woman. But the pledge, whether authorized or not, was unfulfilled

Forty years have passed. She has been consistent. The traditions of her stock and of the Prince, that men exist to be sold or to be kept as tax-payers, have not been infringed for Ireland, even by caprice or chance. When another famine was threatened in 1880 the precepts and precedents of Albert's days —"those days of untroubled happiness," as she has recently described them — were sacredly maintained. Once more coercion — the clang of the prison door, the rattle of musketry, the suppression of the press, the cowing of the people, men-of-war in the harbors, increased evictions, "enforced tranquillity." Nor has she been recreant to her principles even in her year of Jubilee. The meanest tyrants who occupied the throne of declining Rome might dignify their jubilees by the manumission of slaves, the liberation of captives of war, the breaking of dungeon-locks upon political prisoners. With unflinching hand Victoria has celebrated the fiftieth year of her reign in Ireland by another of Albert's "remedial measures" — a coercion act; and instead of pardoning a prisoner who loved his poor motherland even more than he despises the Queen, she will erect, if necessary, additional jails to enclose, on the slightest pretext, hundreds, including among them, without hesitation, the elected representatives of the people.

Nor can she cloud behind extraordinary intellectual attainments or virile governing faculties her want of attributes essentially womanly. She has incessantly meddled with the State. But she is guiltless of statesmanship. An Elizabeth might be cruel like a man; but she was fearless, capable; she governed like a man. Victoria has never surrendered government to the constitutional agents who did not exist in Elizabeth's time; her interference has been petty, persistent, personal. She has not suggested a statute. She has not modified a legislative proposal. She has not furnished her country or her age with a sentence, a deed, an episode, to lend a glow to a page of her reign. The only claim seriously made for her is that she is a good woman, a good wife, and mother. The privilege of denying for their sovereign what good women the world over make no matter of boast — it is happily so common — I leave to English pens. The characterization of the Queen extant among her courtiers it would ill become a man of the Irish race to repeat. Whether as woman or sovereign, that race owes her only execration.

If we consider the history of Ireland apart from the Queen, and compare it, during the fifty years' period, with the history of Great Britain, the result can be indicated by using the plus sign for increase and the minus sign for loss. Thus:

| | Great Britain | Ireland. | | Great Britain. | Ireland. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Population | + | — | Steam power | + | — |
| Trade | + | — | Wealth | + | + |
| Shipping | + | — | Liberty | + | — |
| Textile industry | + | — | Taxation | — | + |
| Hardware | + | — | Poverty | — | + |
| Mining | + | — | | | |

A notable work of the year is Mr. Mulhall's "Fifty Years of National Progress." If we take his percentages and apply them to Ireland under their respective heads, we shall have some striking exhibits of the reason why Ireland abstained from the Jubilee. For instance, he finds that the population of the United Kingdom increased 42 per cent. The decline of Ireland's population is greater than the increase of that of the United Kingdom. Had everything in Ireland declined proportionately, we would have the figures in the first column of the following table instead of those in the second:

TABLE A.—ON BASIS OF DECLINE OF POPULATION.

| | What ought to be. | What is. |
|---|---|---|
| Wealth | £47,643,000 | £183,429,000 |
| Taxation | 2,500,000 | 7,531,857 |
| Physical force (cost of) | 738,714 | 4. 794,600 |

If, ignoring the decline in population of Ireland, we apply the percentages of increase under their respective heads for the United Kingdom, we will have the figures in the first column of the following table, instead of those in the second, which are the actual ones:

TABLE B. ON BASIS OF PROGRESS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

| | What ought to be. | What is. |
|---|---|---|
| Population | 11,000,000 | 4,800,000 |
| Wealth | £195,336,300 | £183,429,000 |
| Shipping (nominal tonnage) | 1,138,588 | 235,344 |
| Increase of steam tonnage | 18 | 4 |
| Textile manufacture (linen) | £20,000,000 | £5,000,000 |
| All other manufactures, textile and mineral | ? | 0 |

Whence it appears that in everything which constitutes progress Ireland has declined; and in everything which proves decay Ireland has progressed.

Some of these figures involve peculiar and unique interest; and I am glad to be able to draw the thoughtful attention of my American fellow-citizens to their extraordinary significance.

In the June number of the North American Review it was shown that under the inspiration of the National movement to recover legislative independence, certain facts were co-incident: That crime of every kind had declined until it is the lowest proportionately in the civilized world; that school enrollment has become the highest, proportionately, in the world; and that 85 of 103 constituencies have sent Nationalists to Parliament. That is the sum total of what the people have done for themselves. Now what has the government done for them in fifty years, in resistence to the national spirit?

It has reduced the tilth of one of the most fertile countries in

Europe to an eighth of the cultivable land; * and compels the people of England and Scotland to buy food from Russia, India, Canada, and the United States, instead of permitting them to buy a considerable quantity at their own doors. It has diminished by more than half the purchasers of English manufactures a few hours' sail from the factories. This blindness for British interests has been inseparable from a policy of brutality towards Ireland, of which the decay of her tillage and her population are only two great incidents.

A monstrous falsehood, which has been persistently sent forth, is completely refuted by the figures following "Physical force." It has been repeatedly asserted that only a small portion of the people were hostile to the government; that the great mass would be loyal if they got the chance. But what do the figures prove? That when the population was 8,000,000, and the school enrollment was one-sixteenth of it, the country was kept "loyal" by an expenditure of £1,500,000 for military and constabulary; and that, with a population half as large and the school enrollment one-fifth of it, with the great increase of intelligence which that indicates, it requires an expenditure more than six times greater, proportionally, for soldiers and constables to keep the country "loyal." †

If taxes had declined with population, Ireland would be paying £2,500,000 instead of three times that amount, which she actually pays. There is another significant fact under this head. The population fell away between 1847 and 1851 two million and a half on account of famine and excess of poverty. The time had surely come for a reduction of taxation. In 1852, the taxation of England and Scotland was reduced and 52 per cent. was added to the taxation of Ireland.

I will be reminded that more than half the taxes are paid in excise. That is true; distilling and its related industries are the only manufactures spared by English legislation for Ireland. Inasmuch as every article manufactured in Ireland which could be manufactured in England was by law prohibited in Ireland and destroyed, the inference is justified that Ireland was permitted to continue making whiskey because England could not make it as well to her satisfaction; while, at the same time, by keeping intoxicating drink cheap in Ireland, the latter would be rendered less able to cast off the yoke of her oppressor.

Customs, in spite of the alleged free trade of the United Kingdom,

* A very recent publication entitled The Material Progress of Ireland by Prof. Leone Levi, claiming that since there is more land under cultivation in Ireland than there was forty years ago, Ireland has been making progress, is misleading, because he fails to point out that in the decline of tillage and the increase of pasture there is a two-fold loss. First, the loss represented by the difference between the food supply produced by land under crops and land under grass, — a proportional difference of five to one; and secondly, the loss to Ireland in the export of meat almost exclusively on the hoof, the English manufacturer getting the advantage in hide, tallow, etc., at the expense of both the Irish farmer and manufacturer. Prof. Leone Levi also says that emigration has been necessary because, presumptively, Ireland has been overpopulated. This theory never had any substantial support, and was long ago exploded. The only arguments ever advanced in its behalf were political, not economic. In proportion to area and capacity for food production and manufactures, Ireland has been and is the most sparsely populated country in Europe.

† In addition to the armed police, England finds it necessary, for the maintenance of Castle government in Ireland against the will of the Irish people, to keep an immense mili-

pay one-fourth of the Irish taxes, stamps pay one-thirteenth, and the income tax one-tenth. Only a small portion of the total goes back to the people for their good. Physical force to keep them "loyal" consumes half the entire expenditure. A fifth goes to the National debt of Great Britain, in express violation of the Act of Union, by which it was declared that Ireland should not be held responsible for the debt of the empire prior to that act. An army of tax-eaters hostile to the tax-payers consumes a considerable sum; and after all this is done, a balance remains to be sent over annually to the English exchequer. In proportion to population and benefit to the tax-payers, Ireland is the most heavily taxed country on the globe.

The financial history of Ireland during the reign of the present sovereign would be incredible if it could not be demonstrated. While the population has diminished, the cultivation of the soil has declined and manufactures have failed to recover from the effects of prohibitory laws followed by the fixed domination of English interests in the Irish railways and markets, the banking power of Ireland has shown no decline. Forty years ago, when the population was about 8,000,000 the deposits in the joint stock banks of Ireland were £8,031,044. In 1885, with a population a little below 5,000,000, they were £29,240,000. The increase is not sevenfold as it is in the United Kingdom; but it is far more than sevenfold when we remember that the population and all the manufacturing industries in England and Scotland have also increased with the increase of the banking power.

The increase of the wealth of Ireland, as exhibited under this head alone, is complete proof of systematic misgovernment. The increase of wealth, as in England and Scotland, as Mr. Mulhall shows, is a diffused increase; more people have money, and the comforts it produces, in proportion to population in England and Scotland, than fifty years ago. In Ireland the rich have grown richer; the many have died of famine, or have been driven into exile; those who have remained at home have been kept in poverty for the enrichment of the few.

The complete impoverishment of the mass of the people and their subjection to the money power is shown from the bank statistics in still another way. In 1845 the certified issue of all the banks in Ireland was £6,354,000. In 1885 it was £6,052,516. It has never varied

tary garrison constantly in occupation of the country. This garrison amounts to an unusually strong expeditionary army. There are hardly ever less than 30,000, and often more than 50,000, English regular troops of all arms — infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers — quartered in Ireland. They occupy all the cities, chief towns, and strategic points. Proportionately to population, there are six soldiers in Ireland to every one there is in England.

To maintain this force in Ireland, England's standing army is put to a severe strain. This force is composed of the cream of the English levies — leaving out the Irish regiments, undoubtedly the best in the army, which are always carefully sent on foreign service whenever the Irish situation is thought "critical." For the purpose of the late war in Egypt Sir Garnet Wolseley was sorely pressed to scrape together an efficient expeditionary force; volunteers had to be asked for from the reserves to bring the war regiments up to their full campaigning strength; and in the end, after reducing the regiments of the home linked battalions to skeletons, Wolseley's force was largely made up of raw boys, who dropped like flies under the climate of Egypt. Yet, at that moment, there were 50,000 troops, the flower of the English army — twice as big a force as would have sufficed Wolseley, for these were real soldiers — under arms in Ireland; and of these England was afraid to stir a single man! — *Castle Government*, by T. P. Gill, M. P.

much from these figures during the entire interval, except following the famine of 1847, when it declined to about one-half for a short time. This uniformity in circulation, while deposits have increased and capital remained the same, discloses the absolute monopoly of the business of Ireland in the hands of the wealthy few. They need no more money in circulation now than they needed forty years ago. The bank stock, meanwhile, in a country without manufactures, with declining agriculture and diminished population, has always been excessively profitable. For many years in succession the Irish banks have paid their shareholders dividends of 20 per cent. per annum. They pay their own depositors 2 per cent. They loan in London at from 4 to 10. Meanwhile, the country which produces the deposits goes to ruin, so far as the mass of the people are concerned; and the wealth which is the result of their labor upon the soil,— for nine-tenths of the joint stock bank deposits represent only agriculture,— instead of being used in Ireland for their benefit, is drained out to enrich their oppressors and perpetuate the monopoly of the Irish market for the British manufacturers. The Banker's Magazine, commenting on the deposits for 1886, remarks that they belong, for the most part, to persons "resident in England, whence their funds are naturally remitted." That is a roundabout way of describing the absentee landlords and their creditors. It is a very candid way of admitting that the wealth produced by Irish labor out of Irish soil is not spent in Ireland.

A glance at the increase and decrease of deposits during the reign will show how complete is the separation of the moneyed minority,— the landlords,—who do nothing to make money, from the people, whose labor is the sole money-maker. From 1843 to 1846 inclusive, the deposits increased 9 per cent. In 1847 there was a fall of 23 per cent. But in 1848, 1849, and 1850 there was an increase of more than 9 per cent., while the charity of the world was sending money into Ireland to stop the extermination of the people by famine. That increase represents, in part, better crops, but also, in large part, remittances sent from America and elsewhere, nearly every dollar of which found its way into the landlords' pockets. From 1852 to 1856 the deposits increased 13 per cent., while population continued to diminish; in 1857 there was a very slight decline, owing to the universal financial panic; but the landlords' crops and serfs pulled them up again promptly.

In 1879, when the cry of famine again startled the humane world, and the machinery of charity was set in operation, the deposits were £30,191,000. The effect of charity money sent in was apparent in the increase of deposits in 1882 and the next year, again confirming the statement that the bulk of money sent to friends and relatives in Ireland for charity goes to the landlords. In spite of a diminution of population from 11,000,000 to less than 5,000,000; in spite of diminished tillage and the continued paralysis of manufactures, the landlords' income has grown five-fold during the reign of Victoria.

This money is the natural capital of Ireland. It does not represent, speaking broadly, a cent of original investment by the landlords who have exclusive enjoyment of it. No error could be greater than

to presume that the agriculture of England and of Ireland has been conducted upon identical principles. In England, at least in our own day, the landlord's capital is applied to the estate, and if the tenant adds out of his capital to its value, he gets the benefit of his enterprise in rebate of rent. In Ireland the reverse has been true. The improvements constituting value have been generally and uniformly made by the tenant; and instead of being allowed a reduction in rent in consequence, the rental has increased, as the bank deposits show, in proportion to the increase of value effected by the tenants. When, therefore, critics of Mr. Gladstone complain of his land legislation for Ireland being exceptionally favorable, they ignore the exceptional injustice which made that legislation compulsory.

But instead of investing this labor-and-land-made capital in the country which produces it, the landlords, through their agents, the Irish banks, send it over to England. Two of the banks have head offices there; the others employ London bankers as agents for them. "So that," remarks an official commentator, "a large portion of this Irish capital" — at least $150,000,000 — "is really circulating in the great money market of the world, London."

No country having only one industry, and that the production of food, ever prospered, or ever can prosper Until this Irish capital is invested in manufactures in Ireland, no hope need be indulged that the industrial paralysis of the country is to be disturbed.

The subject of manufactures in Ireland is one which it would be folly to undertake to discuss within the limits of this article. Under the self-respecting stimulus of the National agitation, a spurt of activity, in a small way, has been effected; and among the masses of the people, it has become fashionable to wear and use Irish manufactures. But sentiment is not capital. The natural manufactures of Ireland were destroyed by English statutes. The best account of them is given by Professor Thompson in "University Lectures." * Ireland has been, since the abolition of the Irish Parliament in 1800, as truly the property of the English manufacturer as the Parliamentary borough and its nominal representative were the property of the landlord prior to legislative reform. Ireland exports only food; she imports only English manufactures. The colonies of Great Britain have profited by Ireland's ruin. Each of them has not only its domestic government, with which the British Parliament cannot interfere, but they have, one and all, a protective tariff to keep English manufactures out while they build up their own. Ireland has not asked a protective tariff as an indispensable part of Home Rule. She does ask for Home Rule with power enough to induce the investment of Irish capital in Ireland.

If we compare the savings banks of Ireland with the savings banks of the United Kingdom, we find another reason why Ireland could not participate in the Jubilee. These accumulations have grown fourteen times faster than population in the United Kingdom, and population has grown 42 per cent. Since population has declined much more

* "Protection" Four Lectures delivered in Harvard University. By Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson. 1886.

rapidly in Ireland than it has increased in the two sister countries, it would be reasonable to look for a decline of savings, provided the source of them were the same. But the source is not the same. The savings of England and Scotland are derived chiefly from the wage-workers, whose earnings have risen 20 per cent. or more during the reign, while the prices of necessaries have declined. In Ireland the wage-earning class, aside from poorly-paid agricultural and domestic labor, is inconsiderable, owing to the dearth of manufactures. The savings are chiefly the profits of the small shop-keepers who buy English manufactures and sell them to Irish consumers. These savings, therefore, small as they are, are a dubious proof of Irish prosperity. An anti-National economist boasted, as an evidence of Ireland's happiness under the legislative union with England, that even in 1847 she exported food. Five hundred thousand of the people who had grown the food perished of hunger that year.

In 1835 the number of depositors in the Irish savings banks was 58,482, and the total of their deposits £1,608,653. In 1867 the number of depositors was 53,006, and the total of the deposits £1,633,015. The population, meanwhile had declined from 8,000,000 to 5,486,509. In that year the savings in England were £1 9*s.* 1*d.* per head of population; in Ireland 5*s.* 10*d.* per head. In the post-office savings banks in England there was in the same year one depositor for every eleven persons; in Ireland one depositor for every sixty-nine persons. In 1885 the whole number of depositors in both postal and trustee savings banks in Ireland was 186,013, and the total of their deposits £4,113,387 which may be looked upon as Irish capital employed for the promotion of English industry. The total deposits, therefore, have increased threefold and the number of the depositors about the same, showing that while everything tending to indicate National growth has declined, this item tending to show National prostration has augmented.

The fisheries are an indisputable illustration of the apparent hopelessness of Irish industry while the country is governed in the interest of foreigners.

In 1836 the number of boats engaged in them was 10,761, and the number of men and boys 54,119. In 1885 the number of boats was 5,667 and the number of men and boys 21,491. At the same time many Scotch vessels are engaged in the Irish fisheries, and the imports of fish into a land of fish without fishers amount to nearly 70,000 cwt. at the principal Irish ports.

The charge is commonly made that in dealing with the grievances of Ireland her friends are addicted to denunciation. The facts I have presented are submitted not only without denunciation, but without argument.

I beg to ask a question: Why have Englishmen celebrated the Queen's jubilee? Is it to supply history with a gigantic absurdity? For is it not true that every idea carried into Great Britain by the stock whence she sprang has received its deathblow by the changes effected during her reign? Is it not true that every political step of the past fifty years has been progress away from monarchy and aristocracy?

Is it not true that this great change, brought about in part by the leveling up of the people through more widely diffused education, and in part by the curtailment of hereditary privilege through the lowering of the franchise, has been forced along constitutionally, in defiance of the dearest principles of the ancestors of the sovereign, and would have been stolidly resisted by her, as other steps forward were by them, if she possessed any genius for reigning? Is it not true that, instead of being in any degree due to her influence, even negatively, this progress of fifty years is the retroaction of the revolted American colonies upon England? Is it not true that England has seen each of her foreign dependencies discarding the constitutional model she still retains, seriously modified within fifty years, and adopting instead of it the model of the American Republic? The English people may justly celebrate their fifty years of political, commercial, and moral growth; but to celebrate it in association with the name, the antecedents, or the character of Queen Victoria will be smiled upon by history as a great national jest.

They would have still more substantial reason for their Jubilee if Ireland could have consistently joined in it. Deeply respecting their devotion to constitutional liberty,—for themselves,—and sympathizing with all that is humane, noble, and just in their progress, I rejoice that the chief barrier which has kept them from beholding Ireland in truth is rapidly losing its strength. The destiny of the London Times has been to prolong hatred between England and Ireland. For the fulfilment of that it has continually commanded the newest resources of science and the best purchasable intellect. Every proposal calculated to lighten upon Ireland the cruel burden of the past; every legislative enactment whose effect would have been to bring the people of the two countries face to face so that they might see their common humanity, it has resisted with vicious energy, and conscienceless skill. Its favor has been unstinted to every brutal reactionary, every fiendish bigot, every exasperating act of tyranny, aiming at perpetuity of oppression.

At last its power is waning. Its name is no longer feared; it never was respected. When contemporaries were few and feeble, and news gathering constituted its monopoly, its editorial opinion could be delivered with an impressiveness and effect due largely to a lack of competition. Isolated eminence and resounding noise won for it the name of The Thunderer. The epithet has long been obsolete. Influence derived from persistent injustice, urged with violent indecency, is not proof against the spread of God-like love over the world, and the penetration of the dullest human intelligence by the gentle but resistless light of liberty. The habits and manners it has to-day it had in O'Connell's days, when to break him down it vied with the harridans of London fish lanes in vulgarity. The malevolence of its attitude toward mankind secured for it half a century ago the name of the Devil's organ from the Quaker statesman. Robbed of its legitimate renown by younger and more alert rivals, it is reduced to theatrical devices to keep up the appearance of being formidable. If it can no

longer forge thunderbolts, it can forge letters. If it can no longer play Vulcan, it can still be

as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.

If it can no longer whip out of public life Irishmen who will not betray their country for office or gold, it can pay handsomely for slander on Irishmen in America by knaves without credit in any American newspaper office. During our civil war its profligate instincts cheated the British public to the last moment with falsehoods about actual events; and the English generation still living knows that it received with amazement the news of the surrender of Lee, because up to the hour Richmond fell the London Times had deliberately suppressed the truth about the results of great battles. It was as solicitous to prevent a reconciliation of the North and South, and as anxious to see the Republic fall as it has been greedy and tenacious in feeding fat the hatred between England and Ireland. It reached the climax of brutality when, the morning after the defeat of the Home Rule bill, it told the greatest of the sons of England to gather his old bones about him and hurry into his grave. If all the signs of the time are not misleading, the grave will wait for Gladstone until the triumph of Home Rule shall furnish for the monument Great Britain and Ireland will rear to him its most glorious line.

Alexander Sullivan, in North American Review.

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# Is He a Catholic?

REPEATEDLY was the question asked in regard to the faith of Col. P. S. Gilmore, the greatest orchestra leader in the world, during his recent visit. If the curious could have penetrated the haze of domestic happiness of the famous artist, the answer would have been a cloud of sweetest incense. Not only is he a Catholic, but the beautiful, cultured wife, and genius-crowned daughter, who constitute his home sphere, border on the cloister in their intense and ceaseless devotion. Mrs. Gilmore, who is the contemporary of the wife of Gen. Sherman in her exclusive and constant piety, is, nevertheless, chief counsellor and adviser in her celebrated husband's secular affairs, and has always been the incentive by her courage, zeal, and admiration, to his loftiest aims. During their recent stay in St. Louis the family occupied a beautiful suite of apartments at the Lindell; the parlor, a pretty, artistic gem, divided the different sleeping and dressing rooms. In her own pretty sanctum Minnie Gilmore, whose literary fame is now co-extensive with the States, spent most of her time preparing the novel she is about to launch upon the waves of fame. Day and night the beautiful, tireless girl-author sat before her desk, refusing persistently every social inducement, every reception or entertainment tendered her by the St. Louis ladies; but declining, withal, in so pretty and earnest a manner on

the score of her retiring nature and devotion to her art, that no one could feel otherwise than admiringly of the lovely votary keeping so assiduously in the narrow path that leads to a brilliant career. Take, for instance, as an example of the edifying life led by this interesting family, one evening when the festivities were at their height, and Col. Gilmore, particularly, feted by the St. Louis people, the writer had occasion to call on the ladies of his home. Entering unexpectedly, I saw Mrs. Gilmore slipping quietly and unostentatiously from view the Rosary she was telling, whilst pretty Miss Minnie hesitated in the act of arranging a group of holy pictures which she carries always in her travels as protection from accidents; these pious evidences in the midst of the pleasures and excitement, and at which each presence was so eagerly sought, brought their piety forcibly to my mind. In New York the Gilmores live in a suburb residence on West Twelfth Street, where they observe a most exclusive and retired life. Mrs. Gilmore, who is a devoted attendant at the Jesuit Church, being tireless in her devotions there, and her pretty gifted daughter dividing her time equally between religious and literary devotions. But in this glimpse of the private life of Col. Gilmore and his family, I do not mean to say that they withdraw entirely from the world apart. No ornaments ever graced the social sphere more dazzlingly than Mrs. Gilmore or Miss Minnie, gifted physically with every beauty, in face and form, brilliant in mentality, cultured in manners, lofty in soul, the combination of womanly loveliness is seldom seen. Surrounded by luxury and admiring friends their home in the metropolis is an unusually attractive one to the literati and distinguished people who pay their devoirs in the family drawing-room, when at home from the tours on which they always accompany the eminent artist. To the public, of course, Col. Gilmore himself is a familiar figure; that is, his handsome, debonnaire presence and mesmeric powers that has won the heart of the world for him. If the artist were not a famous musician he would win eminence by his wit, which is of the keenest, clearest and most sparkling order, his quickness at repartee being particularly striking.

The artist himself also possesses the poetical gift to a high degree, and has contributed in his very young days a number of fine poems to the press. Miss Gilmore, perhaps, stands out alone as an author, who, before twenty-one years has been reached, is known as a brilliant star to the entire reading world of the United States; as the years go by she will rank with America's most famous literati.

Antonia, in St. Louis Catholic World.

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THE HOLY FATHER, on the recommendation of the Bishop of Brooklyn, has raised to the dignity of Roman Count, the eminent inventor, Mr. John Good, of Brooklyn. "In Count Good," says the Brooklyn Review, "the Holy Father has added to his illustrious Court, the name of one who is not merely a man of wealth and genius, but who also is one of the noblest and best of Catholic Americans."

# A Christmas Side Light on the Irish Question.

THIS is a day of gladness the world over. It has gradually overshadowed with us, in spite of Puritan tradition, all other festival days of the year. It has become not only a day of merry-making, but also a day when sweet tokens of affection and remembrance are sent to the loved ones near and afar. Christmas indeed has become a merry day in New England. Who would exchange the Christmas of to-day, inspiring generous impulses in young and old, for its cold observance thirty years ago?

This day has been always observed as the great festival of the year by our citizens of foreign birth, whether Irish or English. With our Irish-American citizens especially the season is one in which "the old folks at home" are substantially remembered, and every white-winged messenger that crosses the ocean during December carries the expected draft to parents or relatives that will make the Christmas candle burn brighter and the hearthstone happier in many a home in the old land.

Few readers of The Globe have any idea of the enormous amount of money sent by the struggling Irish emigrant boy or girl, especially at this Christmas season, to the loved ones they have left behind them. If Senator Morrill would only study this phase of the question, he would become a rampant Irish home ruler, instead of an exclusionist and Chinese wall builder. The figures are a tribute to the industry, the worth, and the good heart of the Irish emigrant, and a sad commentary, at the same time, on the tyranny which creates misery in Ireland.

A few days ago I chanced to meet my old friend, PATRICK DONAHOE, in the post-office, and our conversation turned on the amount annually sent from Boston and its vicinity to friends and relatives in Ireland. I told him I was anxious to ascertain as nearly as possible the amount, and following are the figures as obtained from him and other reliable sources: From Jan. 1 to Dec. 17, 1887, PATRICK DONAHOE sold 18,610 drafts, aggregating $255,797, of which $70,000 have been sent within the four weeks preceding Christmas. The Cunard Company has sold, during the same period, 19,998 drafts,* aggregating $304,973. The Cunard Company and MR. DONAHOE alone have transmitted to Ireland this year, up to the middle of December, the enormous sum of $530,763. The drafts sold through the post-office and other offices will amount to $70,000 more, making a sum total of $600,000 contributed by Boston to support the victims of rack-renting and landlord tyranny in Ireland.

The greater part of this money is contributed in small sums not exceeding $15, and by those who have come to this country recently. Mr. Donahoe, who has been engaged in the business fifty years, informs me that nine-tenths of this amount is the first money earned by the new-comers. The tide of Irish emigration is stronger in other directions of late years than towards Boston, and one can form some

* This includes the sales of their agents in various parts of New England.

estimate of what the whole of America's yearly contributions is to Irish distress from the statistics furnished by Boston. Boston, with an Irish-American population of two hundred thousand or thereabouts, pays a tribute of $600,000. This does not include the generous contributions of its citizens to the Irish National League. The whole United States, with its ten millions Irish-Americans, must send yearly to Ireland $15,000,000 at least.

Who will say, then, that the Irish question is not also an American one? And am I not right in saying that American statesmen would show more foresight and patriotism, if their sympathies were extended in the direction of aiding the Irish race to remove the cause of this enormous drain of money from the United States, rather than in denouncing the kind-hearted and generous emigrant, who not only builds a home here, but sends such an enormous sum to keep from starvation his kith and kin across the ocean?

Politically the Irish question has been mixed up, or an attempt has been made to mix it up, with American politics. Financially it has been with us always. Both from a patriotic and a selfish motive it becomes the duty of the American citizen to sympathize with the Irish race in their struggle for Home Rule, so that the Irish question shall cease as a political factor, and the whole result of the industry of the Irish-American race shall inure to the benefit of the land of their adoption and the increase of its resources. Thus the Irish question, whether viewed from a political, financial, patriotic, or selfish standpoint, is an American question also.

John E. Fitzgerald, in Boston Sunday Globe.

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# Recent Utterances of the Grand Old Man.

MR. GLADSTONE, replying to an address presented to him at Dover, England, by the Liberal delegates, referred to the uncertain character of Lord Salisbury's declarations in reference to free trade, and said they indicated, as far as the majority in Parliament is concerned, that free trade is insecure. He relied upon the masses of the people to oppose a return to protection. The coming session did not promise well for the country. If it were true that the great measure of the session — a local government bill — would not be introduced until A[illegible] the government would inflict an undisguised mockery on the country. The last was a dark session, but this would be darker unless so[illegible]thing was done to alleviate the situation in Ireland.

The darkest blot upon Parliament was the act, now in operation, effacing the civil rights of the Irish. The Liberals were charged with interfering with the administration of the law. What he was really trying to do was to retard the government's destructive policy of perversion of the law. It was well for them that they were on the right side of the channel. If the Christian Knowledge Society, in seeking to promote justice, mercy, and truth, were publishing in Ireland a book

applying those principles to that unhappy country, it would be subject to criminal prosecution.

Lord Salisbury talked about the consolidation of the empire while pursuing a policy of national disruption. How, the speaker asked, could that be a policy of consolidation which disregarded centuries of national tradition, and opposed the will of four out of five millions of Irish people. Ireland only continued within the bounds of moderation, because she knew that she had the sympathy of friends in England. So long as her moderation continued so long would the sympathy be continued. Not long, the speaker said, could any government face a unanimous people. With the single exception of the Belfast council all the elective authorities sided with Home Rule. The foreign imported government stood alone. The Liberals term of minority in Parliament would cease at the first election. Their appeal lay with the country. The party had never inscribed on its banner the name of a cause without carrying it through. Having taken up the cause of Ireland, that cause would assuredly triumph.

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# The Public Schools: A Question Answered.

"A PROTESTANT Admirer of the Public Schools" asked this question of the Church Progress, published at Marshall, Ill.:

What are the views of the Church Progress in regard to the public schools?

ANSWER: For years the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the public schools has been either knowingly or ignorantly misrepresented. By the press and in the forum, in the halls of legislation, and in the pulpits of Protestantism, the Catholic Church has been falsely and foully accused of designing the destruction of the common-school system. With the faint hope of making our voice heard above the loud din of slander which meets us on every side, when the school question is discussed, we beg leave to state, categorically, the position of the Catholic Church in relation to the common schools.

Enemies of the Catholic Church assert that the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church are hostile to the public schools of the country, and are leagued together to destroy them. Read our declaration, and learn our true sentiments:

The Catholic bishops and clergy have no intention, whatever, to interfere with your public-school system. Build as many as you wish, we will never say a word against, and we will leave to yourselves the care of your own children.

You wish your schools to be free from all religious influence; in other words, you wish them not to be sectional or sectarian in any case. The Episcopate of the Catholic Church says in this regard: Do with your children as you please.

We Catholics, on the other hand, are under the conviction that

children are sent to school, not only to be formed into citizens, but also, and especially, to be educated into good men and good Christians, and our Church believes, in all earnest, with Guizot, the celebrated Protestant statesman of France, that education can by no means be separated from religious influence. Therefore, whilst leaving your schools and their management peacefully in your own hands, we claim the right of having schools of our own, from which religion shall not be excluded, but be allowed to exercise its salutary influence on youth.

We claim the right on the plea that we are a religious body in this free country, whose constitution most solemnly guarantees the free exercise of religious belief to all its citizens, and the fullest personal freedom in regard to the dictates of conscience. Now, there is not a more essential or a more precious liberty than that of parents to educate their children in the manner which they think will make them happy for time and for eternity. Therefore, the Catholic people, with logical sequence, claim the protection of the government, so as not to be molested in their schools.

We say protection. No doubt, justice and equality would entitle the Catholic people of this country to exemption from taxation for the support of other schools, or to a share of the public school fund in proportion to the number of pupils in their schools. But even this claim we are disposed to waive in your favor.

You can have no reason to fear the effect of our system on the commonwealth, because experience has proved that the students of our colleges, academies, and schools are as good and as useful citizens as those who come out of your institutions. And, if in every other branch of human action, you admit the principle of competition and believe in its beneficial influence, why should you exclude it from education, and deprive yourselves of the benefit which emulation would produce?

We ask no favor or privilege. All we ask is to be let alone in following the dictates of our own conscience, and you cannot refuse this, without undermining the Constitution, and preparing the way for the loss of the same freedom for yourselves.

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# The President's Present.

THE President of the United States sent a Jubilee gift to the Pope. Of his own accord, he wrote to Cardinal Gibbons for the suggestion of an acceptable offering, saying, in substance, that, as all the rulers of nations were tendering their tokens of homage to his Holiness, he desired to forward to Rome some testimony of his respect for the visible head of the Catholic Church.

His Eminence, with that tact that is peculiarly his own, and that patriotism that, on all opportunities, seeks the glory of his country, suggested that a copy of the Constitution of the United States would be a suitable and welcome present.

The suggestion was instantly accepted, and the President had the

Constitution exquisitely engrossed on vellum; the copy was then sumptuously bound in white and gold,—the Papal colors,—and had the Coat-of-Arms of the United States and of the Holy Father stamped in gold on the covers.

The President then wrote with his own hand this inscription:

TO HIS HOLINESS,

POPE LEO XIII.,

On the Occasion of the Golden Jubilee of His Priesthood,

*With the best Wishes, for Health and Prosperity, of*

GROVER CLEVELAND,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Catholics of America and of the rest of the world will be grateful to the Chief Magistrate of this Republic for this most gracious act of courtesy to the Holy Father; and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, who admires and loves this New World, and is familiar with its institutions, will know well how to show, in due season, his appreciation of the President's present.

Catholic Review.

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# The Problem of the Unemployed.

ON every side the difficulties of dealing with this question of the unemployed are immense. But the evil has not grown out of economic causes alone, and will never be adequately met by economic remedies. It is largely a moral evil, and calls for a moral reformation. It seems a piece of old-world wisdom to say that the craving for present enjoyment is a root of misery to society. It is the sort of sentiment one might find in the pages of Thucydides. But the saying has a special truth in our time, and bears a special application to us, living as we all do, rich and poor, within reach of the enjoyments, hard of access to our fathers, which modern civilization supplies so lavishly to our several tastes and means. The working classes must needs gather their rosebuds while they may, and they spend the wages of a good time in drink and finery; then come hard times, and nothing to fall back upon. People in a higher walk of life dote upon elegance and pleasure till they come to regard money merely as a means which fortune has placed in their way for the gratification of their fancies and likings. Thus riches are divorced from social duty, and the power which rank and wealth gives is turned to selfish use. Workpeople and tenants are kept for what can be wrung out of them — not always, not usually, we hope in England — but the thing is done, and moreover there are many grades between total neglect of duty to dependents and full discharge of the same. The saddest thing of all is the way in which so many of the class whom

we would wish to help have become materialized and brutalized. If lack of employment were the only complaint, employment, perhaps, might be provided by better management and more austere public spirit on the part of men of fortune and position. But angels could not bring these wretched beings to work. Industry has fled from them with all other virtues. They have sunk into that brutish habit which Aristotle argues in the man who is unfit for human society. They never will, they morally cannot, take a place in the commonwealth of labor and mutual benefice. Good God, who is to aid these unfortunates? Our best hope is to prevent recruits coming to their ranks; and they are recruited by ill-kept children, and by young men and young women whom nobody looks after or tries to save. We want workers here. Above all we want that gospel which is the message of glad tidings to the poor. Irreligion makes rebel angels of the well-to-do and cultured, but the poor it brutalizes, and this brutalized element is the most dangerous and hopeless of all who go to make up the increasing army of unemployed.

London Tablet.

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# Marriage Customs in China.

AMONG the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes, and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, "tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stops to raise them. As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor."

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CONSTANCY in adhering to her religion is Ireland's greatest glory —a peerless privilege which every true lover of his country should be anxious to preserve and to defend.— *Rev. Dr. Moran.*

# Mangan.

With the Poet's autograph, and a sprig of box-tree from his grave.

"Peace to his dust"— my silent prayer
Above his sleeping clay;
Kneeling, I plucked these leaves to bear
His kindred, far away—

Kindred in soul, if not in ties
That bind, of flesh and blood;
In all that poets preach and prize
Of beauty, truth or good!

And here, the words his pen hath wrought
That sang the tender scene
Of pain forgot, of pleasure bought
With love of Rosateen.

That voiced the love of Banba's shore
And poured the willing tide
Of sorrow for the nevermore,
Of days of Barmecide.

When alien unto tears and pain,
'Mid laughter peal on peal,
The joyous Bosphorus clove amain
His shallop's bounding keel.

While ever and anon shone bright
(To will was to restore)
The days that write in lines of light
The name of Cahal Mor.

But, "Peace to his dust," the prayer is good:
Let wind and water rave
Between us, in sweet solitude
I kneel above his grave!

T. H. Gavin.

# Mangan.

On receipt of same.

O Friend of kindred soul,
Weepest Thou? then I must
Drink of the self-same bowl,
Yea, quaff the whole
Of thy sorrow — breathe thy dole;
"Peace to his dust."

Though he had never been
*Mine* idol, fair and brave,
Thy "sprig" should keep, I ween,
My memory green
To vent an endless *caoine*
Beside his grave.

Yet hath his softest sigh
Melted my soul to song:
Yet hath his passionate cry
Rent the far sky,
Pleading a judgment high
On centuried wrongs.

Ah! tender heart that burst
With its world-weight of woe—
Death hath done all it durst—
And lo! its worst
Is o'er—'tis Earth accursed
Feeleth the blow.

If only dying eyes
Measure the mystery
That round our pathway lies,
Willing he dies
Who writ in tears and sighs
Life's history.

While we the burden bear
Of strife, of sordid lust,
He sleeping peaceful there,
Careless of care,
Seems to rebuke our prayer:
"Peace to his dust."

H. T. Henry

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ST. IGNATIUS AND THE GAMBLER.— Once in Paris, a nobleman invited St. Ignatius, in fun, to play a game with him. "I shall play with you," said Ignatius. "But what are your stakes," said the nobleman, "since you have no money?" "The stakes will be," answered Ignatius, "that if you win I shall serve you for a certain number of days in whatever way you choose; but if I win, you will serve me as I please." "Agreed," said the nobleman. They began the game. Ignatius knew nothing at all about it; still with the help of God, he won at every turn. "I am duly punished for challenging you," said the nobleman: "God is against me." When the game was over, Ignatius took him, gave him the spiritual exercises for a few days, and out of a man addicted to sloth and worldly pleasures he made a fervent and earnest Christian that feared God and prepared for eternity.

# Cardinal Manning on Ireland.

PREACHING in the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, recently, his Eminence referring to the Italian Ursurpation said: "For a thousand years the successors of St. Peter, Vicar of our Lord, were the Sovereigns, the Pontiff-Kings of Rome; and they are so still. No intrusion can destroy a sovereign. If London were occupied by a foreign Power, would you regard the Sovereign who reigns over us as dethroned? Not at all. How much less the Vicar of the Son of God! As mediæval Christendom grew it filled the whole earth. The outbreak of Mohammedanism in the East, and of Lutheranism in the West, cut off many branches, but the mystical vine continuously renewed itself. We are told that in Austria at one moment not a thirtieth part of the population remained Catholic — in a few years there was hardly a thirtieth part that had ceased to be Catholics. Italy and Spain fell into Arianism; in eighty years both were again united to the Holy See. In Ireland the bishops were slain, the priests were exiled or imprisoned, the people were hunted down, and the Catholic flocks were only a handful. What do we see now? A Catholic people filling not only Ireland, but America and Australia. To the uttermost parts of the earth the sons of St. Patrick have carried the cross of faith, and founded churches without number, on the thrones of which reign the successors of the Apostles. Cutting back only makes more vigorous growth, and the Catholic Church reigns at this day over the intellects and the consciences and the hearts and the wills of nations and races throughout the world; for the words must be fulfilled: "Of His kingdom there shall be no end, and He must reign until He has put all enemies under His feet." How is it, then that men do not believe? The Catholic Church is a city seated on a hill, and their eyes must see it, but the god of this world blinded their minds.

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HERE is a little romance in real life. Forty-four years ago the pagan Druses were closely investing a little Catholic Maronite town in Syria, and threatening the inhabitants with extermination if they did not surrender. Despair was almost driving the hard-pressed Maronites to abandon their defence, when suddenly a Christian woman appeared on the ramparts, and, holding aloft her little grandchild of two years old, cried aloud, "As long as there is one baptized within the walls, we will never surrender." Strange to say, the sight and words of the woman produced such an effect on the superstitious Arab mind, that the savage besiegers quietly withdrew, and the little town was saved. Two years ago Leo XIII. erected a new See in Syria, that of Paneas, anciently Cæsarea Philippi. The actual Bishop of the new See, Mgr. Jeraigiry, is the very child who was so marvellously the cause of the saving of the Maronite town. He had been educated for the priesthood in France.

# Celebration of the Pope's Jubilee.

THE greatest event within the memory of man was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the illustrious Pontiff occupying the Chair of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. But the greatest celebration was at the Eternal City on the 1st of January, 1888. Rome presented a beautiful appearance in the morning. Although the day was crisp and cold it was clear. Flags waved from nearly every house, and gay ornaments and decorations were seen everywhere. The city was filled to overflowing. The railway service was doubled, and every train came in crowded with visitors. All the hotels and available quarters were filled to their utmost capacity.

There was the greatest eagerness on the part of every one to witness the splendid ceremonial of the Jubilee Mass, which took place in the morning within the dark, picturesque interior of mighty St. Peter's Cathedral. So great was the interest that thousands of people passed the whole of the night upon the steps and in the vicinity of the church, waiting through the long cold watches of the night for the opening of the doors to admit the great host of people invited to be present. It is estimated there were at least eighty thousand people within and without the walls of this church during the ceremonial. Notwithstanding the fact that the number was so large, there was no undue crowding or disorder.

Three thousand Italian troops stood from early morning until the close of the ceremony in the Place St. Pierre, in front of the cathedral. These soldiers stood in compact lines, making a brilliant background for the picturesque and cosmopolitan gathering which pressed through the portals of the church at 6.30 in the morning when the great doors were swung back by the gendarmes of the Pope's special service. The gendarmes, with the Swiss and Palatine guards, guarded the interio They posed in picturesque groups at every turn of the enclosure. Some one thousand policemen in civilian clothes mingled with the audience for the purpose of guarding against any possible disorder or outbreak from some fanatical anti-clerical.

The interior of the church was a mass of brilliant decorations. State banners, magnificent tapestries, a profusion of flowers, and every form of church adornment, were grouped with artistic taste against the sombre background of dark walls and gloomy interior. The great majority of the audience entered the church when the doors were first opened. Within an hour after the opening of the doors the greatest part of the audience was in its place. Many were kneeling, waiting with rapt eagerness for the entrance of the Pope, and the consecration of the solemn ceremonial of this day.

Near the altar seats were reserved for the representatives of all of the royalties of Europe. Here in this group were members of the diplomatic corps in full uniform, every member of the Roman aristocracy glittering in military, naval, and court dresses. The special envoys and regular ambassadors were grouped near some four hundred bishops

and cardinals, who wore the magnificent robes belonging to the church service. Back of them was an enthusiastic group of pilgrims, numbering some six thousand. These pilgrims were from Spain, provinces of Italy, France, Austria, and Germany. There were among the foreigners some five hundred Americans who obtained tickets.

Most conspicuous among the Americans was Mr. James G. Blaine, who looked on with intense and curious interest at the great picture presented by this reverential audience, grouped in such numbers in this most picturesque and historical of churches, while there passed in review one of the most impressive of religious ceremonies. He watched with attention every feature of the ceremony.

The greatest interest was in the personal presence of the Pope. The audience waited in the church patiently from 6.30 until 9.30. The distinguished and specially invited officials came into the church by private entrances during the last hour.

The Pope himself entered the basilica at 9.30. The appearance of this refined, handsome-looking old man, attired in the white robes of his high office, was the signal for the most tremendous applause. This unusual feature of the Mass was endured for five minutes. Shouts and cheers were given with a wildness of enthusiasm which appeared to increase rather than die away. For several minutes the great arched roof resounded again and again with the salutations from eighty thousand throats.

The Pope was borne in a chair used upon such occasions, preceded by a magnificent section of his pontifical guards, and followed by every one of the cardinals present in Rome. After them came every member of his immediate court in official robes. The Pope appeared to be very much overcome by the tremendous demonstration from the audience. He smiled continuously, and occasionally bowed his venerable head.

The Mass, which was begun as soon as the applause had subsided, continued for some forty minutes. The effect of the music was most strikingly beautiful. The chanting of the exquisitely trained choir resounded in such a way under the dome that the music came back again and again, producing a peculiar and yet beautiful effect. Indeed, upon some of the most impressionable the effect was absolutely startling. Many emotional pilgrims shed tears during the performance of the service. The Pope knelt in front of the altar after the Mass and recited the "Ave Maria."

The high church officials, who were in attendance upon the Pope during the ceremonial, here bore aloft in full view of the audience the mitre and tiara worn by the Pope during the service. This was the Emperor William's mitre. The tiara was a splendid one, presented by the city of Paris.

The "Te Deum" was now sung. After this the Pope turned toward the great crowd and in a few words, clearly, and distinctly spoken, so that they could be heard at quite a distance from the altar thanked the people for their manifestations of kindness and friendship. He then solemnly, slowly, and clearly pronounced the apostolic bene-

diction, but before he was permitted to pronounce this benediction he was made again the recipient of another tremendous outburst of applause. The enthusiasm which followed the few words of his address were greater even than upon his first appearance in the basilica. Cheers, shouts and cries were heard from every part of the great assemblage. All united in one voice, hailing him, saying: "Vive il Romanie Pontifee," and again "Vive Leone XIII.;" some shouted "Vive il Popa" — Long live the Pope.

This scene of excitement and enthusiasm was heightened by the waving of handkerchiefs in every hand.

Leo XIII. looked very much moved as he faced this tremendous demonstration. His face brightened. Indeed, at no time during the last week has his face worn such a look of resplendent happiness as at the close of to-day's ceremony in St. Peter's. He was brought to the church in the sedan chair which was presented to him by the city of Naples.

Throughout the city there have been great crowds and throngs all day. The police have anticipated any possible demonstration of the anti-clericals. There was not a single scene of disturbance or disorder anywhere. The faithful adherents of the Pope regard his reception in St. Peter's to-day, and the demeanor of the populace, as proof of the perfect independence in Rome of the pontiff.

**Repetition of Sunday's Services.**

ROME, Jan. 5.— In St. Peter's to-day there was a repetition of the solemn ceremonial of last Sunday. The Pope again celebrated Mass for the benefit of fifteen thousand Italian pilgrims. The Pontiff was met at 9.10 o'clock by the chapter of the cathedral and walked with the cortege of thirty-four cardinals and one hundred and eighty archbishops and bishops down the nave. The pilgrims were led by their bishops with forty standards and banners. The Pope was hailed with the same burst of enthusiastic welcome as on Sunday last. The vestments he wore were very rich. They were different from those worn at the Jubilee Mass last Sunday. After the service the Pope removed the vestments, and was carried round the church amid cries of "Long live the Pope — King." The Pope was deeply moved by the enthusiasm manifested. Subsequently, and before the Pope left the basilica, the chapter of the Labier presented him with a reliquary of immense value and with an address. The Holy Father afterwards entertained seven hundred diplomats, cardinals, and prelates at breakfast. His Holiness sat at an elevated table alone.

ROME, Jan. 6. — At noon to-day the Pope formally opened the Jubilee exposition in the great hall dedicated to the display of the wonderful collection of presents sent to the Holy See, and in the presence of a very select assemblage of invited guests, made up of the entire diplomatic corps in full uniform, the College of Cardinals in their State robes, the special ambassadors, all the archbishops and bishops now in Rome, every prominent member of Roman society, and the Grand Duchess Maria Theresa of Tuscany. The Pope was attended

by all the officers of his court in full dress. The Pope wore his white robes, with the great diamond cross blazing upon his breast which had been presented by the United States of Colombia. He was carried to the exhibition in his sedan chair, followed by an imposing cortege, and was installed with great ceremony in the throne-room.

The Pope looked very happy, and made a short speech in reply to an address, remaining seated the meanwhile. He closed his brief remarks by saying that his soul was deeply moved by the manifestations of love and veneration which were reaching him from all parts of the world. He regarded them as evidences of the power of the papacy which the enemies of the church had vainly attempted to deny. The share taken by the sovereigns of the world in the jubilee proved that they justly appreciated the importance of the papacy. He concluded by praising the organizers of the exhibition. The Pope then declared the exhibition formally opened. The Pope manifested the greatest admiration and pleasure at the arrangement of the articles on exhibition. The proceedings throughout were most imposing.

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# Hon. Hugh O'Brien,

WAS inaugurated Mayor of Boston on the 2d of January, for the fourth time. Rev. Father Magennis, of Jamaica Plain, officiated as chaplain to his Honor the Mayor. The inaugural address is a document worthy of the Mayor, who is one of the most practical of public men. Says the Globe:

"The Mayor administers a well-deserved rub to our municipal pessimists, and remarks that, although the partisan politician has had his usual talk about corruption and dishonesty in city departments, he has 'no hesitation in saying that for three years' the city 'has been conducted on a business and non-partisan basis; that every department has been run on strict business principles; that the laws and ordinances have been enforced to the letter: that civil service and non-partisanship has prevailed not only in relation to contracts, the employment of labor, but in all the minor details that go to make up the work in the departments.'

"Mayor O'Brien has the right to spread this authoritative statement on the official record, because it is the truth, and because it is due, not only to himself and his associates in the administrative offices of the city, but to the good name and credit of the city itself, that the impression to the contrary so widely created for the sake of partisan advantage should be squarely and emphatically corrected. And he will be excused by all honest, fair-minded men for the warmth which he throws into his references to the loose, reckless charges of corruption against the heads of departments serving under him. He characterizes them strongly, but justly, as 'contemptible calumnies,' and he suggests, with

good reason, that in face of such a vindictive partisan spirit, it is not surprising that well-known citizens are unwilling to accept nominations or place themselves in a position to be attacked by such slanderers."

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# In Compliment to Archbishop Williams.

A MEETING of the clergymen of the archdiocese of Boston was held at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, afternoon of 27th December, upon the occasion of its patron saint's day. The seminary was founded about three years ago, and Dec. 27 was selected as the appropriate time for the unveiling of the bronze bust of Archbishop Williams, its founder. The bust was executed by Donahoe, the sculptor, and is an admirable likeness. There was a very large attendance of clergymen from all the cities and towns in the archdiocese. The exercises commenced at 2 o'clock, and continued until 4.30 P. M. The presentation address was delivered by Rev. Fr. Teeling, of Newburyport, who, when he arose to speak, was greeted most cordially by his brother clergymen. Turning toward Very Rev. John Hogan, the head of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, he spoke as follows:

"In the fulness of episcopal zeal for the proper service of the altar and the worthy administration of ecclesiastical affairs, our beloved archbishop was inspired a few years ago to found this seminary for the preparation of candidates for the exalted vocation of the priesthood, and in his wisdom he committed the institution to your judicial care. Short as has been the time since the inception of this noble work, we already, as in all his other wisely matured projects, see its good results. With most sincere pleasure then, while congratulating him upon the wisdom of his choice, and you, reverend fathers, on the success of your earnest labors in the cause of religion, we, the clergy of the archdiocese of Boston, assemble on this patronal feast of our esteemed archbishop, and also of this seminary so dear to him, to commit to your keeping this bronze bust of the founder of the Seminary of St. John the Evangelist, Most Rev. John Joseph Williams, archbishop of Boston. With feelings of the deepest satisfaction do we see unveiled a true likeness of him who is, to his priests and his people, their noblest ideal of a true Christian bishop, of him whose brow is not unworthy of the mitre worn by a Cheverus, a Fenwick, and a Fitzpatrick. May it keep in perpetual remembrance the knowledge, piety, and Christian zeal that have been the inspiration of him whose semblance it bears. To you, in charge of the institution, may it be an encouraging reminder of the confidence our reverend archbishop has in your learning, your Christian discipline and your religious zeal, and an incentive to still greater efforts for the honor of God and the glory of the Church. To the students who will gather here, with the lofty aim of serving the altar and breaking for the faithful the bread of life, may it be an eloquent and impressive teacher, speaking through the silence of study and meditation of the virtues and pious ardor that should anoint their lives. May the virtues that endear him to us all enter more and more into the heart and life of those under his episcopal care, to the end that the blessing of religion may be diffused throughout the archdiocese, and God zealously served and forever glorified."

The clergymen of the diocese, feeling that they know the wants of the archbishop, perhaps, more fully than he himself, determined to profit by the occasion and to present him, in their behalf, a pecuniary offering. He was accordingly presented with a check for seven thousand dollars, the presentation address being delivered by Fr. Moran of St. Stephen's parish, Boston. The archbishop made a feeling response, thanking the clergy for their generous gift, and assuring them of his regard and friendship. Short addresses were delivered by several clergymen present, in which reference was made to the success of the institution as an educational factor and future sphere of usefulness.

# One Name Sufficient.

"GIVE your daughters but one name in baptism," cried out a thoughtful clergyman once, "and she ought to be perfectly content with that." This brings us to speak of a custom coming only too much into vogue of dropping the good old-fashioned English terminations of female Christian names, and adopting the "ie" termination, in imitation probably of the French. Hence our Julie, Sallie, Caddie, Mattie, Pollie, Lucie, Mamie, Nellie, Katie, and most to be deplored of all, Marie. This "Marie" is a corruption of Mary, the sweetest of all female names. It is derived from the Hebrew and signifies "exalted." The Magnificat will show the great exaltation of Mary, the Blessed Virgin, who was Mother of the Son of God made Man. In all ages since her time the name of Mary has been conceded to be the most exalted, and in pious Catholic families it is most always preferred for a daughter. Let the great name of Mary, therefore, continue to be preferred. It is not only endeared to us by religion; it has ever been a favorite name with the poets.

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# Was the Noachian Deluge Universal?

IN the course of a paper in the Catholic World, the Rev. A. F. Hewit says: — "As a practical question, we think it is morally certain that the non-universality of the deluge in respect to the human race can be held and defended without any rashness, or risk of error in a matter pertaining to Catholic Doctrine. The number and character of the men who either positively maintain the theory of restriction, or at least allow that it is an open question for discussion, suffice to make this position a safe one. The area of the local inundation is the portion of the globe mostly confined within Asiatic limits, which may be designated with sufficient precision for our purpose as the Caucasian centre of the development of the human race from its origin in the first pair created by God. This region is the local theatre of the inspired history. Catholic dogma is involved in the thesis of the unity of the human race as a species derived by generation from Adam and Eve. But there is no Catholic doctrine involved in the thesis of the Noachian descent of all generations subsequent to the flood.

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THE OBJECT OF READING is not to dip into everything that wise men had ever written, but, in the words of Cardinal Newman — one of the best masters of English style — "the object of literary education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it; to enable it to know, to digest, to master, use and rule its knowledge; to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, resource, address, eloquent expression. These are the objects of that intellectual perfection which a literary education is certain to give."

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## WHAT THE RAT AND CAT SAID.

"I WONDER if they're all asleep
And the pantry door is fast?
I heard the cook put out that cat
When she went to bed last.
Oh, what a 'spread' I'll have to-night,
As sure as I'm a sinner;
It's only once a year they have
Such a splendid birthday dinner —
For ever since the world was made
Rats upon cheese have always preyed."

## WHAT THE CAT SAID.

"I wonder if that silly rat
Thought *I* had gone to bed?
'He heard the cook put out the cat,'
And then he had his 'spread';
He never thought night is the time
When I enjoy *my* cheese and wine —
For ever since the world was made
Cats upon rats have always preyed."

## GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

"ORANGES! oranges! who will buy my sweet oranges?"

Barefoot and thinly-clad for such a cold day, yet with a smiling face and cheerful voice, Bennie went about offering his fruit; it was his first venture in business, and on its success depended the happiness of himself and his little brother and sisters.

There were but four of them, and Bennie was the oldest. Within a year their mother had died, and Mary, although only ten years old, had tried to fill her place. But now a greater loss had come; for their father, after a sickness which had exhausted all his means, had been taken from them.

Their neighbors, although very poor, had assisted them in the burial of their father, and some of them were willing to adopt Bennie and his eldest sister, while the Orphan Asylum offered a home for the younger children.

Long and earnestly Bennie and Mary had discussed their plans for the future. But they had no thought that they would have to accept the kind offers which had been made, and go to separate houses; and after much consideration they at length resolved to hire a small room,

sell a few pieces of their furniture, and try to support themselves and keep the little family together.

They had money enough to pay a week's rent, and leave a small capital for Bennie to invest in oranges, which he hoped to sell at a good profit, while the other children were to do what they could for the comfort and support of the family.

Fortunately they had learned to practise economy while their father and mother were living, for they had never been blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and these lessons were a great help to them now, thrown as they were, at such an early age, upon their own resources.

The day following their father's funeral Bennie moved the few things they possessed into the little room he had hired, and he and Mary were busy until evening in settling; they had the small piece of carpet to lay down, and the bedstead to put up; then Bennie contrived to hang up a couple of blankets, and to make a partition, so that the girls would have a room all by themselves.

Fortunately, they moved only from the third to the fourth floor, and thus did not have far to carry the furniture; but as Bennie remarked to the neighbor who helped them, "You never know how much you have got until you move." Not that what they had was worth much, but each article for them possessed a value that money could not represent, for it had belonged to their dead father and mother.

It was nearly dark when they had finished their labors and Tom, the youngest brother, who was just past his eighth year, said he was getting awfully hungry, and it was no wonder, for in the excitement of moving they had forgotten to eat their dinner.

"The little mother," as the children called Mary, promised soon to have supper ready. Tom was dispatched to the baker's for a loaf of bread; Bennie brought the wood to kindle the fire, and a pail of water and some flour with which to make a "hasty pudding," which Mary set about preparing: and when Tom returned with the bread he said it really did look as though they were going to have something to eat.

"How nice things do smell when they are cooking," said Tom, as he sat by the stove stirring the pudding.

"I expect it's only when you're hungry that you like it," answered Bennie, "because rich people always put the kitchen as far as possible from where they eat, so as not to get the smell of the victuals."

"Well, I'm sorry for the rich people," said Tom, as he inhaled the fragrance of the tea which a kind neighbor had given them, and Mary had placed upon the stove to draw.

Soon the four children were seated at the table, and, after asking God's blessing, they fell to eating with such appetites as only the poor possess.

"Why, it's just like playing house," said Tom, as he passed his cup for the third time for more tea.

"I am afraid we will find it anything but *play* if you are going to have such an appetite; and you will have to do something to earn your

living," answered Bennie. "Now, what can you do towards supporting yourself?"

"Why, *I* can get taters," answered Tom, looking up as though the question of his future support was solved in the most satisfactory manner.

"Don't say 'taters,' say 'potatoes,'" said Mary; "but where do you expect to get them?"

"Why, hook 'em from the greengrocer, as the other boys do when they have a tater *po*-tater roast in the street; I often have done it."

"Steal them you mean," said Bennie, sternly; "no, Tom, we must be honest, even to the smallest thing; we cannot expect to succeed if we break God's commandments." Then followed quite a long lecture, and Tommy was convinced that it was wrong to hook potatoes, though he asked, "Not even if a fellow's hungry?" But Bennie answered, "No, not even if you are hungry."

Supper ended, and the children after saying their prayers, went to bed and to sleep. Bennie got up early the next morning, and, without disturbing the others, took a "cold bite," and started out to seek his fortune. All day long he went about the streets offering his tempting fruit; but his success was not very encouraging, and late at night he returned home, with barely enough profit to make the sum he had arranged to lay aside each day to pay the rent. He sighed as he climbed wearily to the little room in the attic, for he thought there would be nothing for the children that night to eat.

He had just reached the last flight of stairs, when he heard a lively step and whistle behind him, and a moment after he entered the room, in came Tom, who threw down upon the table about twenty little fish upon a string.

"There," said Tom proudly, "*I* have done something for the support of the family."

"Fish," said Bennie, holding them up to the light; why, where did you get them, Tom?"

"Hooked them," answered Tom, very demurely.

"I hope you have not been stealing," said Bennie, in a very serious tone of voice.

"I hope it is not wrong to hook fish," said Tom, laughing, "for I don't know any other way to catch them."

Bennie's serious look disappeared, for Mary and Tom were enjoying the joke, and when he smiled, the others joined in a hearty laugh. Soon the fish were frying in the pan, and while they were cooking, Tom told them how he had worked all day getting chips from the ship-yard, and catching fish, and the many ways he had thought of by which he could help them in the future.

Bennie was not very successful in selling oranges, but he carried bundles, or held a horse, or helped the grocer at the corner, or carried in coal, and, with Tom's help, they somehow managed to live, and very seldom went hungry.

When the snow came they had quite a harvest. They worked during the whole day, and at night had accumulated a little pile of

money, more than they had ever seen before; and Tom said they would soon get rich if it only snowed every night.

"We cannot expect snow quite so often," said Bennie; "but now that we have got money enough to last for a few days I am going to look about for steady employment; for selling oranges is rather an uncertain support for the family".

Bennie was at last successful, and became the errand boy in a large grocer's shop, where, by faithfulness and attention to his duties he soon received promotion and a good salary; and, with his increased income, they lived more comfortably.

Tom and the younger sister were sent to school, while Bennie and "the little mother" studied at night. They lived very happily, and Bennie was amply rewarded for the efforts he had made to keep the little family together.

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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DUCK.

STRANGE to relate, my mother was a black hen. I shall never forget the peculiar sensation I experienced when, with my head half out of my shell, I found that I was unable to proceed any further with ease; however, as a shell is not the hardest thing in the world to break (as those will readily believe who have put eggs in their pockets and forgotten all about them, until they are reminded by the catastrophe which will most probably ensue), I soon managed to extricate myself. The first thing I did was to peep round the corner to get a look at my mother; but what was my surprise to find that she was not, like myself, a duck, but an ugly black hen? She soon discovered me, and poked me under her wing again. Here I had to content myself, and remain until the other eggs were hatched. I now began to wish that I had not been in such a desperate hurry. It was awfully dull all alone in the nest; so, to pass the time, I examined the egg-shells to see what companions I should have, for, although books cannot be judged by the covers, you can generally ascertain from the outside of the shell what kind of bird will come out of it. I noticed that there were several hen eggs, four turkey eggs, and, to my dismay, not one duck egg. At this I wept myself to sleep. I have no idea how long I continued in this unconscious state, but it must have extended over a considerable time, for, when I awoke, I found that all the eggs had turned into miserable, sleek-looking birds. I began to feel extremely hungry, and, having nothing to eat, I was seriously thinking of snapping off the head of an unfortunate chick who was not yet quite out of his shell. However, a kind fairy (in the shape of a rather substantial cook) came just in time to prevent such a dreadful fratricide. She brought an apronful of provisions, which I immediately attacked. At first I gobbled away in silence, not having a moment to spare; but after a while, when my hunger was beginning to be appeased, I happened to look up, and found that I was the only one ungenteel enough to eat, if I except a

little chick who was daintily picking at a morsel of hot buttered toast. I felt very much ashamed of my bad manners, and blushed to the roots of my down. To hide my confusion, I took refuge under my mother's wing. Ah! why was I born so hungry (and in a hen's nest). I foresee that my appetite will be a torment to me all the days of my life; and, worse than all, the greater my appetite, the greater the risk of being killed and eaten. I do not need any quinine or iron tonic, like those horrid little turkeys. I don't believe I should get it even if I did. Nobody cares about poor me; I am only a vulgar, ravenous duck. I am now trying to solve a very difficult problem, and it is this: whether it would be better to starve myself to death, and thus get decent burial, or go on continually feeding until I shall become so beautifully fat that cook will some day seize me, off with my head, and send me to the table to be eaten? What an ignominious fate that would be. I am endowed with a strong imagination, and already I picture the master carving me, and asking every one most amiably to take another slice of roast duck; while the mistress is being congratulated on my plumpness, and takes all the credit of it to herself. I wish I could speak, and I would tell a different tale; she never used to give me anything to eat. I had always to root in the mud for snails and frogs to keep myself alive. Perhaps if people knew this they would not eat me so ravenously. I am in a dreadful state of uncertainty, and cannot apply to my mother, as she does not speak my language; she can only cackle. I suppose she thinks that I can only quack, but every one must agree that my quack is much more musical and intelligible than her cackle. I do hate those turkeys, with their long faces and doleful cry, which continues from morning till night. Why can't they die at once, and not make such a song of it? I know I shall strangle them all some day if they do not stop it. Will there not be a dreadful war in the camp when we grow a little older; we, that do not all belong to the same family?

Oh, kind reader, if you should ever have anything to do with the setting of eggs, do, please, set ducks on ducks' eggs, or, at least, do not have different kinds of eggs in the one nest. No one knows, and I hope no one will ever experience, what I have gone through on account of this. I shall never forget the scared expression of my mother's beak when, one day as she was taking us as usual for our afternoon walk, we came near a pond. My duck-like propensity was immediately awakened in me, and with one plunge I was in the water, splashing and diving away to my heart's content. My poor mother was driven nearly to distraction; she paced up and down the bank beseeching and imploring me to come out. But no; I had tasted the sweets of liberty, and was resolved that nothing should induce me to submit again. Will they not all be sorry now that they were not kinder to me when they had me? This thought will help to soften all the difficulties I shall have to contend with in my new life.

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THE destinies of the world are in the hands of those who know how to work.

## PLAYING FOOL.

WHEN an industrious shoemaker fell into the habit of spending too much time in a saloon near by, one by one his customers began to desert him. His wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon; but he would carelessly reply: "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?"

The man tried in vain to correct this word. This child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression upon the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers, and the growing wants of his household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool-table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim: "No work again to-day! What I'm to do I don't know!"—"Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "Oh, hush, you poor child," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.

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## GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS.

"I WONDER how long it is since grandfather hung up his stocking?" said Johnny, one day, just before Christmas, to his brothers and sisters.

"It must be a great many years," answered Annie.

"More than a hundred, I should think," said little Willie.

"Oh, no," replied Johnny, laughing, "it isn't as many years as that since grandfather was a boy."

"Was grandpa ever a boy?" inquired Willie.

At this there was a shout of laughter from all; but Willie, not the least disturbed, continued, "I thought he was always grandpa."

"Why, no," said Johnny; "he was once a little boy like you, and hung up his stockings as you do on Christmas Eve, and Father Christmas brought him toys as he does you, and I tell you all what I think would be good fun to do. Let us hang up one of grandfather's stockings! Of course Father Christmas wouldn't put anything in it, because he would know by the size, if he didn't any other way, that it was some grown-up person's. So we will fill it ourselves — not with toys, but with everything we know grandfather likes."

The children were all delighted with the plan, and it was adopted at once.

"I know what I'll put in," said Annie, "a nice silk handkerchief; and I will buy it, and hem it myself, and work his name in the corner."

"And I'll put in a nice pipe and some tobacco," said Johnny, "for grandfather does like to smoke."

"That would be encouraging a bad habit," answered Annie.

"Won't he smoke anyway?" returned Johnny; "and, besides, mother says she doesn't mind *his* smoking, only she doesn't want her boys to smoke; and I believe in giving people what they like."

"If I can get money enough, I know what I'll buy," said little Willie—"I'll get specks."

"'*Specks!*' Why, what are 'specks'?" they all asked.

"Now, you are making fun of me," said Willie; "why what grandfather wears on his nose."

"Oh, spectacles," said Annie. "Now, Willie, you should not say 'specks,' for you know mother doesn't like you to use slang."

"Well, 'specks' is not slang," said Willie, "only a short word for a long one."

"An abbreviation," suggested Johnny; "but we had better tell mother what we intend to do, and get her to help us."

Their mother fell in with the plan, and said she and papa would each contribute something, so that grandfather's stocking should be full. Then she cautioned each one to keep the secret, so that it would be a real surprise.

Keeping the secret was very hard work. Annie was quite near exposing everything, when grandfather asked her what she was going to do with the handkerchief she was hemming. She stuttered and stammered, and her face colored, and, as she told Johnny afterwards, she really did not know what answer she gave. And Willie, the terrible child, kept every one shaking their fingers at him, and cautioning him by nods and winks, for he insisted on informing everyone at the table that *he knew something*, and he was continually making mysterious remarks of all kinds.

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ACROSS the drugget the baby creeps—
The baby that knows no cares—
And the awful direction that he keeps
Leads right to the hard, steep stairs.

Sometimes he climbs on the window sill,
Where a fall his neck would break;
From any bottle he drinks his fill—
Not the same from a spoon he'd take.

He sticks his hands in the bulldog's eyes
And into the horse's nose;
The table knife on his hand he tries,
And he kicks his face with his toes.

Oh, thus does baby run his race,
And, I'm sure his soul would chafe,
If he ever happened to get in a place
Where his life would be really safe.

## GONE TO HEAVEN.

Died in Hazelwood, Hyde Park, Mass., on the 26th of December, Leo F., 4 years and 3 months, son of Patrick M. and Jennie Donahoe, and grandson of Patrick and Annie E. Donahoe.

### In Memoriam.

HE came to us when we were weary laden,
Chilled by the world's cold arts,
And beamed upon us like a glimpse of Eden,
To bless and cheer our hearts.

His angel face shone with a radiant brightness
Which knew not sin nor dole,
That, like his heart, beamed with the spotless whiteness
That burned within his soul.

We watched his smile while slumber's spell had bound him,
And sat beside his bed;
We knew God's blessed angels hovered round him,
By God's great mercy led.

They smiled upon him, and his thoughts were given
Not to us here on earth,
But to his home, the brightest spot in heaven
That ere gave cherub birth.

And day by day we felt his life's-tide flowing
Out to the brighter shore,
And his fair face, so beauteous and glowing,
Shining in glory more.

We did not deem our angel boy could sever
The ties that bound him here,
And leave so soon the hearts that loved him ever,
E'en for a brighter sphere.

But God's good angels shed their sweet spells o'er him,
Though but a child of clay,
And on their white wings to his Saviour bore him
To his bright throne away.

We do not grieve that he has vanished from us,
Our sweet and gentle son,
We only say, while thinking of Thy promise,
"FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE!"

But though we mourn in this bleak world of sorrow,
Where grief o'erwhelms joy,
We hope, in Heaven, upon the bright to-morrow,
To meet our angel boy.

## THE GIRL WHO HELPS MOTHER.

THERE is a girl, and I love to think of her, and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother.

In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, still fingers that falter at their work; her strong figure is the staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother.

And when there comes a day that she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the worn-out body of mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her—is another girl whom I know. She is not too proud to earn her own living, nor ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking, and patient. She smiles at you from behind the counter or desk. There is a memory of her sewn into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful young mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us one and all. It is an honor to know this girl, —to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylum,—brave, polite, refined, ambitious, every place is the rightful home of the girl who works—God bless her.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was educated at Brienne; he received his first wound from a bayonet thrust, and he married Josephine, the widow of the Vicomte Beauharnais. After the Battle of Waterloo, he was taken, as a prisoner, to St. Helena on board the *Bellerophon*. While the distinguished exile was waiting for the completion of the preparations at Longwood for his reception, he lived at the "Briars," a house belonging to a Mr. Balcombe. While we are speaking of the great Napoleon, we may notice the curious coincidence that if letters, *v*, *o*, *t*, *a*, be struck out of the words Revolution, Française, the remaining letters, properly placed, will spell the words, "*Un corse le finira.*"

# The Progress of Life Insurance in the World.

WE have received from Mr. D. N. Holway, General Agent of the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, a very tastily gotten up document, giving, in two tables, the progress of the business from 1860 to 1887. These tables are so important in their nature as information, that we publish them entire for the benefit of our readers.

TABLE 1.

*Amount of Life Insurance in Force in the World.*

| END OF YEAR | GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. | CONTINENT OF EUROPE. | UNITED STATES. | CANADA AND AUSTRALIA. | TOTAL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1860 | $850,000,000 | $168,000,000 | $177,000,000 | ..... | $1,195,000,000 |
| 1865 | 1,105,000,000 | 369,000,000 | 627,000,000 | ..... | 2,101,000,000 |
| 1870 | 1,455,000,000 | 606,000,000 | 2,186,000,000 | ..... | 4,247,000,000 |
| 1875 | 1,866,000,000 | 946,000,000 | 2,076,000,000 | ..... | 4,888,000,000 |
| 1880 | 2,100,000,000 | 1,281,000,000 | 1,594,000,000 | $178,000,000 | 5,153,000,000 |
| 1883 | 2,225,000,000 | 1,635,000,000 | 1,916,000,000 | 230,000,000 | 6,006,000,000 |
| 1886 | 2,360,000,000 | 2,040,000,000 | 2,520,000,000 | 335,000,000 | 7,255,000,000 |

TABLE 2.

*Amount of New Life Insurance issued in the World in each of the Years named.*

| YEAR | GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. | CONTINENT OF EUROPE. | UNITED STATES. | CANADA AND AUSTRALIA. | TOTAL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1860 | $68,000,000 | $25,000,000 | $38,000,000 | ..... | $131,000,000 |
| 1865 | 83,000,000 | 74,000,000 | 265,000,000 | ..... | 422,000,000 |
| 1870 | 115,000,000 | 82,000,000 | 635,000,000 | ..... | 832,000,000 |
| 1875 | 105,000,000 | 156,000,000 | 323,000,000 | $5,000,000 | 589,000,000 |
| 1880 | 104,000,000 | 202,000,000 | 254,000,000 | 22,000,000 | 582,000,000 |
| 1883 | 124,000,000 | 247,000,000 | 333,000,000 | 32.000,000 | 736,000,000 |
| 1886 | 125,000,000 | 295,000,000 | 587,000,000 | 33,000,000 | 1,040,000,000 |

These figures are enormous indeed, and we can hardly comprehend their immensity.

In an appendix to this interesting document is a statement of the progress of the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, from 1865 to 1887. Hr. Holway has been continually with this "Quaker Company" since the early part of 1866. His patronage among our Clergy and more prominent laity is large and satisfactory. The late Hon. Timothy J. Dacey had two policies in that company, and always spoke in the highest terms of the methods of the company in its dealings with all its members.

Our readers will get much genuine information by procuring this pamphlet, which, we understand, they can by addressing or calling upon Mr. D. N. Holway, 119 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

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LET our impotence be what it may, we are at the feet of the Allpowerful. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1888.

# NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### Protestant Young Ladies in Convent Schools.

"THERE are," says a local Methodist organ, "two thousand Protestant girls in convent schools in the Canadian Province of Ontario." The question, therefore, naturally arises: *Why do thousands of Protestant parents send their daughters to Catholic schools?* The answer is very plain and palpable: Because in Catholic schools under charge of pious, virtuous Sisters trained to teaching, and whose lives are spent in an atmosphere where immorality is absolutely excluded and entirely unknown, young ladies grow up in the grace of God under the guardianship of His consecrated virgins. Even Protestant preachers themselves have at length discovered that in order to have their daughters trained in virtue and womanly grace, it is necessary to commit them to the charge of Sisters whose everyday practice is a living lesson of chaste deportment and lady-like virtue to those committed to their training. Among the "two thousand Protestant girls" in Catholic schools in Toronto were the daughters of Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, a distinguished Methodist minister, and lately Superintendent of Education in Ontario. Throughout the States there are in the convents thousands of young ladies belonging to the various Protestant denominations.

### The Mission to Ireland.

As was natural to expect, the English-speaking press of all countries is busily occupied in Archbishop Persico's mission to Ireland, and, as usual, wanders wide of the mark in its news and comments. I am enabled to state, positively, that all the information and details regarding the "substance of the report forwarded to the Vatican by Mgr. Persico," as written and telegraphed to the Journals, Catholic as well as Protestant, whether of England, Ireland, or America, are wholly due to the fervid fancy of the respective correspondents. Mgr. Persico has sent no official report whatever, nor is he likely to do so for the present. The statements referring to "the important instructions from the Pope, to be transmitted shortly to the bishops and clergy of Ireland," and the "proposed memorial of the Pope to the British Government," are also utterly false. Archbishop Persico, by command of His Holiness, will prolong his stay in Ireland until further orders.

### President of the Irish National League.

SOME months ago, the president of the League made an appeal to the wealthy Irish-Americans of the United States, for one hundred wealthy men to give $1,000 each, backing his suggestion by subscribing $1,000 himself. There was no response. In the principal cities of the country there are hundreds who could well afford to subscribe the amount called for by the patriotic president, but there was no response!

At a recent meeting in Lincoln, Neb., where the president resides, the president, John Fitzgerald, remarked that he was sorry to say his recent appeal to the wealthy Irishmen of America so far had not met with the response the cause deserved, and he believed that now, as ever, the cause of Ireland will find its best friends among the workingmen of America. He believed the man who could only afford one dollar was as deserving of credit as the man who could give a thousand. He knew from the best sources that Ireland never was in greater need; her leaders were being cast into prison, and every engine of tyranny was being employed to crush the people. The struggle would be sharp but short, and victory depended upon our action in America. To help the anti-coercion roll of honor, he then handed in his name for an additional

$500. Although it was an ordinary meeting, and the call entirely unexpected, $1,200 was raised in less than twenty minutes. Would that Ireland had more Fitzgeralds in the United States and Canada.

### Evictions in New York and Ireland.

THE correspondent of the Boston Daily Globe, Howard, writes: — The fact that the evictions in New York each year are nearly eleven times as many as in Ireland shows that there is something decidedly wrong in the condition of things in this great metropolis. In twelve months there were turned out of their homes in Ireland 2,088 families aggregating 8,817 persons. In a similar period in this city there were evicted 22,804 families, or 124,020 persons, estimating five to a family. The evictions in Ireland are for a year's rental, while here they are for a week or month at the most.

Perhaps more misery is caused in individual cases in Ireland; but there is no question that the condition of the evicted in New York fails to attract the pity which it deserves. It is often the result of drink and shiftlessness; but this is by no means always the case. Men out of work are evicted in New York by the hundred. They drift about, and if they fail to get work generally drift into the almshouse or workhouse, while their children are sent to a charitable institution. This accounts, in part, for the enormous yearly increase in the demands on the taxpayers for the maintenance of pauper children. In ten years there has been an increase from five hundred thousand dollars to nearly two million dollars in the appropriation for this purpose. The people of New York fail to comprehend the significance of these figures. Home-life is giving place to that of institutions, where children are brought up by rote, as it were. The result of this on the future of the State remains to be seen, but it looks as though the communistic theory that children should be brought up by the State was rapidly being put in practice here.

This whole question of eviction, the causes and consequences, is one of momentous import. It is almost neglected, however, by our so-called "leading citizens."

### More New Bishops.

REV. THOMAS MCGOVERN, of Danville, Pa., has been appointed Bishop of Harrisburg to succeed the late Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan. Father McGovern was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1832. The family came to this country in 1833, and settled in Overton, Bradford County, Pa., in 1842. Father McGovern graduated at Mt. St. Mary's College, in Emmittsburg, Md., in 1859, and finished his theological course at St. Charles Boromeo's Seminary, Philadelphia, where he was ordained Dec. 26, 1861. His first official duty was assistant at St. Michael's Church, Kensington, and next as assistant at St. Philip's Church, Second and Queen Streets, Philadelphia. In June, 1864, he was sent to Bellefonte, Pa., where he officiated for six years, and from there to York, Pa., where he staid until 1873, when he was sent to Danville, Pa., where he has been ever since.

A DISPATCH from Rome to Cardinal Gibbons announces the appointment of the Right Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., as Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. He is now Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, Gaston County, N. C. A native of Pennsylvania, he was born near St. Vincent's Abbey, in Westmoreland County, in that State, July 15, 1849. St. Vincent's Abbey is the mother abbey of the Benedictines in the United States.

### A Novel Business Calendar and Stand.

A MOST novel, convenient, and valuable business calendar for 1888 is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar and Stand, just issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. In this calendar a new departure has been made, decidedly unique and different from any previous attempt in calendar construction. The calendar proper is in the form of a pad, containing 366 leaves, one for each day in the year. A portion of each leaf is left blank for memoranda, so arranged that the memorandum blank for any coming day can be turned to immediately at any time. The pad rests upon a portable stand, and when placed upon the desk or writing-table the entire surface of the date leaf is brought directly, and left constantly, before the eye, furnishing date and memoranda, impossible to be overlooked.

THE mysteries of St. Joseph rise up like a beautiful cloud of incense from the Sacred Infancy. He belongs wholly to it. We know nothing of him except in relation to it. It seems the one end for which he was created and so wonderfully sanctified, the one work which God gave him to do. He is altogether detached from the Passion. It does not even cast shadows

over him beforehand, as it does over the Mother of Sorrows. Nay, even before Jesus has left the Holy House for the toil of His three years' ministry, Joseph has been taken to his rest. Worn out with divine love, he has died in a sweet ecstasy, pillowed on the bosom of Jesus, and with Mary by his side, in the very lap of all that was most beautiful and most holy and most heavenly on earth. No thought of violence mingles with the memory of his peaceful though anxious offices. The Blood of the Circumcision was his Gethsemani and his Golgotha.

### The Irish Envoys,

WHILE in Washington, called on President Cleveland in company with representatives Collins, of Massachusetts, and McShane, of Nebraska, for the purpose of paying their respects to the President. The President received the visitors most cordially. The introductions were made by Mr. Collins, and a short, informal conversation followed. They made the visit for the sole purpose of paying their respects, and were much pleased at the consideration shown by the President in leaving the Cabinet meeting to receive them. The visitors were entertained at a banquet.

### A Real Heroine.

THE wife who bears her part in the burden of life — even though it be the larger part — bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband, not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble decision hiding them from the world; who makes no confidants and asks no confidence; who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking perilous "affinities"; who does not build high tragedy sorrows on the inevitable; nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children — she, the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.

MR. P. V. HICKEY, editor of the Catholic Review, and other papers, sailed for Europe recently. Mr. Hickey has been in ill health for some time, and it is hoped that his trip will restore him. Mr. Hickey will visit Rome. Mr. L. W. Reilly, formerly editor of the Baltimore Mirror, and a contributor to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, will conduct his publications during his stay in Europe. Among those who "saw him off" were Rev. Brother Anthony, Rev. Father Keily of Brooklyn, and Mr. Lawrence Kehoe.

### Chaplain of the Navy.

THE Rev. Hugh J. Kelly has been appointed post-chaplain in the United States Army, his commission dating from Nov. 21. Father Kelly is but the second Catholic chaplain out of thirty-four post-chaplains in the army. In view of the very large percentage of our soldiers who are Catholics, this is surely not distributive justice. The Catholic religion is professed by one-third of our army; and those brave men who so often imperil their lives in western border warfare, in behalf of peace, humanity, and civilization, are entitled to their full quota of spiritual consolation from the hands and lips of ministers of their own creed.

### New Explosive.

REV. P. M. DONOHOE, of Illinois, will, in a few days, go to test the new explosive, of which he is the discoverer, at the War Department, Washington, D. C. Carboneted glycerine is stronger than nitroglycerine, but how much has not yet been determined. Talk about coast defences is useless until we see what the new explosive can do. Naphthalic sulphur (liquid form) is also an explosive, Father Donohoe being the owner and inventor. When the *Sp. Cor. A.* tells its strength and beauty, the teeth of soldiers and sailors will shake with amazement. Father Donohoe's inventions, if brought in contact with Edison's would compel the latter's to surrender.

### Eugene Davis.

THE Irish cause owes a great deal to the poet, Eugene Davis. Not only is Ireland ever the theme of his beautiful lays, she is also the theme of his prose, no matter what language he writes in. His last work for Ireland is a magnificent article in French in the *Nouvelle Revue* for October last. Mr. Davis seems quite as much a master of French as of English. The article in question is entitled "Plaidoyer pour l'Irlande," a "Plea for Ireland." It is, perhaps, one of the most terrible arraignments of the English government that was ever written in any language; and, unless perhaps in Russia, it would

not be permitted to appear in any country but France. The printing of such an article in what is now considered the foremost of French periodicals, shows plainly that France's old love for Ireland is very far from being dead. Mr. Davis makes one point which is so telling that we feel it ought to be noticed. In commenting on the brutality of Lord Salisbury, he gives an extract from one of his speeches in the House of Commons, in 1861, when he was known as Lord Cecil, in which he frankly admitted that it was England, and England alone, that was the cause of Ireland's poverty, discontent and misery. Mr. Davis says that if Lord Salisbury should attempt to deny the charge brought against him of having used such language, he will find his speech in which it occurs printed in full in Hansard's Parliamentary Record for 1861.—The Citizen, Chicago, Ill.

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RUM, ROMANISM, AND REBELLION.—Burchard defeated Blaine in the last presidential campaign. "Insect" Sawyer in his attack upon Mayor O'Brien, in Mechanics Charitable Association, elected that gentleman for the fourth time Mayor of Boston.

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### Presentation of a Boston Book.

IN a recent audience with Pope Leo XIII., the Rev. D. J. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome, presented to His Holiness, as an offering from the author, a magnificent copy of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints, by Mrs. Clara E. Clement; edited by Katherine E. Conway. This copy, bound in white calf and watered silk, and stamped and lettered in gold, was prepared expressly for presentation to His Holiness, by the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston. The Holy Father accepted the volume with great pleasure, and sent his blessing to the author and editor, "inquiring very kindly," writes Father O'Connell, "in many points about them." In looking over the volume, the first engraving his eyes rested on was the one referring to his own patron, St. Joachim.

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MAYOR O'BRIEN is indebted to "Insect" Sawyer for his election. The "Insect" should be rewarded in some way. A leather medal would not be bad.

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### Immigration Statistics.

THE total number of immigrants arriving in Canada from Jan. 1st, to Nov. 30th, was 138,162, compared with 309,492 for the same period last year. The total number of passengers to the United States from Canada for eleven months of 1887 reaches 65,621, as compared with 48,587 for the same period last year.

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### No Anarchists Need Apply.

FIVE foreigners from Readsboro presented themselves for naturalization at Bennington, Vt., and aside from the usual examination as to good character, etc., in such cases, were questioned by Judge Powers fully as to whether they belonged to any Socialist, Nihilist or Anarchist or other organization inimical to the government of the United States, after which the presiding judge, in a few pointed remarks, explained the law in such cases and expressed an opinion that it was the duty of the courts to exclude from citizenship all foreigners who are either enemies of the United States by reason of belonging to such organizations as those named, or in sympathy with the same.

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THE Catholics of the colony of Victoria, Australia, mindful of the devoted priests that noble college has sent them, have gratefully contributed the sum of twenty thousand dollars to All Hallow's College, Dublin, Ireland.

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IT is rumored that an Irish ecclesiastical dignitary will be raised to the cardinalate shortly after the jubilee, and the name of Archbishop MacEvilly is prominently mentioned in connection with the proposed elevation.

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### The Pope and Secret Societies.

THE author of the "Manual of the Anti-Masonic League" begged of the Holy Father lately to grant an indulgence to the faithful who would engage never to become affiliated with Freemasonry, and to combat this organization. The request has been favorably received by his Holiness. He has granted on the ordinary conditions (1) a plenary indulgence to children who at their first Communion shall undertake never to enter a secret society condemned by the Church; and (2) a plenary indulgence every year to all the faithful who, on a date specified for them, shall make or renew an engagement never to become members of the Masonic Sects.

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ON December 29th Mr. Gladstone completed his seventy-eighth year, full of vigor and unabated enthusiasm. Long may he wave!

### A Canadian Cardinal the Friend of Women and Children.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU is out in a letter in which he expresses his opinion on child labor and female labor. He says that it is necessary to provide means for the protection of morality of the workers, and that the work required of the women and children should not be too long nor too continuous. A little rest in the morning and afternoon, he says, would obviate many sufferings and diseases, and fully compensate the proprietors, because the refreshed workers will work the better. He holds that ventilation should be carefully looked after, and that strikes are one of the great dangers of society. It strikes him that it would be useful to establish a board of arbitration quite independent of interested parties to settle the difficulties which give rise to strikes.

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ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, late President of the Land League, tells the reason why the Irish race did not celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. The subject is ably discussed by our eloquent Chicago friend, in our MAGAZINE of this month.

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BALFOUR thinks the confessional holds many secrets which would be of inestimable value to the government if divulged. Some time ago Father Ryan was put in jail for refusing to testify what he knew of the inner workings of the Plan of Campaign among his immediate parishioners. He was subsequently released. He was re-arrested last week under the Crimes Act, and another attempt will be made with Tory skeleton keys to unlock the sigillum. A key that will throw that bolt has not yet been invented, says Father Phelan in Western Watchman.

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### State of Ireland.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., the correspondent of the Boston Daily Globe, writes of the state of Ireland at the opening of the new year: "The old year winds up with bitter poverty and suffering in Ireland. The new year comes in with increasing strength for the Irish cause in England, and consequent improvement of the conditions under which the next general election will be contested, making it as certain as anything human can be that Gladstone will be returned to Parliament at the head of a strong majority, with a full warrant from the nation to do justice to Ireland."

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A FIRE in Quebec destroyed the seminary chapel, together with about $500,000 worth of original oil paintings. The chapel was erected in 1735. The loss is irreparable, as copies of the original paintings by the great masters cannot be replaced.

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### The Rocky Mountain Celt,

*The Leading Weekly of the West devoted to the Interests of Irishmen.* Commencing only six years ago, the Rocky Mountain Celt has risen from comparative obscurity to gigantic proportions by its assiduous attention to the wants of its readers. It is the mouthpiece of all Irishmen in the West, and the recognized organ of the Labor party in Colorado. Send in your name and address, and learn what your brethren in the West are doing. Subscription price only $2.00 a year, payable in advance. Address The Rocky Mountain Celt, Denver, Col. A new, beautiful, and original story, by Thomas F. Rowland, will appear in the columns of the Celt, and will continue during the year.

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### The Jubilee Services,

AT the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, were on a grand scale. The singing, the sermon, and the ceremonies, were never surpassed. The sermon of the Archbishop was impressive, and listened to with great attention. The services ended with the Te Deum.

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### Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers, who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.
181 Pearl St., New York.


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LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the past year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

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AGENT at the door— Is the lady of the house in? Gentleman, calling to his wife —Mary, is the cook in?

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.—The first of three papers on the Roman Catacombs will be commenced in our next issue. The Rev. author, FATHER COSTELLO, of Athens, Pa., who recently visited the Eternal City, has been a valued contributor to our MAGAZINE for years, in prose and poetry, under the signature of J. C.

## AN URGENT APPEAL.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY make an earnest appeal to the charitable public in behalf of the deeply afflicted and suffering poor in the west of Ireland, who are literally perishing for want of food and clothing. If some of those charitable persons whom the good God has blessed with abundant means could visit the bogs in Tuam, and see a family living in a hut in which pigs could not be kept, not even a door to shut out the inclemency of the winter nights, and only a few tattered rags to cover the wretched creatures; another family living in an old barn, without a chimney, and a neighbor's cow for a companion; these are only a few of the miseries the Sisters of Mercy have to witness in the discharge of their duty in visiting the poor.

They earnestly solicit, during this holy season, that those who abound in the riches and comforts of this life, will kindly look with pity on the suffering members of Jesus Christ, and in return He will give the hundred-fold promised to all those who give even a cup of cold water in His name, and will obtain for the giver an increase of blessings, both in this life and in the next. The united prayers of the community are daily offered through the year, for all who assist the charity.

Letters with remittances may be addressed to Sister M. De P. Stokes, Tuam, co. Galway, Ireland, or Mr. Donahoe will send any sums intrusted to him for the good object.

### Christmas-tide Ordinations.

AT St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, on the 17th Dec., Archbishop Williams administered Holy Orders to ten students of that institution. The ceremonies took place at 8 o'clock in the chapel, and Rev. Father Hogan, rector of the Seminary, and the priests of the faculty assisted the Archbishop. The following students received the order of deaconship: Revs. W. J. Browne, M. H. Buckley, T. J. Holland, John James, all of Boston, and C. R. Kelly, of Providence. Subdeaconship was conferred on J. J. Graham, D. F. Murphy, J. P. Sullivan, of Boston, and M. V. McDonough, of Providence. Tonsure was conferred on J. J. Laboisiere, of Boston. Sacerdotal ordinations will not occur until June, when they will take place at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

### Letters of Encouragement.

WE could fill pages of our MAGAZINE with letters like the following. They are all very good in their way to puff up some of the young editors. But we prefer to give our readers interesting solid matter, that will remain in the minds and hearts of our readers. Here are a few of the letters:

Rev. T. Smith, of Lee, Mass., in sending his advance subscription, says: "I feel proud of the old veteran of Catholic journalism and literature in this country whose name adorns this MAGAZINE, and hope, though advanced in years, that God will spare him to do much more for the cause of Church and fatherland."

S. O. L. A., SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1887.

*Dear Sir*,—Enclosed you will find two dollars, which will pay my subscription to the MAGAZINE until July, 1888. I am well pleased with it, and think it should have the support of every Irish Catholic. Sincerely yours,

JAS. M. SCANLAN, *Niagara University*.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1887.

PATRICK DONAHOE, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,—Enclosed please find postal order for $2, for my subscription for that ever-welcome visitor, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It is a storehouse in every sense, and one that young and old may improve themselves by. Your humble friend,

P. M. KANE.

NORTH'S Dyspepsia Cure, as advertised in the February number of Donahoe's Magazine for the year 1888, is universally acknowledged by all druggists and medical men throughout this entire country, as the best cure for dyspepsia in all its various phases.

Address C. H. NORTH & Co.
33 & 34 North Market Street,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, M. P., has been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. Mr. Corcoran, publisher of the Cork Examiner, has also been sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

## AN APPEAL FROM SCOTLAND.

### An Irish Priest Solicits Help for a Poor Irish Parish in North Britain.

THE Rev. W. J. O'Shaughnessy, of Girvan, Ayrshire, has addressed this touching appeal to Catholics, especially to Catholics of the Irish race, in America:

I beg to solicit your aid for the wants of a poor mission in Scotland. My parish extends over forty miles long by thirty broad, and contains five hundred Irish Catholics, scattered among twenty thousand Protestants. I have toiled in it ceaselessly for more than fifteen years, and succeeded in erecting at one end a portion of a church, a school, a convent, and a presbytery; at the other end, I have erected a church and a school, and there, too, I have projected the erection of a convent and a priest's house as soon as I shall have raised the necessary funds. In a mission that is so poor, that the whole income it is able to contribute in the year for the support of two priests and one school, and for the upkeep of two churches and the expenses of divine worship is six hundred and fifty dollars, it would be imprudence, if not madness, to build with borrowed money.

Though my congregation is in Scotland, every soul in it is Irish, and intensely Irish, Maybole, where I propose building this convent and presbytery, possessing one of the most vigorous branches of the National League in Great Britain. I might say much, if space allowed, of how my poor people have been persecuted, myself spit upon, stoned, threatened "to be done for," my church more or less wrecked a dozen times by midnight ruffians; I might tell how I have acted as my own housekeeper for two years, making my sacristy my home for several days every week, but I feel no words of mine can recommend my cause better than the following taken from a letter to me of our great patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke: "I know the Rev. W. J. O'Shaughnessy, missionary rector of Girvan, Ayrshire, Scotland, to be a hard-working, Irish priest on the Scotch mission, and take leave to recommend him to those of our countrymen in the United States who reside in a diocese whose bishop duly authorizes him to collect. He has an honorable record as a priest, and is a staunch sympathetic Irishman."

Four Masses are said every week for one year for all benefactors, besides many communions and prayers offered up constantly by nuns and children. The names of all benefactors will be kept forever in a book under the tabernacle, and Mass said several times every year for their benefit. Donors of one hundred dollars or more will have their names inscribed on a marble tablet within the sanctuary, as founders of the mission. Donors of five hundred dollars will have their names besides inscribed in the Mass book and a yearly Mass guaranteed for all time coming. A chromo-lithograph of the Miracle of Lourdes, valued at two dollars, will be sent to all who will donate or collect three dollars. You are earnestly requested to send contributions to any of the following: Right Rev. John McLachlan, Dumfries, Scotland; Rev. W. J. O'Shaughnessy, care of Rev. Father Delahunty, 116 Vernon Street, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.; or care of Rev. P. A. McKenna, Marlboro, Mass.

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### The Irish National Press.

THE government have now got six Irish Nationalist editors fast under lock and key, — four of them members of Parliament. They have a fifth, Alderman Hooper, M. P., as good as secured. They have imprisoned an equal number of mere venders of the marked newspapers. One of these news-venders, on being liberated the other day, was immediately served with a fresh batch of summonses for simply hanging out a sign-board with the words, "United Ireland sold 'here'" printed upon it. The object of all this is, of course, to terrorize the news-venders as a body, and, in that way, to deal a fatal stab at the particular journals. So far the terrorism has failed. Individuals are going to jail, prepared to suffer the consequences of their conduct, with all the ardor and spirit of men who are fighting for a great principle, and who are prepared to make heavy personal sacrifices in its assertion. This raid upon the Nationalist newspapers is being carried on with every circumstance of brutality, says the Freeman's Journal.

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A WRITER in Murray's Magazine, an English publication, justly remarks, if the priesthood of Ireland were Buddhist instead of Roman Catholic, England would have done more to secure their loyalty, and would not have left their religious chief so severely alone.

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TEACHER — Why was Adam expelled from the garden of Eden? Small boy (Irish) — He couldn't pay the rent.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon.

*G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.*

THE STORY OF IRELAND. By the Hon. Emile Lawless, author of "Herrish," a study. With some additions by Mrs. Arthur Bronson. Price, $1.50.

This book is the last issue of "The Story of the Nations," and illustrated with a map of Ireland and numerous other engravings. The whole making a book of 435 pages, well printed and handsomely bound.

ROBERT EMMET. A Tragedy of History. By Joseph J. C. Clarke.

The author says in the preface, that the prose form has been chosen for many reasons, chief among them is that no maker of verse could rise to loftier heights than Emmet himself, in the prose of that marvellous speech in the dock which has become a classic of the language. Its great periods and the arrowy sentences may not be rashly broken to suit the needs of verse. It sets high the mark for all that can be written about Robert Emmet, his purpose, his love, and his doom. There is an autotype, of the Carnesford miniature which was sketched on a piece of brown paper during the trial and afterward tinted. This miniature was copied on ivory many years later, and all reproductions of this likeness hitherto made have been from this copy. The autograph under the miniature is reproduced from one of Robert Emmet's books which he used at Trinity College, Dublin.

BODYKE: A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism. By Henry Norman. Reprinted, with several additional chapters, from the Pall Mall Gazette, and illustrated with sketches from instantaneous photography by the author.

The author says that while these pages were in the press, Mr. Balfour has, in effect, stated in the House of Commons that the parts of them which have already appeared were "a mass of pure fabrications." "If he would," says the author, "do me the favor to repeat this assertion in some place where parliamentary privilege does not render him irresponsible, I should be able to submit to a court of law which of us is speaking the truth." The book is illustrated, and, like all the Messrs. Putnam's books, well printed and bound.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

INDIFFERENTISM: or, Is One Religion as Good as Another? By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. Price, 60 cents.

As the title indicates, the scope of the book is to show that all religions are not equally right; that one only can be right; that all the rest must be wrong; and, having done this, then to point out that one which *alone* is right among the multitudinous claimants.

*Lynch, Cole, & Meehan, New York.*

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC for 1888.

This is the 25th year of this publication. The publishers keep up with the spirit of the times, and give a book interesting to all classes of readers, particularly to the class to whom it is devoted. We refer to advertising pages for the Contents of the Almanac.

ADDRESS to Rev. Arnold Damen, S. J., on the occasion of His Golden Jubilee. By William J. Onahan in behalf of the Congregation and Parish of the Holy Family.

This address has not only received the commendation of the press throughout the country, but has attracted the notice of the leading papers of the Eternal City. It is beautifully printed on the finest paper and good type. We presume that copies of it may be had by writing to St. Joseph's Home, Chicago, Ill. The profits are to be applied for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb School of that institution, of which the venerable Father Damen is the founder.

All the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Ave Maria," by Luigi Luzzi. "Last Night," arranged for Guitar, by G. W. Persley. "Queen of My Heart," words by B. C. Stephenson, music by Alfred Cellier. "The Devoted Apple," words by Frederic E. Weatherby, music by Joseph L. Roeckel. "Holy Father Guide Our Footsteps," Contralto and Soprano Duet, by W. Vincent Wallace. "The Messenger of Light," Christmas Carrol, by E. H. Bailey. "This is the Lord's Own Day," Quartette, Kreutzer, arranged by C. P. Morrison. "There Were Shepherds," Christmas Anthem, by Carl Pflueger. "The Hills of the Lord," Song, by C. C. Stearns.

*Instrumental:* "Pontoon March," by Edward Holst. "Pharsalia Valse Bril-

liante," by F. Burgmuller. "Shepherds' Dance," Polonaise, by Edward Holst. "Sunshine March," by Frederic E. White. "Come Back to Erin," and "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," arranged for Piano, by T. P. Ryder. "Whip Snap Quadrille," by C. A. White. "Till we Part Again," Gavotte, by Chas. D. Blake. "Folio March," by Richard Goedeler. "Dreaming of Flowers Waltz," by Chas. D. Blake. "Grand Festival March," by Thos. E. Rhodes. "Glen March," by E. H. Bailey.

*Books:* "Six New Christmas Carols," H. P. Danks. A collection, melodious, and not too difficult.

Vol. II. "Stearns' Church Anthems," for Quartette or Chorus Choir, by C. C. Stearns. A fine work of its kind, useful for the purpose named.

"Stearns' Vespers in B flat with Magnificat," for Quartette or Chorus Choir, by C. C. Stearns. A work that is destined to become very widely used by our Catholic choirs, being just what has been long desired, melodious and within the reach of ordinary choirs and organists.

### The Annual Reunion of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College

WILL be held this season in Mechanics Hall, Monday evening, Jan. 30th, 1888. The net proceeds will be set aside as the beginning of a Building Fund, in order that Boston may have a Young Men's Catholic Association in a building of its own. This is a matter which concerns every Catholic in Boston, and in appealing for aid and encouragement in the good work now undertaken, the members of the Association feel that the result of their labors is a matter which deeply effects the cause of Catholicity throughout the city, and a matter in which they can with confidence call upon any, and all, to whom that cause is dear, to come forward and lend it substantial support. Remember the occasion, Monday evening, Jan. 30, 1888. Tickets, admitting gentleman and ladies, $2; for sale by all members of the Association, and at the sexton's office, Church of the Immaculate Conception.

### Protestant Testimony.

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT, the most influential Protestant journal in the country says: "In the long future, when the 'science of missions' comes to be written we shall find that our enemies have a thing or two to teach us. After making a wide margin for all the exaggerated accounts of Roman Catholic missions, we must surely be able to see that the Papacy is to-day, as never before, winning the millions over to its system."

### Death of a Generous Man.

OWEN CONNOLLY, the wealthiest merchant of Charlottetown, P. E. I., dropped dead in his store on the 27th of December. He was writing an order for a pair of blankets and a load of coal, which were to be a Christmas gift to a poor woman, when he sunk into a chair and expired. He was 67 years old and married, but had no children. He is rated worth $800,000. His will, after making several bequests, gives the residue of his estate for the education of poor Roman Catholic children in Prince Edward Island.

### Rents Reduced $10,000,000.

THE Dublin Gazette publishes an order signed by Commissioners Lytton and Wrench, prescribing reductions of judicial rents throughout practically the whole of Ireland, ranging from 6 to 22 per cent., the average being 14 per cent. The aggregate reduction is estimated at 2,000,000 pounds. The reduction is permanent and applies to arrears since 1881. Judge O'Hagan attaches a note dissenting from the decision of his colleagues.

FATHER MATTHEW RYAN, of the town of Hospital, county Limerick, one of the projectors of the plan of campaign, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment without hard labor, for inciting the people to commit alleged illegal acts.

FRANK FULLER, who killed Archbishop Seghers on the Yukon River, in Alaska, last December, has been found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to McNeill's Island for ten years, and to pay a fine of $1,000. This is an uniust verdict. Either the man is insane and therefore not responsible for the crime, or he is a murderer and should be hanged.

### St. Joseph's Seminary for Colored Missions, Baltimore, Md.

WE would call the attention of all interested in the christianization of the colored race to the article in this issue of our MAGAZINE. Letters inclosing remittances toward this great work, may be addressed to Rev. John R. Slattery as above.

# OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

## BISHOPS.

THE Right Rev. James Joseph Carberry, Bishop of the Diocese of Hamilton, Canada, died at Cork, on his way to Rome, on the 19th of December. Bishop Carberry went to Rome last July. He was taken ill at Cork and died there. He was born in Mullingar, county Westmeath, in 1821, and joined the Dominicans, making his profession, November, 1843. He made his studies in Rome and returned to Ireland in 1849. He was stationed at St. Mary's, Dublin, and was several times Prior of the House in Limerick. He was made Provincial in 1876, and four years later, Prior at Cork. In 1881 he was called to Rome and made companion of the Father-General and Bishop of Hamilton, in August, 1883.

ARCH-ABBOT WIMMER died on the feast of the Immaculate Conception at Latrobe, Pa. He was a native of Bavaria, and, ordained in early life, served two years in the secular priesthood, after which he entered the Benedictine Order. Coming to America forty-one years ago, he and some other members of his order, proceeded on foot to Latrobe, where he founded that glorious abbey, St. Vincent's, where he breathed his last. His late Holiness created him Life-Abbott, and he was raised to the dignity of Arch-Abbott by our present illustrious Pontiff, and to the presidentship of the American congregations of the Cassanese Benedictines. The charity of the deceased was illimitable, his mortifications extreme, and his learning of the highest class.

WE briefly announced the death of Most Rev. John Power, D.D., Bishop of Waterford, in our last issue. He was in his seventy-ninth year. Cappoquin was his birthplace, and he was one of a family that has given to the Church ecclesiastics who have worthily maintained the noblest traditions of Catholicity. Three of his brothers entered the sacred ministry, and like the deceased prelate, their lives were fruitful of good works. Ordained in June, 1833, Dr. Power's first mission was as curate of St. Mary's, Clonmel, and here his zeal and talents distinguished him for preferment. He succeeded the Rev. Father Wall as parish priest of Powerstown, and on the death of his former pastor, the Rev. Father Burke, his bishop resolved to translate him to Clonmel. How he labored for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock the people of that town still tell. By the poor especially he was regarded as a friend in all troubles, from whom counsel and help were never asked in vain. It was in July, 1873, that he was consecrated Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, on the death of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien. During the interval of fourteen years he governed the diocese with consummate wisdom and prudence. He won the hearts of his own people and the respect of all. Although taking no very prominent part in politics, especially of late years, he was a firm Home Ruler and a staunch advocate of the principles of the Land and National Leagues. With good reason the entire community mourns his loss. He will be succeeded in the See by the Most Rev. Pierce Power, Coadjutor Bishop.

## CLERGYMEN.

THE Very Rev. Michael M. Hallinan, D. D., died Dec. 12, at Little Rock, Ark. The very reverend gentleman was one of Right Reverend Bishop Fitzgerald's earliest friends. He came to Little Rock about six years ago, and during the years since he has been the acting rector of the Cathedral and vicar general of the diocese. He was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, France, beginning his studies there at a young age. He was ordained for the diocese of Cincinnati, to which he came immediately after his ordination. Shortly after his arrival he was made rector of the diocesan seminary by the late Archbishop Purcell. His age was sixty years or there about. For far more than half that period his life-work has been devoted to the service of God and the church. He was born near Mallow, county Cork, Ireland. Of quiet and retiring disposition, with good gifts of mind well trained, of exemplary piety and prudent zeal his life has been a living sermon to the community at large. By his own charge he will be deeply and sincerely mourned, while from old and young, will go forth fervent prayers for his eternal rest and peace.

THE Rev. Father James P. Smyth, rector of the Church of St. Paul of the Cross, on Hancock avenue, Jersey City, died at St. Francis' Hospital, that city, Dec. 13th. The deceased was born in Fethard, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1841. He was educated in All Hallow's and Mount Mellery colleges. He came to this country in 1862, and entered Seton Hall College where he was ordained as a priest by Bishop Corrigan. He was assigned as a curate to St. Mary's Church, Jersey City. In 1876 the Passionist Fathers delivered to the Bishop the Church of St. Paul of the Cross, and Father Smyth was appointed to the pastorate. There he labored ceaselessly and earnestly. His congregation increased rapidly, the property was improved, and the debts cancelled.

THE Rev. Henry B. M. Hughes, O.S.D., missionary apostolic, and pastor for eight years of the Church of St. John the Baptist (Portuguese Catholic) on North Bennet Street, died recently in Wales. Rev. J. T. Serpa, the present pastor of the church, celebrated Mass for the repose of the soul of the good priest, Sept. 14, 1886. Father Hughes left Boston, having been recalled by the superior-general of his order at Rome, and was sent to found a monastery of the Order of St. Dominic for the Welsh mission.

REV. THOMAS O'BRIEN, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Randolph, Mass., died on the afternoon of Jan. 6th, of pneumonia. Rev. Father O'Brien was born in East Boston, 46 years ago. He graduated from the Holy Cross College at Worcester, and received his ordination at Troy. His death was a sudden stroke to his large circle of friends. For some time he has been in poor health, and was taken with pneumonia only two weeks ago. Rev. Henry A. Walsh, who is assistant pastor of the church, will act as pastor until a successor is appointed. His death is lamented by Protestants as well as Catholics.

REV. JOSEPH VETTER, S. J., of St. Mary's Church, Endicott Street, Boston, died on the 8th of January, at the Carney Hospital. Father Vetter was born at Molsheim, in Alsace, in the year 1819. After finishing his studies in Europe, he came to this country and labored in various parts of the province of New York. He taught philosophy in St. Mary's College, Montreal; was assistant pastor in several churches in New York City and Buffalo, and was for more than twelve years chaplain of the charity hospital on Blackwell's Island, N. Y. For the last three years he has been one of the assistants at St. Mary's Church, and has endeared himself to all by his great zeal and devotedness to duty. The interment took place at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

## SISTERS.

MOTHER MARY FRANCES CLARKE, Superior General of the Order of Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M., died Sunday, Dec. 4, at St. Joseph's Convent, Dubuque, Iowa, the parent house. She was the founder of the noble order in America. She came from Ireland to Philadelphia in 1833, with a few other sisters, and established a mother-house in that city. In 1843, when the Know Nothing element was assailing Catholic institutions and people, her convent was destroyed by fire, and she fled to Dubuque, accompanied by Rt. Rev. Father Donahue, and located in Table Mound Township, Dubuque County, where she established a mother-house. From this beginning, under her energetic management, the order has grown until it now has a membership of over seven hundred sisters, with branches in Chicago, Elgin, Des Moines, Clinton, Davenport, Burlington, Iowa City, Fort Madison, and other cities. The day preceeding her death she was remembered from Rome, the Pope sending her the following message: "Leo XIII. sends a special blessing and plenary indulgence to Mother Mary Frances Clarke, foundress of the Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M." Her funeral was observed Tuesday at the mother-house, and fully one hundred priests and three hundred sisters were present. But one religieuse of the five who accompanied Father Donahue to Dubuque, in 1843, now remains, Sister Rose, and she is not expected to live many days.

## LAY PEOPLE.

AT her residence, 190 Kneeland Street, Boston, on the morning of Dec. 3d, passed away Mrs. Mehigan, one of the oldest residents of the South Cove. Mrs. Mehigan was a daughter of John and Ann White, and sister of Rev. James White, of Hyde Park, now at the Cathedral, Columbus, Ohio. She had been in feeble health for years, and for some time past seemed only to be waiting for death. During her whole life Mrs. Mehigan was noted for the sweetness of her disposition, and the holy calm of her soul. These beautiful qualities were hers up to the moment she

passed from this life without a sigh and without a struggle.

MRS. PHELAN died on the 10th of December, at St. Mary's, South Bend, Indiana. She had reached the ripe age of eighty-three years. The immediate cause of her death was a stroke of paralysis which came upon her a few weeks ago. Considering her great age her health had been remarkably good up almost to her death. She was a lady of unusual refinement of character, wide and clear conceptions, and most profound Christian faith, accompanied with limitless charity both in word and act. It would be difficult to find a person so influenced by religion, or one who exhibited in her life and actions the Christian virtues in a truer or equally marked degree. She lived a Christian and died a saint. In 1823, the deceased, then Miss Mary Myers, was married to John P. Gillespie, uncle of Hon. James Gillespie Blaine. The fruit of this marriage were the late Mother Angela, who died last February, Rev. Neal Gillespie, who died Nov. 12, 1884, and Mrs. Judge Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, still living. By the death of her husband, Mr. Gillespie, Mrs. Phelan was at an early age left a widow, when she moved to Lancaster, Ohio, where she married Mr. Phelan, a gentleman of large means and honored position. Mrs. Phelan outlived her second husband and has spent her latter years in prayer and good works, her large means enabling her to be ever ready to help the needy. Fortified with all the consolations of religion, she calmly closed her long and useful life, with the confidence of a blessed future. May she rest in peace.


### An Excellent Food.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to Bush's Fluid Food, known as "Bovinine." Physicians, as well as others, unite in saying that it is the best on the market for indigestion and dyspepsia. It is palatable, nutritious, and easily assimilated by the most debilitated digestive organs. Knowing its virtues, we add our own endorsement to the following very strong one from the Sisters of Notre Dame, of Philadelphia:

"ST. VINCENT ORPHAN ASYLUM,
"PHILADELPHIA, 1887.

We have used a great deal of your Fluid Food, BOVININE, for our delicate children, and cannot speak too highly of it, for its results with us have been most beneficial. Delicate and sickly children, and those recovering from severe illnesses, gain most rapidly from its use.

"MARY REGINA,
*Sœur de Notre Dame.*"

See adv. in another column.


IRISH-AMERICAN: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE enters on its tenth year with increasing popularity and success. We sincerely congratulate our old friend, the veteran editor, and wish him many more years of his useful career. Not the least of the attractive and interesting features of recent issues have been a series of historical papers on Irish-American topics by that old favorite in prose and poetry, William Collins.

THE LATE WILLIAM PARSONS.—Foremost among those who attended this lamented gentleman in his illness was DR. P. MORRIS. He had been a life-long friend of the deceased, and stood by him until his remains were deposited in the receiving-vault at Calvary.

THERE is some truth in the rumors from Rome in relation to changes in the Archdiocese of Boston. It is generally believed that Archbishop Williams will be raised to the dignity of Cardinal.


### How to get More Eggs.

IT is a fact but little known to people who keep poultry, that the first part of a hen which becomes disarranged on the approach of disease, is the ovaries, or egg-producing organs.

Excess of fat, exposure to wet and cold, poor condition, shedding feathers, improper food, want of exercise, or lack of certain elements in the food to develop the embryo egg, will all produce the same effect and cause the hens to stop laying.

It cannot be laid down as an "iron-clad" rule, that when a hen ceases laying it is a positive symptom she will soon be sick; but it can be stated with the utmost assurance that something is wrong or she would not cease laying for weeks, and often months.

The annual egg product per hen, in this country, ranges from three to eight dozen each. Now this is by far too small. There is no earthly reason why every hen that lays at all, should not be made to lay from ten to fifteen dozen eggs each per year, and continue to do so for at least five years. We know of parties who get eggs at that rate in mid-winter in our cold climate.

How to get eggs in cold weather interests every person who keeps hens Mr. Charles Raymond of New Canaan, Conn., writes under date of March 8, 1887: "I had excellent results from feeding SHERIDAN'S POWDER to my seventeen hens. In December they laid 224 eggs; in January 177; and in February 241. People around here who have three and four times the hens I have, (and who did not use Sheridan's Powder) did not get one-quarter as many eggs.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., are the only manufacturers of SHERIDAN'S POWDER to make hens lay. If you cannot get it of your nearest druggist or general storekeeper, Johnson & Co. will send the Powder by mail or express, to any address, charges prepaid, as follows: For 50 cents in stamps, two small packs; for $1.00, five packs. Or for $1.20, a large 2 1-4 pound can will be sent, six cans for $5.00, express prepaid to any express office.

# The Distinguished Dead.

**Death of the Immigrant's Friend.**

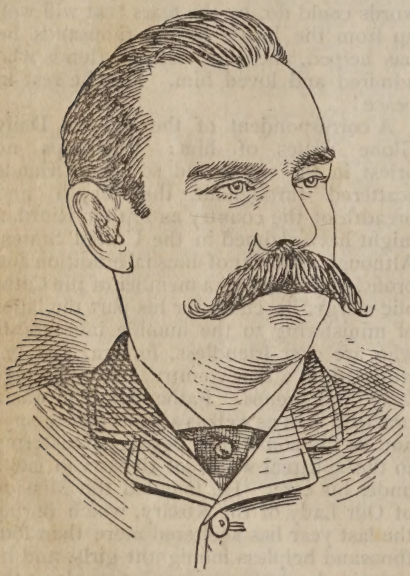
ON Thursday morning, Dec. 15, at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, the Rev. John J. Riordan, the Castle Garden Apostle and head of the Mission for Protecting Immigrant Girls, passed quietly from life to death after an illness of only a few days of pneumonia. He was fully aware of his approaching end, and prepared for it quietly and manfully, receiving the last Sacraments of Holy Church with great fervor and devotion. He made all the arrangements for his funeral with the remarkable quickness that was always a distinctive mark of his work. He requested that the Archbishop should say the Mass, that no eulogy be preached over his remains, and that his body be laid to rest in the plot reserved for priests at Calvary Cemetery. Fully conscious to the last, he passed away, leaving behind him thousands to mourn and pray for him. The funeral took place at the Cathedral, Dec. 17. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan sang the Mass of Requiem. Mgr. Preston, in his funeral oration over Father Riordan, closed with the following beautiful tribute to the dead: "Our noble dead had no ambition for a larger policy or a more fruitful field than laboring for the immigrants. His mission was established under the late Cardinal McCloskey, and carried on and amplified under his successor. We have seen in him sacerdotal virtue, purity, and innocence alike; loyal obedience, which is the crown of all virtue, and without which, in fact, there is no virtue; zeal for the salvation of souls, which ought to be the impulse of every Christian priest. May his spirit rest in God, and may his crown be the crown of eternal priesthood." Father Riordan was born in May, 1851, in New York City. He began his education in St. Patrick's School, and from there went to St. Francis Xavier's College, where he was graduated in 1869. He then entered the Seminary at Troy, and was ordained in 1873. His first appointment was to St. Bernard's, where he remained until 1883, when he entered upon the grand work at Castle Garden, which has made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic, and which has saved so many from ruin. He was recently given parochial limits, and the parish is now in a flourishing condition. His panegyric will be preached, more eloquently than words could do, by the tears that will well up from the hearts of the thousands he has helped, and the hosts of friends who admired and loved him. May he rest in peace!

A correspondent of the Boston Daily Globe writes of him: "Perhaps no priest in the world had so many friends scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country as Father Riordan might have claimed in the United States. Although a scholar of unusual erudition and proficiency, even for a member of the Catholic clergy, he chose for his part the labor of ministering to the humble immigrants who are ever friendless, forlorn, and bewildered, in a new country, among strange faces and scenes. Father Riordan was a practical man as well as a pious missionary, and he did something besides ministering to the spiritual wants of those who came under his care. He founded the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, which during the last year has sheltered more than four thousand helpless immigrant girls, and he organized a system of protection along the different lines of railroad by which they might be kept from harm and imposition on their way to homes in the West. He was always ready, too, with practical advice for the men and women of all denominations, and more than one penniless immigrant can tell of substantial charity received from the pocket of the poor priest. His last words, "Look out for the poor immigrant girls," deserve to be carved upon his tomb as a fitting epitaph for a life well spent. He was unique in physique, full of the juices of goodness, always considerate, a born gentleman, a man indeed of whom all men may well be proud.

**Father Riordan's Successor.**

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has appointed the Rev. Father Hugh J. O'Kelly to carry

on the good work begun and fostered under the care of the late Father Riordan. The appointee is a man of marked executive ability, and in every sense a disinterested worker in behalf of humanity. The Archbishop considers Father O'Kelly one of the ablest and most efficient of his clergy, and well adapted for the work of the Mission of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. Father O'Kelly is about the same age as his predecessor was at the time of his death. He is a native of New York, and was educated in the College of St. Francis Xavier, having graduated from that institution with high honors. After leaving college he went to the seminary at Troy, from which, after the usual course of studies, he was ordained to the priesthood about ten years ago.



**Death of an Eminent Citizen of Boston.**

ONE of the most prominent citizens of Boston, T. J. Dacey, Esq., chairman of the school committee and assistant district attorney, died on the 15th of December, his fatal illness having lasted but a day or two. He breathed his last at the residence of his brother, Mr. C. S. Dacey, 31 Maywood Street, Boston Highlands. He was thirty-eight years of age, having been born in Boston on the 11th of October, 1849. His parents came to this country from Ireland about fifty-five years ago. His father, John Dacey, afterwards took an active part in municipal affairs, serving in the Common Council in 1860 and 1861, when he was elected to the lower branch of the Legislature in 1863 and the year following. Young Dacey was a graduate of the Elliot Grammar School, receiving a Franklin medal in 1863. He passed through the English High School, and completed his education at Holy Cross College, Worcester. He subsequently began the study of the law at the Harvard Law School, and graduated in 1871, being admitted to the bar in the same year. Mr. Dacey early became interested in politics, and first entered the public service as a member of the Common Council from old Ward 2 in 1872, being re-elected in the following year. He became a candidate for the lower branch of the General Court, and was elected for the session of 1874. In 1875 he was elected a member of the State Senate, where he served two terms, winning the approbation of his constituents and the citizens at large by his admirable course while a member of that body. He was a member of the judiciary committee during both sessions. He was appointed a member of the board of trustees of the City Hospital on Feb. 7, 1873, and has been a member ever since, being president of the board during the past five years. His term of office would have expired next May. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876 which nominated Samuel J. Tilden. In January, 1877, he was appointed first assistant district attorney of Suffolk County, which position he has since occupied. He first became a member of the school board in 1880 for two years, and in 1883 he was again elected to the board, his nomination being tendered by the Democrats and Republicans alike. Mr. Dacey was returned to the board in 1885 for the term of four years, and for the past three years he has ably and efficiently discharged his duties as president of that body. He also served on many of the important committees prior to his election as chairman. He was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Fourth District last year, opposing Hon. P. A. Collins; but he failed to get it, as he emphatically refused to use any money in any way to accomplish that end, being defeated by a single vote. He was identified with a number of political and social organizations, and once was president of the Charitable Irish Society. He was chosen a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston last June, and was with its special committee, who visited Great Britain as guests of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London on the occasion of the Jubilee anniversary of the latter company. That was Mr. Dacey's

thirteenth annual round trip across the Atlantic, and he was accompanied by E. B. Rankin, director of public institutions, Edward J. Jenkins, and James Fagan. The party spent several weeks on the continent and in England and Ireland. Clever, genial, and painstaking in the discharge of his onerous duties, Mr. Dacey was a model citizen, and an honored member of society. His place will not be easily filled.

**The Funeral**

occurred on Monday, Dec. 19, requiem services being held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, a large congregation attending. The gathering at the church included a large representation of the legal and other professions, and also gentlemen engaged in mercantile pursuits. Mayor O'Brien occupied a pew near the family, and every branch of the city government was well represented. The family of the deceased took seats immediately behind the pall bearers, and the next seat was occupied by Judge Hammond, District-Attorney Stevens, and Mr. Thomas P. Proctor, second-assistant district attorney, Mr. Hurd, the district attorney's clerk, and Mr. Melvin O. Adams, who was formerly the principal assistant in the office. In the immediate vicinity was the sheriff, clerk of the Superior Criminal Court, and all the officers who were brought into daily relations with Mr. Dacey.

**High Mass**

was celebrated, and a eulogy was delivered by Rev. Father Russo, S. J., whose remarks were listened to with intense interest. Referring to a text that "the just man shall live forever," Father Russo applied the same to Mr. Dacey, and said that when mortal man acted through life as had the deceased, he but reflected the image of that glory in which he had been created. There was some consolation to his friends that he had stood in the community as a type of a pure man, a good Christian, and one who loved his fellowmen. His eulogy need not be preached—it was proclaimed by every action of his life. If the people he had helped could occupy the place of the speaker, their tears of gratitude would be the best panegyric. Mr. Dacey truly appreciated the destiny of a man in this world, and his friends would do well to profit by the lessons of his life.

The throng then viewed the remains of the deceased, which were conveyed for burial to the Catholic cemetery at Mt. Auburn.

**Hon. William Parsons.**

DIED, in the city of Boston, far away from home, one of the cleverest Irishmen that has crossed the Atlantic for more than half a century. The deceased passed away on the evening of Jan. 1, aged 65 years. Throughout the United States (says the Pilot), the name of "Hon. William Parsons of Ireland," as he was usually announced, is well known. He was one of the ornaments of the lecture platform—the only European lecturer who has held his American audiences for a consecutive number of years. For nearly twenty years he has regularly come to America, and his rare eloquence was welcomed by large audiences in all our cities. He was a lecturer of the first order, an orator who ranked with the greatest names of the lyceum. He was eloquent, graceful, learned, witty, and impressive. He was an Irishman, proud of his country and devoted to her cause. He will be mourned widely throughout the United States.

In his last illness, which was brief, confining him only a few days, he asked for the services of a Catholic priest, saying: "My mother was a Catholic, and I want to die in her religion." He was attended by a good priest, who was also his old friend, Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, whom he wished to hear his confession. After due preparation he was baptized by Father O'Callaghan, and before his death he received from his hand the sacraments of the church.

Mr. Parsons was born at Clontarf, near Dublin, about sixty years ago. He received his education at the Academy of Edinburgh, where he graduated, subsequently entering Lincoln's Inn, London, to prepare for the bar. He was then engaged on a leading newspaper, and became known as a brilliant writer for the magazines.

Following his taste, Mr. Parsons turned to the lecture platform rather than the bar, and at once in the cities of Great Britain and Ireland he leaped into national renown. The great English papers awarded him a first place among orators.

He was a man of the kindliest and simplest nature. His store of knowledge of men and books, systems and customs, was immense, and gathered from all sources. Those who knew him loved him, and his old friends were the truest.

The funeral took place from St. James Church, on the 4th of January, when a Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul. The celebrant was the Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, of St. Augus-

tine's Church, South Boston, who baptized Mr. Parsons just before he died. The deacon was Father Lowney, and the subdeacon Father O'Brien (son of Mayor O'Brien). At the close of the Mass Father O'Callaghan paid a tender tribute to his departed friend, speaking of him as a man who had the courage of his convictions, and referring to his eloquence and charity. The remains were afterward taken to Calvary cemetery, where they were placed in the receiving tomb until friends in Ireland can be heard from.

### Irish Notables in Brazil.

A BRAZILIAN correspondent of a leading Dublin paper lately wrote to it as follows: On Jan. 22, in Jundiahy, Dr. Gumbleton Daunt's sixth son, Cornelius O'Connor Ortis de Camaryo Dauntre, was married to the Donna Anesia de Queiroz Ferreira, granddaughter of the late Baron de Jundiahy, and niece of the Baron de Parnahyba, actual governor of the province. The marriage ceremony was performed by the illustrious Portuguese priest, Father Senna Freitas—well known in Ireland. It is worthy of note that two members of county Cork noble families are respectively leading members of the municipal chambers of Campinas in Brazil, and of Tarija in Bolivia,—Dr. Richard Gumbleton Daunt of the former, and Dr. Don Thomas O'Connor d'Arlach of the latter city. The late Father Harold, only a few months before his death, received from His Holiness letters giving him the privileges of missionary apostolic; and the same honorable distinction has also been conferred on his brother, the Rev. Dr. Fergus O'Connor de Camaryo Dauntre, now on a visit to his relations in Bolivia.

THE superintendent of the money order system, Dr. Charles F. McDonald, states that during the month of December, 1887, there was transmitted to Great Britain by means of money orders the enormous sum of $769,343, an increase over the corresponding issues of 1886 of $151,228, and an increase over the issues for the month of December, 1885, of $301,078. The greater part of this was for Ireland.

MR. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, M. P., who has been speaking in this country for the past few months, went back to Ireland on the 4th of January, taking with him $20,000 to aid the poor tenants.

THE return of Mr. Parnell to his home in Rathdrum is understood to mean that the great leader is about to participate in the stirring events now going on in Ireland. He is needed.


### Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*


THE Chicago policemen, who were killed in the Haymarket riot, are to have a $100,000 monument. Meanwhile some of their widows are taking in washing.


### Worth Your Attention.

MARK this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of life-long value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Five dollars a day and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars per month. You can do it. No especial ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away, than anything else in the world. Any one anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.


THE Peter's Pence collection in the diocese of Springfield, Mass., amounted to $5,176.06.

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## Views of Modern Scientists

### AND ANCIENT FATHERS OF THE CHURCH ON THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

WE are not disposed to attach too much importance to Mr. Darwin's speculations considered from the point of view of faith. It has been too hastily assumed that the "evolution" theory is a smashing assault upon orthodoxy, that is carrying terror and confusion into the ranks of all believers in revelation. It is nothing of the kind. We have no doubt that some of its advocates devoutly intend it to be all this. But, the truth is, that if scientific men confine themselves to their science, and do not set it to prove more than it is adequate to prove, revelation remains just where it was. Meanwhile, it must be admitted, that as Catholics, it is our duty to meet fairly such a question as this. It is a great pity that Mr. Darwin, or Mr. Darwin's friends, should pursue their valuable and original physical researches in a spirit that opposes, or, at least, ignores revelation. But we cannot alter facts; and since certain questions are mooted, we must examine them and give them an answer, even, if, in order to do so, we are obliged to draw lines where simple faith may not have hitherto made distinctions. We are quite aware, and this is another reason for our writing, that educated Catholics, who read what is written from day to day, feel the difficulty of taking up satisfactory views on the questions to which we refer; and whatever we can do towards assisting them, will, at least, be welcome, even though it should prove insufficient. Besides, Catholic theology lives by growth, and in the designs of Providence, nothing has stimulated its growth so much as the contradictions, which, in every age, it has had to sustain. The truths of the faith have been discussed in every century; and, if they are discussed in the present, it will not be less to their advantage than it has been.

Their illustration and their development — the "*species, forma, distinctio*," of Vincent of Lerins — have been the duty and the glory of our fathers, and their children must continue the work. It need not be said that we write "under correction." There are, at least, one or

two points of the present controversy on which authority has not had occasion to speak clearly; but if we make mistakes, our mistakes themselves, when pointed out, will ultimately lead to a greater certainty and a wider development of truth. Whilst not overrating the seriousness of the present evolution theory, it is, of course, quite possible to make too little of it. It is, no doubt, not without grave importance in several respects. It seems to contradict the fact of the distinction of matter and spirit; because the theory is, that all faculties whatsoever, in man, as well as in the lower animals, have been evolved from one or a few primordial forms. It seems to deny the special and separate creation of the human soul, which is a point of Catholic faith. It appears to oppose the received opinion, that the living principles of the animal and vegetable kingdoms were likewise the result of distinctive, creative acts, and that the bodies of the first human pair were miraculously formed by God. Nay, there is but too much reason to be apprehensive, that the greater number of its advocates have no adequate idea of the dogma of creation itself, and that they think they are more than sufficiently respectful when they set down the notion of a Creator among the things that are "unknowable." As far as we are aware, Mr. Darwin does not deny creation or a Creator. Nay, he not unfrequently speaks of both the one and the other in terms of respect. Perhaps the most unfortunate passage in his writings is the very conclusion of his interesting work on Domestication in which he comes across the old difficulty of reconciling the idea of an omniscient and all-wise God with evil, and, in fact, with anything at all except an optimist universe. With his characteristic weakness whenever he faces a metaphysical problem, Mr. Darwin here simply throws up his hands and shakes his head, and winds up his book with a sentence or two of "regretful" scepticism which might have been written by Voltaire, if Voltaire could have been dull and respectable; but, as he admits himself, in the same place, this kind of speculation is "travelling beyond" his "proper province." And, in fact, in his Origin of Species he distinctly recognizes that his theory is not opposed to primordial creation, for he speaks of life "having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one. But it is quite evident, from what has just been stated, that, like a good many more of our modern physiologists, he has never fully wrought out in his mind what ideas are necessarily involved in the word "Creator;" and, therefore, it is no wonder that, whilst verbally admitting creation, these writers, and Mr. Darwin amongst them, frequently stick fast in that most difficult of all the regions of metaphysics which is concerned with the possibility and the consequences of that all-important fact. We call the reader's attention to this, for it will help to explain some seeming contradictions.

That the theory of evolution itself is not opposed to creation, we need not stop to show; it is quite possible that it may be opposed to the actual way in which creation was brought about, as revealed in Holy Scripture; and this question we shall examine presently. But whether it be held that all existent living beings are evolved out of

four or five distinct types, or even that they are growths out of one sole primordial substance, as Mr. Darwin is inclined to think, still those who hold either of these views may admit, and generally do admit, that the one substance, or the several types, were originally called out of nothing by the *fiat* of the Creator. When, however, we come to compare the Darwinian evolution theory more in detail with revelation and Christian faith, we are forced, however unwillingly, to see that it contains points, which no orthodox Christian can accept. There can be no doubt whatever in the mind of the most cursory reader of the volumes on Man, that their author holds the human soul to have been developed gradually from the powers, or principles, of animal life. Mr. Darwin does not often use the word "soul." Man, to him, is only a complex of faculties, emotions, instincts. But, as we have said before, he professes to prove the probability, and even to explain the possibility, of the intellectual and moral powers having been a gradual growth out of blind instinct. He admits, indeed, that the greatest difficulty of his theory arises from man's intellect and morality; but he maintains that the mental powers of the higher animals are the same in kind with those of mankind, though so different in degree. He alludes in one place to immortality, and anticipates that "many will find it hard to conceive how, or when, in the gradually ascending organic scale, man became an immortal being." "This," he says, "cannot possibly be determined; just as it cannot be determined in the case of any particular infant." It is impossible to consider this passage without concluding that he does not recognize the independent creation of the human soul, in the evolution, either of the species, or of the individual.

It is well known that Professor Huxley agrees with Mr. Darwin in this matter, though his point of view is entirely different. In the article on the Physical Basis of Life he states, with greater precision of language than logical cogency, that his studies on protoplasm have driven him to the conclusion, that our thoughts are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life — protoplasm — which is the source of our other vital phenomena. It need not be said that there are many scientific writers of less name who loudly, and sometimes offensively, express their materialistic sympathies. On the other hand, Mr. Wallace, who, we venture to predict, will, one day, be regarded as a sounder philosopher than Mr. Darwin, has emphatically declared that no material element, no molecule, no number of such elements, even though infinite in number, and combined in any degree of complexity, can have the slightest tendency to originate consciousness. Professor Tyndall, in an address delivered at the Norwich meeting, of the British Association, spoke in striking words of the utter impossibility of passing, by any intellectual process, from the physical processes to the facts of consciousness. If the passage to which we refer means anything, it seems to imply that science can never prove, or even hear of, any evolution or correlation between organism and mind. It is true, however, that Professor Tyndall has been accused, since he uttered these words, of being a materialist; and, it must be confessed,

that if he is not a materialist, that is, even if he does not (as he says he does not) make out all force to be what the vulgar call "matter," yet he seems, at least, to do away with all difference, except difference of degree, between matter and spirit. And as to Mr. Wallace himself, it is not quite clear from the elaborate paper which he contributed to the "Academy" on the appearance of Mr. Darwin's book on Man, whether that book has not shaken his convictions on the subject of matter and mind. At any rate he has made no protest against what every Christian thinker, it would seem, should at once protest against, viz., the assertion that the soul of man is a mere development of the forces that have shaped the world and made the grass grow. Perhaps it did not require so many words to prove that the Darwinian evolution theory, as explained by its author, denies the separate creation of the soul, and that his views are only too much in agreement with those of the greatest physical philosophers of the day. But it is as well that it should be clearly understood. That so-called science opposes a Christian dogma is, of course, serious, but it is not overwhelming; whilst to accept, to favor, to propagate such science, with hazy notions as to what its authors intend it to lead to, is to put our faith in danger. The special creation of the soul of Adam is a dogma of Catholic faith, and is accepted by most of those who profess to believe in the Holy Scriptures. It is of faith, moreover, that the origin of the human soul, in each individual of Adam's posterity, is not a mere metamorphosis or evolution of organic or inorganic forms of existence. There was a certain kind of Generationism (Traducianism, it has been called), which at one time prevailed in the Church, which has been revived in these latter times by certain German theologians, and which has never been formally condemned by a dogmatic decision. This theory holds, that one soul produces another soul. But it seems certain that this is opposed to the voice of the "ordinary magisterium" of the Church; and if so, of course, it is contrary to faith. *With regard to the soul of man, then, no evolution theory can be held. Each human individual receives his soul, as Adam did, immediately from the breath of Almighty God.* The teaching of faith is, therefore, clear with respect to man's soul. But it is more difficult to say what must, or must not, be said with respect to the formation of the bodies of our first parents, and also with respect to the "creative periods" which are alleged to be revealed in the first chapter of Genesis. On these heads there is no mistaking Mr. Darwin and those who are with him; modestly as the author of Natural Selection speaks of his own labors, he does claim to have given a fatal blow to the commonly received doctrine, that each species was separately created; and he feels no remorse for what he has done. "When I view all beings," he says, "not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the silurian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled." "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning,

endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been, and are being, evolved. Analogy would lead me to the belief that all animals and plants are descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide." Thus we may briefly state Mr. Darwin's present views to be, — first, that a somewhat dubious analogy leads him to consider all organic nature to be descended from one primordial form; secondly, that he is convinced that all animals had, at most, only four or five progenitors, and plants an equal or lesser number; thirdly, that he has no doubt that man and some of the apes are co-descendants of an "extinct form." Of the nature of Mr. Darwin's arguments we say nothing here. What we wish to settle just now is, how far it is allowable on the part of a Catholic to assent to his conclusions. There is nothing more curious in that important treatise by St. Augustine, which is called *De Genesi ad literam*, than the certainty he seems to have, that very little, indeed, was known to him, or to his contemporaries, about the true literal interpretation of the Mysterious Record; and the fear that seems to haunt him, lest foolish believers arouse the infidels to scorn, by talking nonsense about the physical world, and appealing to Moses to prove what they say.

The Duke of Argyll has quoted a remarkable passage from the "Confessions," in which the holy doctor seems to assert the widest possible liberty of interpreting the book of Genesis. However interesting it might be to have a doctor of the fifth century, a prophet of the future possibilities of science, it is to be feared that he was thinking when he wrote the passage cited, rather how the sun and moon are figures of the preachers of the Gospel, than how the sun and moon were made. But whatever we make of his words in the Confessions there can be no doubt as to what he says in the literal commentary on Genesis. He speaks of the obscurity of the divine revelations, and of the possibility of arriving at different conclusions as to their interpretation, and he warns us that, in taking up any particular line of interpretation, we must be ready to abandon it, if, on discussion, truth be found to be against it. Non-Christians, he says, often know a great deal about physical matters, by means of reason and experiment; and they know it so well as to be quite certain. And he goes so far as to say that the great lesson, or the fruit of his own attempts at the interpretation of Genesis is, that he has taught himself not to take up any man's particular view when upholding the faith against infidel scoffers; but *whenever they undoubtedly prove anything to be a fact in physical nature, he considers it to be his duty to prove it not to be contrary to Scripture.* We must hold fast to "sound faith" and the "rule or canon of piety," but in matters which do not oppose faith he advocates discussion; he is ready to trust "reason and experiment;" and all he requires is veracious proof. And he sums up in one of his epigrammatic sentences, by a double warning, against the seductions of loquacious philosophy on the one hand, and against superstitious timidity on the other. It is pleasing to go back to the fountain-head, and to seek the true spirit of faith and science from the living waters of the great source of western theology. The question then, is, how far is it allowable to a

Catholic to deny special creations after the first creation, and to deny the special formation of the body of Adam, or of Eve? We begin with the question of special second creations. It appears, on the face of the sacred narrative, that after the creation of the world out of nothing, after, perhaps, long periods, during which it was shaped and fashioned by the laws of inorganic matter and by heat, there were created at separate periods, first the plants, then the animals, both in their several species. Is it allowable, in spite of the text of Holy Scripture, to assert that all living beings, both plant and animal, sprang from one primordial form, or even to go so far as to say, what, however, Mr. Darwin does not say, that even this primordial organism is evolved out of the inorganic? There is a controversy, now over and done with, which has not been without its fruit in the interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation. No one now doubts that it is perfectly allowable to hold that the "six days" mentioned in the Sacred Record need not, as far as faith is concerned, be interpreted to be six ordinary solar days of twenty-four hours each. The settlement of this point has given us two principal lessons. It has taught us, first of all, that the literal meaning of Holy Scripture does not always lie on the surface, or even in the sense that is popularly attached to the words of the text. It has thrown light, in the second place, and it is a most important lesson, on what is meant by the "unanimous consent of the Fathers," as applied to the interpretation of Scripture. Every one knows the famous declaration of the Council of Trent, and of the Creed of Pope Pius IV., which forbids us to interpret the written word of God, "*nisi juxta unanimem consensum Patrum.*" As to the "six days," there can be no doubt that the large majority of the Fathers consider them to be six ordinary days. They are so "unanimous," that there really appears to be no Father of any name, except St. Augustine, and, perhaps, Origen, who holds a different opinion. But, for all that, they are not sufficiently "unanimous" to bind us to interpret the "days" in their sense. Either, then, the singular voice of a great Father like St. Augustine on the opposite side, as long as his opinion had not been formally condemned, was enough to make the question uncertain; or else (which, at last, is probably the true view) we must lay stress on the qualification actually expressed by the Council, limiting its restriction to "*res fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium.*" Now nothing most certainly, has been defined in any creed or document of the Church, with respect to the origin of species, or the question of second creations. At all events, then, it is well worthy of inquiry, whether the text of Genesis is so clearly and unanimously explained to mean second creations, that to reject that theory, is to contravene the "*unanimis consensus Patrum.*" It is well known, as we have already hinted, that there are two great Patristic schools of the interpretation of the first two chapters of Genesis. One is that of St. Augustine; the other is that which we may, perhaps, be allowed to call the school of St. Basil; for St. Ambrose follows St. Basil so closely, and St. Ambrose and St. Basil together have been so exclusively the storehouse from which following ages have drawn, that the name of the great Greek Doctor

may well stand for all who do not follow St. Augustine. The school of St. Basil, then, holds views as to the Mosaic narrative of creation, which may be briefly enumerated under the following heads: (1) It considers the "six days" to be ordinary days. (2) It asserts several distinct "creative periods"—periods separated by time from the first creation of inorganic elementary matter, and separated also by time from one another, but all occurring before the end of the sixth day. (3) The earth, that is the primordial elementary creation, spoken of in Genesis i. 1, had, when created, the power of producing organic life, but only in a certain sense, for (4) the earth had *not* this power, in another sense (and that, perhaps, a more important sense) but awaited (5) the command, or word, of God. This command, however, is not called, simply, creation, but is distinguished from the exercise of power implied in the primary creation. For instance St. Ambrose constantly employs several parallel pairs of words to express the two kinds of operation; as "*Primo fecit—postea venustavit;*" "*creavisse—ornasse;*" "*Facere; componere.*" And this "secondary creation" is the commencement of the laws of nature; in fact, the very command of God becomes the law of nature as that command successively brings forth each fresh department of things. (6) Though this school is not perfectly unanimous as to what is the exact enumeration of the particular periods of creation—as to how many there were, and what was created in each, yet, for the most part, it follows closely the exact words of Holy Scripture, and considers that whenever the sacred writer says that God did anything, He implies that He did it "immediately," or at least by the ministry of angels. Nevertheless they do admit that some things were created "*in aliis,*" that is, by the creation of other things which would naturally produce them. And hence it may be noticed at once that the question as to how many things were created, whether the "how many" has reference to departments, or to the number of *genera* in each department, is treated by this school as, to some extent, a matter of detail. But (7) they are agreed in holding, that, at least, a great many of the organic genera did not come into existence by a gradual process of growth, as things do in the ordinary course of nature, but sprang up perfect, "suddenly," "quickly," "at once." "Imagine," says St. Basil, "the cold and sterile earth heaving at that little word and that brief command, with the sudden throes of birth, and breaking forth into fruitfulness, throwing aside her garb of mourning, and casting around her that grand robe of joy, her own glorious vesture, as there burst from her bosom the myriad species of the plants."

Here we have the spirit of the school to which we have given the name of St. Basil. And the authority of the view here detailed can be seen in the fact that it is adopted and defended by Suarez. Whilst following St. Basil almost exactly in the several points mentioned above, Suarez explains himself on many of them more fully than his authorities had done. For instance, he defines the power, primarily bestowed upon the earth, of bringing forth life, to be mere potentiality, the "material" cause of the living being, as the scholastic phrase is—not by any means its proximate efficient cause. That is to say, life was in

the power of the inorganic creation as much as the finished statue is in the power of the rude marble block, and no more. He is definite in his description of what the "word," or "command," of God was. It was a different operation from creation proper, because it supposed the preëxistence of matter that could be transmitted; it was rather a change than a creation, yet a change of a much higher kind than any created agent could bring about; it might be called "secondary creation;" it is, as it were, a mean between creation and strict generation, and is, therefore, sometimes called creation and sometimes generation. He is quite clear that the principal genera of the organic kingdom came into existence suddenly, and in adult perfection. It need hardly be added that both Suarez and the Patristic school of interpretation, which he follows, assume that species are immutable. "No lapse of time destroys the *idiomata* of animals," says St. Basil. And some theologians, who flourished a long, long time before Mr. Darwin, here notice that fact of the sterility of hybrids, which is one of the chief difficulties in the way of the indefinite mutability of species which is postulated by the Darwinian theory of evolution. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that the gist of observations like this is rather that the species created by God himself are not subject, on the whole, to degeneration, than that no new species can be formed, or even propagated, for the last two processes are sometimes expressly admitted. The immutability of species is taken by this school (as indeed by most ancient writers of every school) as a simple evident fact, which it has never occurred to any one to deny. They set it down, and they undertake to find reasons for it, just as they set down that gold was generated by the sun. It is important to observe this, because there are two kinds of "*unanimous consent of the Fathers*," to be distinguished; one, when they *materially* agree, that is, simply say the same thing; the other, when they use words expressing their *formal* opinion that such a sense is the sense in which, alone, a given passage can safely be taken. Bearing this in mind, it is not too much to say that nearly the whole of the interpretation ascribed to the school of St. Basil is merely material agreement. The only point on which there is formal consent seems to be that God made all things (in some way or other) out of original nothing. We put forward this view with diffidence; but it seems to us strangely probable. There is one argument that seems peremptory. There is no point of the whole interpretation on which the school is more unanimous than the point that the "six days" are natural, ordinary days; but it is granted by universal consent, that this mode of interpreting the sacred writer is not obligatory. Therefore, it appears to us that even if the school of St. Basil could be proved to represent the sense of the church, there is not one of the points of its interpretation given above (with the exception named) that could be considered to be authoritative, precisely as being attested by the "consent of the Fathers." But the truth of this last assertion appears still more evident when we turn to the consideration of the other great Patristic school — the school of St. Augustine. The holy doctor has treated of the Mosaic narrative of creation in more than one of his works. He wrote two books on the

spiritual and allegorical sense, against the Manicheans. He afterwards began a second treatise intended to be a literal commentary; but this he has left imperfect. The spiritual commentary contained in the three last books of the Confessions came next; and finally he wrote the elaborate treatise *De Genesi ad literam*, in twelve books, which is our chief source of reference on the present subject. No one can go through it without feeling the enormous difference there is between it and the Hexæmeron of St. Basil. The Greek doctor writes rather for edification than for instruction; he explains indeed, and he confutes as occasion offers; but he raises no difficulties of his own, and his answers to heretics and gainsayers, if solid, are still the regular prescriptive answers of the pulpit; and he is glad to dismiss them, and float once more into his broad current of eloquence, deep and abundant, with occasional reaches of sparkling rhetoric. But St. Augustine, in his commentary on the Mosaic narrative, is a philosopher of faith rather than a preacher of morals. He meets the objections of enemies; but his greatest difficulties are the products of his own thought. He ponders and reflects; he analyzes and doubts; he returns again and again to what he has dismissed; and when he rises into eloquence, it is the eloquence of depth of thought, of earnestness, and of piercing intellect. The result of this difference between these two saints is, that the reader feels the Latin to be earnestly facing intellectual difficulties, whilst the Greek is thinking of praise and prayer and holy living. Now the view of St. Augustine on the six days of creation is very easily and briefly stated. (1) He held that the whole of what is detailed in the first chapter of Genesis came to pass at once, in one instant. The reason why the narrative is arranged in six distinct days is to assist the incapacity of those who are unable, without details, fully to take in what is meant by simultaneous creation. (2) All things that were created were created at once, but not in their perfect or adult state; they were created in their *seminal* or *causal ratios*.

There has been some hesitation expressed as to what St. Augustine means by these primordial innate principles, out of which he asserts all things to have sprung. But there can be little doubt that he really intends to say that God, at the instant of creation, gave to the earth the power, or capability, of producing, in due course, the whole of the organic *genera*, which it was afterwards to produce, and this without any further necessary action of Almighty God himself, than that by which He co-operates in all the operations of second causes. Let it be observed, however, that he does not say that no miraculous or extraordinary and immediate action of God, has not, at times, caused the development of plants or animals. But sudden, and, therefore, miraculous development, he does not consider to be the rule. We say that we think there can be little doubt this is St. Augustine's meaning. The *potentia* which he attributes to primordial creation is the "innate" efficiency of a real "cause." His often-repeated expressions of "seed" and "germ" mean the same thing. The only two kinds of divine operation which he distinguishes are, first, that by which the Almighty wrought during "six days"—an instantaneous act, from which he rested on the seventh; and,

secondly, that by which He continues to work "until now," that is, the ordinary course of His providence. The "*conditio*," or first establishment, of the universe, was complete instantaneously; never since that instant has its Author created anything new (in material substance); He has only governed and directed its development (*administravit*). "*Explicat sœcula*," says St. Augustine, "*quæ illi* [*creaturæ suæ*] *cum primum condita est, tanquam plicita indiderat.*" And to remove all doubt, he compares the efficacy of the seminal and causal ratios, innate in the world at its creation to the way in which there lies invisible in the grain of seed, all that is afterwards to grow up to be a tree. But, it may be asked, can it be true then, that St. Augustine actually admits that the earth, thus fecundated by Almighty power at its first creation, developed its organic life by degrees, and during long spaces of time? To this we answer that St. Augustine stops short just at this point. He certainly does not say so; and we believe that he had no conception of the existence of those long ages, which modern geology has revealed. Yet just as certainly he does not deny it. There is one remarkable passage in which he almost seems to anticipate modern science. He asks himself what kind of things these "seminal ratios" were: were they such as passed through their varied intervals of time, each according to its kind, just as we see organism do now? Or was it their nature to come to maturity *at once, without progressive growth as is believed of Adam?* He answers: why should we not believe that they had *both* these descriptions of nature?—so that what was afterwards done with them depended upon the good pleasure of their maker. That is to say, they had the power to develop in the ordinary, gradual way; and they had likewise the power, if their Maker pleased, to develop suddenly and miraculously. But whether or no organisms did, as a rule, develop miraculously and suddenly, St. Augustine does not decide. It seems to us that he was hindered from saying they did, by a feeling that there was no necessity for it; and yet he could not say they did not, because the idea of geological time did not occur, and could not have occurred, to him. But he uses certain expressions in speaking of development, such as "*per temporum moras*," "*per congruos temporum motus*," "*omnia suis quæ que temporibus jam per sæculorum ordinem* [fiunt]" which might be adopted without alteration by an evolutionist. And it must be remembered that besides this process of development, which he expressly says is going on yet, he admits only one other species of operation of Almighty God, viz., the simultaneous primordial creation. From this summary of the two chief schools of Patristic interpretation of Genesis, *it seems clear enough, that, with respect to all organisms lower than man, Catholic faith does not prevent any one from holding the opinion that life, both vegetable and animal, was in the world, in germ, at its creation, and afterwards developed by regular process into all the various species now upon the earth.* We do not, by any means, say this is the true opinion. It is certain that hardly one scientific man holds it in its whole extent; and Mr. Darwin himself does not pretend to have proved it. And we do not admit that its proof altogether depends on physical science; there are other considerations, both metaphysical and moral,

to be weighed. But it seems to us to be free, at least, from any suspicion of dogmatic heterodoxy. There are, no doubt, very many who object, with a sort of objection which almost seems like a religious scruple, to think that life, whether vegetable or animal, could make its appearance in the world without the immediate action of Almighty God. Perhaps they would not admit that such immediate action was miraculous; for they would say it is the commencement of a law of nature. Still, even if not technically a miracle, it would be, with reference to the order of things before it happened, quite as extraordinary an exercise of divine power as the changing of water into wine, at Cana. Now we do not, by any means, deny that such miraculous creation may actually have happened; human science will never prove it did not. But it certainly cannot be asserted that it is unorthodox to deny it; and this is all that we here assert. It is a point on which revelation is silent, and on which philosophical arguments can only establish a probability; and it is a point, therefore, on which the arguments and discoveries of physical science may be, and ought to be, counted for what they are worth. We may even add without positively declaring our approval of any particular system of development,— that physical science, and especially what it tells us of geological time, seems to make it more probable than not, that, even if we maintain that life was not evolved out of matter in which vital germs had been primordially created, yet the first creation of life was not a creation of a multitude of perfect species, but rather of rudimentary organizations which were left to develop chiefly by natural law. Suarez has two rules, or canons, on this subject which seem remarkably applicable to a view that differs considerably from his own. His first is this (he is speaking particularly of the work of the "six days"): "*Opera miraculosa vel extraordinaria absque necessitate vel sufficienti testimonio audienda non sunt;*" and the other is as follows: "*Deus ea tantum immediate produxit, quæ nonnisi per Ipsius actionem in rerum natura introduci poterant quoad species suas.*" These rules, which are found in almost identical words both in St. Augustine and in St. Thomas, should, it seems to us, have the widest possible application. God made all things. He governs and directs all things. He foresaw from all eternity the minutest change of all the millions of changes that have been, and that will be; and they all happened because He willed. It is not in any way derogatory to these Catholic truths to hold that life-germs were created at the first instant of creation. Let it be noticed that this is not saying that the inorganic can, as such, develop into organism; although as regards vegetable life, even this seems to be admitted as possible by Catholic philosophers. It seems to be proved that living organisms may exist in such minute forms in matter, as not only to defy the microscope, but even to resist disintegration by a heat of one hundred and fifty degree Cent.; being ready, after this fiery trial, to discover their existence by coalescing into masses that can, at length, be detected by the lens. Now it is quite conceivable that these infinitesimally minute life-germs may have remained latent for many cycles of ages, until those conditions came about under which, by virtue of their divinely established nature, they were able to coalesce, and produce by

gradual stages one living thing after another. St. Augustine might have had this very thought in his mind. There are numberless difficulties in the way of such a theory; there is little or no direct proof of its truth; but what we are at present concerned with, is its admissibility. Once grant it to be a possible solution, and then physical science (assisted by metaphysics and authority in various details) may be left alone to prove it, or disprove it. The most insuperable objection, from a metaphysical point of view, to a consistent theory of evolution, is, no doubt, the apparent impossibility of admitting that creatures capable of sensation, like the higher animals at least, could have come from vital germs whose sensibility, on such an hypothesis, must have been latent for an enormous lapse of time. It must be remembered, however, that though sensibility always supposes life, a living thing may be sensitive under some circumstances, and non-sensitive, whilst still alive, under others; so that it is possible that the germs of animal life, without sensibility, may have existed for any length of time, undeveloped, but fully capable of sensation under certain conditions, such as coalition in brains or ganglia.

Those who maintain that the soul of sentient animals is a simple, immaterial substance, independent of the body as to being, hold, of course, that it is specially created in the case of each individual animal and insect; and development can present no difficulties to this theory. We may notice, however, that neither St. Basil, St. Augustine, nor St. Thomas had any notion that it was necessary to postulate the special creation of the soul of each animal. But the settlement of such a question as this would depend upon a full analysis of what sensation is, — sensation in the animals, be it observed, not in man, in whom its phenomena are difficult to discover pure. No one can deny that the theory of evolution (which Mr. Darwin was, by no means, the first to put forth, and about which very much remains to be discovered and discussed) is full of fertile views in natural science, and, therefore, also in theology and morality. The axiom "*Natura non facit saltum*" was well known in the ages of the scholastics. And the more width of design and system the mind finds in the works of God, the more is its idea of Him exalted. It has been so always. It was so with the discovery of the antipodes, with the knowledge of the realms of the stars, with the laws of modern chemistry, and with the conception of the secular changes of the earth and its inhabitants. And it will be so, there is no doubt, with all that science has to tell us of the order of the vegetable and animal world, by means of those comparatively new researches in morphology, embryology, and heredity which are now advancing so rapidly. "*Infimum supremi attingit supremum infimi.*" Aristotle saw that, as far as regards structure. It is, perhaps, reserved for our days to see it clearly in evolution also. The evolution of a tree from a seed is apparently a very different thing from the evolution of a tree from a lichen. But in the extent of change, and in the absolute impossibility of following the steps of the process with the sense, it may serve for a parallel.

We know from revelation, and the practice of the Church, that

the spiritual human soul is infused before birth; but we have no revealed grounds for saying that any other soul was created or infused previously; we are, therefore, thrown upon science. It is the same, possibly, with the primordial evolution of life. The plant-germ has been transmuted into the animal-germ, and whether such power of evolution was primarily given to matter, or suddenly created for its work, a Catholic, as such, seems not to be called upon to decide. It will be remembered, that, in beginning to speak of the development of life, we expressly excepted from our remarks the question of the evolution of the body of the first man. That question, therefore, now comes before us. Can we believe it possible that the body of the first man was not formed instantaneously in full perfection, but that it was the result of ordinary natural laws? In other words, can we believe that the human body existed as an animal before it was informed by the rational soul? Let it be observed that the question is not about the instantaneous formation of *man*. There is not the slightest doubt that man became man in the instant that his spiritual soul was breathed into him, no sooner and no later. But what was that into which the soul was breathed? Before inquiring into the teachings of tradition, it may be stated that only two hypotheses seem admissible on grounds of reason. Either the soul was breathed into a previously existing anthropomorphous animal, or else a special anthropomorphous body was instantaneously formed from preëxistent matter, and in the same instant was vivified by the soul. Two other suppositions need only to be mentioned to be dismissed. To say that the body of the first man was created in an infant state, and, *a fortiori*, to say that it was created in an embryonic state, would require us to suppose not one miracle, but a series of miracles, for miraculous conservation would then have been as necessary as miraculous generation. In like manner, to say that an anthropomorphous statue, or *cadaver*, was formed, by degrees or not, and that time elapsed before it was animated by the soul, would also be a gratuitous assumption of the miraculous. We are left, therefore, it would seem, to choose between an instantaneous triple act, that is to say, the formation of the body, the creation of the soul, and their union, in one and the same instant; and, on the other hand, the assumption by the soul of a previously developed animal. There is no need to say that the whole school of Fathers, which has been called the school of St. Basil, takes for granted that Adam's body was formed by the immediate act of God, in the same instant as the soul was breathed in. There are one or two, indeed, who seem to think that an appreciable time elapsed between the formation of the anthropomorphous statue and the vivification by the soul. But this hypothesis we need not entertain, for, as has already been stated, it is more miraculous than its alternative; it is put forward by its authors more as a ground for moral teaching than as an interpretation, and, as opposing evolution, it is virtually the same as the opinion of the rest of the school of St. Basil. Confining our observations, therefore, to those who hold the first view, it is to be remarked that the whole of this school — which is nearly the same as saying the whole "*traditio Patrum*" — is unanimous in observing that

Adam's creation is related in different words from that of all other things. And their words, in many instances, apply specifically to his body. St. Irenæus notices that Adam is formed "by the hands of God." Tertullian draws a contrast between God's "imperial word" in the case of other creatures, and His "familiar hand" in the case of man. Others remark on the particular word, "*Formavit*," or "*Finxit*," instead of "*Fecit*." St. Gregory the Great notices how man is "fashioned out of slime, as it were, studiously" (*quasi per studium*). Severianus of Gabala, a contemporary of St. John Chrysostom, has a suggestive passage, in which he observes, that, in the case of other living things, God said, "Let the earth bring forth," and body and soul came forth together; but, with man, He made first the body and then the soul. No one will deny that the Fathers, as a rule, speak after this manner of Adam's body, and it may, therefore, be argued, that, whatever weight this authority lends to the opinion of the instantaneous creation of other living things, it lends more to a similar theory about Adam's body. At the same time, it must be said, that, when the Fathers speak in these terms, they are rather seeking to show the dignity of man than the precise point of the specialty of his body's creation. And they never use the word "immediate," or any equivalent; though it is true they deny the "ministry of angels." On the whole, what they do say may, it would seem, be reduced to this: God formed man, as to his body, in some special way, and with special intention, out of the slime of the earth. By the word "formed," it is suggested that the making of man's body was not a true creation out of nothing, but a fashioning out of preëxistent matter.

As to the "special way" of this formation, except that it was instantaneous, nothing definite is to be found. And with regard to the material out of which the body was fashioned, viz., the slime, it is not expressly said that it was the immediate and proximate material; except for what is implied by the word instantaneously, it might have been merely the original and remote, just as it is in the case of men who are born in the ordinary way. And the great number of Scriptural and Patristic texts that allude to man's formation out of dust or slime, are all susceptible of interpretation in the sense of original or primordial matter; as is proved from the fact that many of the texts refer at once to Adam and to his posterity; now Adam's posterity are certainly not formed immediately out of slime or dust. It may here be observed, also, that from the Scriptural expression "dust," or "slime," the Holy Fathers do not understand that no other substances entered into the composition of Adam's body. They admit that it is probably composed of all the elements in various proportions; but that Moses, speaking with a special purpose, and to an unenlightened people, thought it necessary to mention only the most obvious. Let us now turn to St. Augustine. In accordance with his view that the work of the six days was simultaneous, he considers that a twofold creation of man is mentioned in Genesis: the first on the sixth day, when man, like everything else, was created in seminal ratio; the second when, after a time, God "formed man of the slime of the earth."

He also thinks that the evolution of Adam's body out these causal ratios took place, not after the ordinary way of progressive growth, but "*repente, in ætate perfecta;*" and he compares such a "formation" to the changing of the water into wine, and the turning of the rod of Aaron into a serpent. *We thus arrive at the conclusion that the universal tradition of the Fathers is, that Adam made his entrance into the world as a grown man, and also, though this is not quite so clear, that the body, which, when united with the God-inspired soul, made up the man Adam, was instantaneously, or, at least, not by any usual process, evolved out of the elements of matter.* We say this last is not so clear, because though the Fathers everywhere undoubtedly imply it, they do not formally say it; because the question as between sudden production of the body, and completely progressive evolution, could not have occurred to them. It is remarkable that the one who speaks most clearly is St. Augustine himself in the passage just cited; and yet there is a certain amount of hesitation in his words; and he might certainly be taken to be speaking of the question whether Adam was formed an infant, and not whether Adam's body, infantile or not, had grown by natural processes before the soul came into it; which latter is the question here at issue.

We can hardly help, therefore, taking it as "Catholic doctrine" that Adam first took his place in the world as an adult man, without having been previously either an embryo or an infant. But if this be so, it would have been less miraculous to fashion his body expressly for him, and to unite soul and body in the very instant of fashioning, than to have taken a previously developed animal, and expelling or superseding the animal soul, breathed into it the soul of a man. This reason, together with the superficies of the literal sense of Genesis ii. 7, and the implied, if not express *consensus* of the Fathers, and, we may add, the *sensus fidelium* also, which, though not well defined on the question, undoubtedly leans to the side of immediate formation,—all these reasons combined would make it, we are inclined to think, at least rash and dangerous to deny, that the body of Adam was formed immediately by God, and *quasi*—instantaneously, out of earth. And what we have here concluded about the body of Adam, may be said still more confidently about the body of Eve. No one can deny that the Fathers are unanimous in asserting that, just as Adam's body was formed of the earth, so the body of Eve was formed of a rib of Adam, in the literal sense. Suarez declares this to be "Catholic doctrine," and the only eminent man that has maintained a metaphorical sense for Gen. ii. 21 is Cardinal Cajetan, who has never had a disciple. Eugubinus (Jerome of Gubbio, a celebrated Italian physician of the sixteenth century) held that the first created human being was *androgynous*, and the formation of Eve was the separation of the two sexes. But he is quite alone, and his assertion has only served to furnish a paradox of refutation to orthodox writers.

The body of Eve, therefore, was formed after the creation of Adam, out of his rib, immediately by God, and instantaneously; the last condition implying not necessarily strict instantaneity, but at least the briefest and shortest stages; not, perhaps, one instant, but at all events

not many, men whose minds are occupied with physical science at first hand, or even who read books and enter earnestly into scientific problems and victories, and who, at the same time, are weak in supernatural faith, cannot fail to be shocked and repelled by the miraculous. God, when He works by nature's laws, works in such silent ways, making every step hardly a step, and every change so imperceptible, that the observer of nature finds his imagination beginning to make a sort of worship of the *gradual*. The miraculous becomes, in his eyes, not merely a falsehood, but an impiety; it seems to contradict God's own acted word. But the eye that looks too exclusively on physical nature loses the habit of considering that nature is not the whole of God's plan. Nature was not made for nature's sake. The world is for man, and man means reason, free will, and conscience. God's dealings with man are not confined to the mere conservation of nature. Every one who admits the Incarnation must admit the extraordinary — not to say the extra-natural. It would seem that, considering man's reason, and God's manifested care of him, we should even expect that the extraordinary will intervene at certain important points of his history. And it would seem, also, that his first appearance in the world was a fitting occasion for it. Taking for granted that man was to be a spiritual and immortal soul, and that his soul, therefore, was a special creation out of nothing, it does not seem incongruous that his body should have been "fashioned" after an extraordinary way. The first beginning of an order of things should correspond to the whole course. Man's body was to be the instrument of a spiritual essence, and to be ruled and guided according to far other laws than those of chemistry, of locomotion, or of instinct. Therefore it is right that the body of the first man should have been specially formed by Almighty God.

Burlington, N. J. Ad. Rev. P. A. Treacy.

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# I am not Afraid of my Age.

SOME, many indeed, saw in the present age of transition and marked changes evidences of a condition of affairs which filled them with alarm.

"I," said the Bishop, "am not afraid of my age. In the social commotion so general around us there is a light of strong hope. In this great movement of the democracy of the people I see the future welfare of the race. Caste and classes may suffer; but the results will benefit mankind. In our age no man can be held in slavery or in the bondage of serfdom, and the assertion of the principles affirming the rights of labor and the independence of man are signals to me of a great and glorious future. No, I am not afraid of my age! I love it; and those who are so narrow and selfish as to curse it because they cannot see into the inevitable benefits of the future, doubt the energy and development of that power which in the Church, as in society, is the natural development of God's law."

This much being said for the changes occurring in society and the

social system, it became necessary to consider the dangers that surround them, and the evils which might grow out of them; evils which endangered the truth and impeded, if they did not render altogether impossible, real progress. These newly-awakened forces needed direction, or instead of a majestic river placidly flowing between sheltering banks, men might see an angry torrent covering the plain and carrying ruin and destruction in its path. Who could so well marshal the moral and spiritual forces of religion, to temper and direct the movements arising from this new order of things, as the ministers of that church which through the ages had Christianized and civilized the world? Who could so wisely or so authoritatively speak as the hierarchy of that church through its spokesman, Leo XIII., who, with his fellow bishops, had denounced, in no uncertain terms, that looseness of society which threatened to endanger the sanctity and stability of the family? Who could better speak words of counsel and wisdom, speaking alike to prince and peasant, to philosopher and the most ignorant, upon these social movements than that Leo XIII., who, in boldly reaffirming those principles which must govern Christian society and preserve the institution of the family, had clearly marked out the just ground "between socialism and anarchy, and that despotism of the powerful which too often, under the cry of law and order, challenges the passion of the mob and provokes rebellion?" The Catholic clergy should be aggressive in this busy and prolific age, and the Catholic laity equally so. It was not enough that that laity should content itself with Mass and confession and saying prayers. They should move out into the world, busy themselves in the world's affairs, and save men from the snares and perils which beset them on every side. It was their mission to take from their reach the temptations which ruined weak souls. It was their duty to do what could be done to arrest the tide of evil that was rising on every side, and to do what could be done to improve the condition and elevate the masses of God's unprotected children, whether in shop, mill, factory, or prison. "In America more than in any other civilized country in the world is the spirit of the age rapidly taking form and force," said the Bishop. "The rising of the democratic wave in the interest of labor will be first developed and first adjusted here. The social movements spreading around us will be first settled here, and the eyes of the world are upon the land, because the people of the world know this to be true. As America goes, so the world will go." Then what a glorious work, how divine a mission was that of the Catholic Church in such an age, and for the benefit, elevation, and happiness of the race.

Bishop Ireland.

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LIGHTNING FREAKS.—During a hailstorm at Mors, in Denmark, a few days ago, a flash of forked lightning—the only one occurring—struck a farm, and having demolished the chimney-stack and made a wreck of the loft, descended into the living rooms on the ground-floor below. Here its career appears to have been most extraordinary, all

the plaster round the doors and windows having been torn down, and the bed-curtains in the bed-rooms rent in pieces. An old Dutch clock was smashed into atoms, but a canary and cage hanging a few inches from it were quite uninjured. The lightning also broke sixty windows and all the mirrors in the house. On leaving the rooms it passed clean through the door into the yard, where it killed a cat, two fowls, and a pig, and then buried itself in the earth. In one of the rooms were two women, both of whom were struck to the ground, but neither was injured.

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# Where was St. Patrick Born?

AN article of mine appeared in the Dublin Review in October, 1886, under the above title, with the same list of works heading it, save the additional work which now stands first. The object of my article was to show that, while St. Patrick's birthplace was in Britain, it was not in North Britain, at Alclyde. Our national apostle in his Confession gives, indeed, his birthplace; but its identification has hitherto been a puzzle to antiquarians. Some of the later Lives simply mention Alclyde as the Saint's birthplace, while the older Lives endeavor to explain rather than literally reproduce, the Saint's words descriptive of his birthplace; but the explanation appears to me self-contradictory; and this, coupled with the historical incongruities attaching to Alclyde, led me, in the article referred to, to question the Alclyde theory and the arguments by which it is supported.

All that the biographers of our national Saint could spell out of his description of his birthplace is, that it was a place where Roman armies used to encamp; the most that modern historians have gathered from the description is, that it was a river's mouth. These two features so common to every part of Britain, have made it very difficult to point, with any probability to any spot as his birthplace. But the several hints given in the Confession and in the Saint's admitted letter to Coroticus, together with the old Lives, furnish grounds for a probable opinion, amounting to a moral certainty, that the object of our inquiry is in South rather than North Britain. To prove this was the aim of my former article, whose net result may be given in my own words: "It is quite clear to my mind that Scotland or Northern Britain is not the birthplace of St. Patrick."

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Now it is well to inquire how the scattered hints in the Lives can be focussed on the spot described in the Saint's Confession. Instead of making them the test of truth, elastic and doubtful as they were, we can now test their own truth by the fixed and unerring standard supplied by the Confession.

(*a*) First of all, the Lives, as well as St. Patrick's own writings, describe him as a Briton; but while the epithet applies to any person in Britain, it meant particularly and unqualifiedly a Welshman.

(*b*) All the Lives describe the Saint's birthplace as the Plain o

Tents. Such was the champagne country that stretched from Burria down to Caerleon. The rich, level country on the left of the Usk particularly afforded the most free scope for the encampment and discipline of an army. Such encampments were necessary before a tower or extensive permanent fortifications were thrown up. But by and by the city of the legions (*Caerleon-legionum*) replaced the improvised tents.

(*c*) The Lives speak of St. Patrick being born (No. 1) in Nentur. This is said to mean a sacred tower or castle (Nos. 2, 5, 8). The editor of the Lives in rendering it into Latin shows that he understood it to mean a holy castle; and because *nen* was not so usually used in later times as *nem* for "heavenly," he gave the Latinized form in *nemthurri*.

(*d*) Some Lives (Nos. 3, 4, 5) speak of the Saint being born on a stone, and others of a flood of water deluging him when in charge of his nurse. Now, his connection with a castle and its probably stony flooring, built as it was on the verge of the tidal river, would harmonize with the description.

(*e*) The Lives (Nos. 2, 6) speak of his dwelling as not far from the Irish Sea. Now, this description fits in with a habitation only a few miles north of the Bristol Channel. The Bristol waters and Irish Sea so commingle that near Newport they are not easily distinguishable.

(*f*) The Lives (No. 6) speak of giants said to have dwelt near the Saint's habitation. Just hard by, on the west of Caerleon, is the fabled habitation of giants. It is of an elliptical shape; and though it was probably a Roman amphitheatre, the tradition prevalent in the days of Probus lingers round the place still, for it is at present called Arthur's Round Table.* All these scattered hints in the Lives are brought together, not for the purpose of confirming the Saint's description — it requires no confirmation — but to impart to them a probability, which they otherwise would not possess, by their harmonizing with the description.

(*g*) The Lives (No. 6) speak of Nentre as of the Nentrian province: in other words, the town connected with the Saint's birthplace gave a name to the province in which it was situated. Caerleon was the capital of the Roman province in Wales.

(*h*) There is a story in the Lives (Secunda, Tertia, Quarta) touching a miracle performed through the instrumentality of St. Patrick, yet a helpless child. On a certain occasion his uncle, in carrying him to the Senate-house in his arms, dropped dead; and when the bystanders addressed the predestined youth as the cause, or occasion, or interested party in the fatal occurrence, the lifeless man was restored to life and strength. I allude to the occurrence because it incidentally brings out the municipal character of the town as indicated by the Senate-house.

It may not be amiss to mention that the idea of St. Patrick's father as a senator or nobleman, having a country seat or villa some miles from the capital, is borne out by the character of the country at the present day; Burrium or Usk presents traces of numberless gardens and orchards scattered round the town, and walled away from each other as if so many separate country-seats.

* Its depth was six yards, its longest diameter seventy-four, its shortest sixty-four yards.

The words of our Saint in the Confession could absolutely mean that Usk was his birthplace. For, though speaking of his father's residence, he, as a matter of course and modesty, by the very fact, spoke of his own in his sixteenth year as not distinct from that of the father. The Saint, we may reasonably suppose, would leave on record what interested his spiritual children; and as his birthplace was infinitely more interesting to them than his father's, we could fairly presume that in his Confession mention of the father's residence necessarily involved his own. In support of this supposition, we have a castle, the "nentur," or holy tower, though in a ruined state, adjoining Usk, built on an eminence, and pronounced one of the most considerable structures of its kind.* And though I am not in a position to establish or deny its Roman character, the castle was in existence long before the Norman invasion. On the other hand, it may be said that though St. Patrick was born on the other side of the Usk river, in Caerleon, he, in his Confession, written in reference to his apostolate, would touch only on his first connection with Ireland, or his captivity. Hence the mention of the place of his captivity. The Saint may be supposed not to have written what was well known, as often told to his disciples, as to his birth in a neighboring capital. He states that his father had a villa near Usk; now, it may be fairly said that this was given as a reason for his being captured in a place which was not his natural or permanent home. Otherwise, we should suppose that the Saint gave a reason for being captured at his home. Where but at his home could a youth of fifteen be supposed to have been captured? It may be inferred that if the Saint, after saying that his father was of or in the Usk — Beneventa, were a native of it, he would have directly stated that he was captured there. But no; he gave directly a reason for the father's residence in Usk temporarily, it may be argued, and indirectly for his capture there, though born elsewhere. This view of the case is supported by the several incidents connected with the Saint, as given in the several Lives, and would lead us to the right rather than left of the river Usk as the birthplace of the Saint.

In conclusion, a brief reply is due to an objection raised by the able writer of the article at the very head of this paper. It takes the form of a pointed question: "Is Father Malone's argument one acceptable or creditable to the Irish people, that they forgot, 'during times of confusion and irruption from pagan barbarians,' whence their apostle came?" The Church of God and her children take note not so much of where or when a saint was born, as when and how he died. The *natalis* of the Church's heroes is associated not so much with where he drew the first breath, as where he labored and breathed his last. If, then, the spot of the *natalis* had been forgotten, what wonder — though not a matter of charge, however, the writer referred to makes it a matter for *accusation* — that his carnal birthplace far away over the sea would have been forgotten by his spiritual children. The Book of Armagh

* Edward IV. and Richard III, were born in it.

tells us that the Saint's burial-place was unknown in the days of its writer.*

"Is Father Malone's argument acceptable or creditable to the Irish people?"

My answer is, that though I would go to the uttermost verge of truth and propriety to humor national prejudice, my first study is to consult the interests of truth rather than the prejudices of the people. I am first Catholic and then national; and as such I am only testifying to the tradition handed down by my predecessors since the days of St. Patrick. They gave up their most cherished traditions when clashing with his words. "*Patrick said*" headed every ordinance in the earlier ages of the Irish Church, in order to disarm national prejudice and gain acceptance for it. The *ipse dixit* of the Saint sufficed for them, and it is sufficient for me; and notwithstanding national prejudices and Scottish theories, I answer the question which heads this article by saying that, in my belief, St. Patrick was born in Monmouthshire, South Wales, at Caerleon, on the bank of the Usk.

*"Similis fuit Moysi. . . . . ubi sunt ossa ejus nemo novit." ("Documenta de St. Patritio," p. 89.)

Sylvester Malone, in Dublin Review.

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# Two Important Books.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND, by the Very Rev. M. H. Howley, D.D., Prefect Apostolic of St. George's, Newfoundland.

### INVOCATION.

**To Leo XIII., P.M., Indefatigable Restorer of Christian Philosophy and Theology.**

Hail thou! on Peter's chair enthroned Pope,
Thou noble scion of the PECCI stem!
Worthy to grace the triple diadem.
Thou whose ancestral star, with ray of hope,
Gleams bright within its azure horoscope;
Sparkling with splendor of pellucid gem,
Tints the tall Cedar with a golden hem,*
Emblem of Him who with dark sin must cope.

Thou art the very "light from heaven" of yore,
By Erin's sainted Malachy foretold,
For o'er the haloed brow with wings unfurled
The "Angel of the Schools" is seen to soar,
Tipping the pen with ray of molten gold,—
Once more AQUINAS' voice enthralls the world.

M. H. H.

THE title of this book (observes the Catholic Review) might incline persons to believe that the subject-matter would necessarily be of

*The arms of the Pecci family.

a local and circumscribed character, interesting to only a limited class of readers. Those who peruse its pages, however, will be greatly surprised. When it is remembered that Newfoundland, though now a remote and but little esteemed British colony, was, in the early days of America's history, a place of very great importance, and that her shores were the scenes of the most interesting events in the voyages of the early navigators, it will be seen that the field is wider, and claims the attention of a much more extended circle of readers than at first sight might appear likely. Dr. Howley has embodied in his book the results of study and gleanings of many years. A residence of several years in Europe, particularly in the world-renowned University of Propaganda, Rome, has given him many opportunities of collecting valuable materials, both in print and in manuscript, not only relating to the Church history of Newfoundland, Canada and America, but he also produces many documents, manuscripts, maps and sketches, not hitherto presented to English-reading students of history, touching on the general history of America, with regard to Newfoundland in particular. The life of a missionary of the Catholic Church, for a period of seventeen years, has enabled him to visit most of the historical places on her shores, such as Ferryland, the site of Lord Baltimore's first colony, Placentia, the old French capital, etc., and to gather materials on the spot. In his preface he says:

"It was certainly an absorbing passion to grasp with avidity everything in any way bearing upon the past history of our country; every anecdote of the olden time; every scrap of manuscript; every inscription or epitaph having the slightest pretension to antiquity; every vestige of the former occupation of Newfoundland, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical; in a word, everything with the shadow of a claim to archæological distinction was immediately transferred to the note-book or the sketch-book, with a view to being, at some future time, presented to the public in book form."

The book contains cuts of old maps of the early voyages, copied from the originals in the Vatican and Propaganda libraries, never before given to the general public. Though professing to be a "History of the Catholic Church of Newfoundland," and such is its main object, yet many items of the general history of the country are touched upon which have not been embodied in the Histories of the colony heretofore published. The story of the battles and persecutions of the early missionaries will be found interesting, not only in Newfoundland, but to the Catholic reader all over the world. The sad story of persecution and suffering is followed by the gloriously illuminated page of the Church's triumph and progress, until she now stands forth unrivalled, even by any of the dioceses of America.

Her history is one that poor Terra Nova may be proud of, for nowhere has the fight for freedom been harder to gain a foothold against her powerful adversaries; but step by step her soldiers have advanced and overcome all obstacles, till to-day she rises in all the plentitude of ecclesiastical freedom and development; and in no country of its size and resources can Catholics point to so many glorious institutions devoted to religion, education, and charity as in Newfoundland.

NOTE.—The book is published by Doyle & Whittle, Boston, in excellent style of workmanship. We strongly recommend it to the student of Catholic history.

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## A GREAT IRISH BOOK.

It must greatly interest the numerous classes and students throughout this country that are intent on gaining a knowledge of the ancient Irish language, that a complete and excellent text-book of the most classical Irish has just been published. The Passions and Homilies from the *Leabhar Breac*, by Dr. Robert Atkinson, of Trinity College,

Dublin, is one of the most perfect text-books ever issued from the press. It consists of 8,424 lines of Gaelic prose, followed by an exact and elegant English translation, and a glossary in which every word in the text is explained, parsed, collated, and accounted for. This glossary is the finest thing that has been done in modern lexicography. The whole text must contain at least 8,000 different Irish words or word-forms. Whoever knows that many Irish words, as Dr. Atkinson explains them, knows a great deal of the purest Celtic. The matter is most interesting to all Irishmen and to all Catholics, as a specimen of the sermons that fostered the Faith among our forefathers. The Irish is printed in common English type, and perfectly agrees with the text in the *fac-simile* of *Leabhar Breac*. The book can be had from the Royal Irish Academy House, 19 Dawson St., Dublin, and costs 30 shillings. At least every Irish class in the country should have a copy.

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## St. Patrick's Day.

Is there a land in all the great round earth
In which thy name's unknown, O gracious Saint?
Thy people praise thee; wild, strong March winds faint
Beneath the burden of a pious mirth
In memory of thee. Where's the sad complaint
Of yesterday? To-day our preachers paint
Thy glory, Truth-bearer. Hope takes new birth;
Old tales of Ireland light the dullest hearth.
Greater than Israel have thy people been;
Greater than Moses, gracious Patrick, thou;
For greater sorrows have no people seen,
And so resigned did no people bow
Unto God's will, which, changing all Spring's green,
Leads them to Spring through Fall and Winter now.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

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## Thanking President Cleveland.

THE President of the United States received a beautifully engrossed copy of the proceedings of a public meeting of Catholics of Richmond, Va., held in celebration of the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., at which resolutions were adopted thanking the President for the honor which he has paid to "our Holy Father's golden jubilee," and at which the following remarks were included in an address made by Rt. Rev. J.J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.: "While we are glad to see all tender their marks of congratulation to our Holy Father, our hearts are particularly affected by the tribute of honor and affection forwarded by the President of the

United States, who has sent his Holiness a beautifully engrossed copy of the Constitution of our country. Bigotry may howl about our ultramontanism, Jesuitism, Romanism, and the like, but the President, though not himself a Catholic, showed himself man enough to act independently to all narrow-minded influences. All honor to the President, who generously interpreted by his action the spirit and the letter of our glorious Constitution."

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# A Tribute to the Pope from a Jewish Rabbi.

BALTIMORE SUN: The Rev. Dr. A. L. Bettelheim, rabbi of the Lloyd Street Synagogue, said in his sermon on Saturday, Dec. 31: "The eyes of the whole civilized world are turned towards Rome, where a pious priest is celebrating his fiftieth anniversary as teacher in the Catholic Church. Emperors and kings, and even the President of the United States, sent their greetings and best wishes to the venerable head of the Catholic Church, thus showing the appreciation of his services rendered within and without the pale of his Church, and rendering the highest respect to the man who occupies such an exalted position. Rome is not the sweetest sound in the ear of an Israelite. Rome, before the Christian era, and many hundreds of years after, was not friendly towards our people. All that a nation could endure we had to suffer in the earlier periods of the Roman empire, and even after the ecclesiastical power had assumed its sway over the whole globe. Yea, I must confess, that even the name Leo has few pleasant recollections for suffering Israel. But we are just, and whilst we, as Israelites, are in no way concerned in the ecclesiastical station which Leo XIII. occupies as a Pope of a mighty and powerful denomination, I say we are just to recognize in him virtues which will shed lustre upon the pious 'peacemaker' of the world. Pope Leo XIII. is greater than many a Pope before whom potentates of the world trembled. The onward march of modern time and civilization banishes all fear, and teaches us to revere only the man in his high station. The future historian will be just, and will inscribe the name of Cardinal Pecci, afterwards Pope, upon the golden page as a man full of compassion for the suffering world, full of sympathy for the members of all denominations who differ from his creed; as a man who prevented war and bloodshed, and stimulated peace and good-will between combating nations. The Israelites can safely remember him as a man who taught tolerance and friendly feelings towards our scattered nation over the whole globe. He inspired the Catholic priesthood with that noble spirit which gives to a servant of God, to a proclaimer of the highest truth, the halo of immortality. We approve as Israelites, and as loyal American citizens, the act of courtesy which was shown to the Pope by the President of our Republic. Let us honor the man, whether he agrees with us in matters of creed or not."

# Course of Instruction for Parochial Schools.

THE above is the title of a neatly bound and comprehensive pamphlet, prepared by the Diocesan Board of Examination of the Archdiocese of New York, to be adopted in the schools under its supervision. From a cursory reading (observes the St. Louis Catholic World), we perceive that the full course and complete grading which is desirable for all our Catholic schools embraces six grades in the principal department, and eight in the advanced department. In all the grades, except the first grade in the advanced department, the work is laid out for five months, or half the school year; the highest grade prescribes a full year's study. The whole course, therefore, may be completed in seven and a half years, thus permitting children to acquire a good common-school education at the age most are compelled to go to work — thirteen or fourteen years. Moreover, the reverend gentlemen of the commission not only specify the studies to be followed, but also, and this is most important, just how much and no more study should be taken up by the several classes. Moreover, they provide for those cases wherein the insufficiency in the number of the pupils, lack of teachers, or other difficulties, make it impossible or very inconvenient to carry on all the grades prescribed, by ordering a special course, accommodated to these peculiar circumstances, to be made out and submitted for approval to the commission, and such course will be the one on which the examiners base their report.

Thus is New York gradually placing itself in complete accord with the Council of Baltimore on the school question, and with proper justice. For, to use the thought suggested by the late Council (decree 200), if it be a matter of the strictest conscientious duty on the part of priests to provide schools, and of the highest religious obligation on the part of parents to send their children to them when so founded, it is incumbent on all parties concerned to guarantee, according to the best of their ability, to Catholic parents, that in our parochial schools their children will receive as good and thorough schooling as in any other schools, or as the Sacred Congregation puts it, the Catholic parents may thus secure for their offspring schools in "no manner inferior to the public schools." Every means must then be made use of to elevate the grade, usefulness, and perfection of our parochial schools; for, says the Council, the honor of the Church, the welfare not only eternal but temporal of the children, as well as the generous devotedness of the parents, absolutely and justly demand and merit it. For even worldly wisdom would tell us that, indeed, this is absolutely necessary in order that the Catholic laity may cheerfully and generously contribute the money needed to establish and maintain Catholic parochial schools.

Are their children, while being religiously taught, properly and practically grounded in those matters that will make them also successful in the struggle for a living? To them this is an important question. What guarantee have they that their children would not in

this respect do better in the public schools? To encourage them, and to take away all possible anxiety on this score, the Fathers of the Plenary Council of Baltimore saw plainly the necessity for making secular instruction in the parochial schools as solid and thorough and practical as possible. They endeavored to provide it by requiring the Ordinaries of every diocese to appoint Diocesan Boards of Examiners of school teachers and of visitors for parochial schools.

"And," to use the words of a recent editorial of our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Standard, speaking on a similar subject to the present one, "in accordance with this, the bishops and the clergy, with a very few exceptions, are striving to give this character to these schools. As for the exceptions to which we have referred, they are a stumbling-block and stone of offence to all who feel a proper interest in Catholic education. But happily their number is very small, and every year it is becoming still smaller."

Meanwhile, Diocesan School Boards will guarantee Catholic parents the worth and efficiency of the parish schools. In the first place they will secure for our schools properly qualified teachers, as according to the Council, all who have taught less than five years are obliged to be qualified by an examination before this Commission. Again a uniform course of instruction will emanate from the same source as has just recently from the New York Commission. By this means Catholic parents will know exactly the position and class of their children at any given time; they will have a guaranty that their children are not victims of a teacher's hobbies—for teachers sometimes have hobbies; and, moreover, their children will, from year to year, progress from grade to grade and not be always over and over the same beaten track, and finally this uniform course of study will secure uniformity in school books, and thus relieve our Catholic parents from a present crying and unnecessary injustice, and our schools from a burden that now places them at a most trying disadvantage.

This Commission will also encourage, if not absolutely require, the building of schools in every parish. Since once a uniform system of education is put into execution, no pastor can afford to be known as indifferent, opposed to, or outside of, its beneficent influence.

Having already the guiding star of God's own Church this will make our Catholic schools greatly superior, as regards solid advantages, to the public schools. Catholic parents will be quick to realize that advantage, and as willing to patronize them. But they MUST be given the guarantee the Council of Baltimore holds out.

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THERE are two kinds of wills: one says: "I would like very much to do good, but it costs a disagreeable effort; it is too difficult;" the other says: "I desire indeed to do good; the will is not wanting, but the power alone stops me." The first fills hell, the second paradise, and it was the latter will which caused Daniel to be called a "man of desires."

# The Army of True Liberty.

PROUDLY rose the star of Freedom o'er the hills of Juda's land,
Where the vines in teeming clusters by the stately palm-trees stand,
And the million hosts celestial sang in one triumphal voice,
When the blessed earth had borne them the Champion of their choice.

"Truth alone can make you freemen," was His heaven-born word!
While she placed, like ray of sunlight, in His hand a two-edged sword:
"Who will follow?" cried the Chieftain; "I will wield it though I die!"
Such, O Freedom! shall forever be the burden of thy cry.

With the seal of manhood on them rushed the sons of Galilee,
From their ships beside the sea-shore, at the call of Liberty: —
None had followed from the pampered, or the courts where men decay,
And the titled heads of Juda from its gleaming fled away.

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Unflinching souls and fearless they, though mild and guileless too;
They best can lead who can obey, for their hearts are strong and true.
In tyranny's darksome, starless night they kindled the spark divine,
And the nations assembled their lamps to light at Liberty's holy shrine.

The shrine they built was not of gold or shining sapphire made,
Deep in the deathless rock of Truth was that foundation laid.
They raised it upward to the sky on columns of virtue rare,
And heaven looked down with pride to see its own reflection there.

O'er kings and thrones and empires though the flood of years has run,
Unfailing stands that heritage which shall outlive the sun, —
That Principle whose radiance shall flash o'er land and sea,
The light of love and justice, till our servile race is free.

They fell, — the noble vanguard fell; but, lo! within the breach,
To grasp the blood-stained banner still a thousand others reach,
Ten thousand brave hearts, nerved to die, that hallowed ensign wave;
Ah, fruitful grows the seed that's sown upon a martyr's grave!

And heroes still are marching on wherever the veterans trod,
And still they lead the legions up the mountain-heights of God,
The world wide their fatherland, their flag the Cross Sublime,
The centuries their stepping-stones across the stream of time.

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Still the hoary soldiers bowing 'neath the laurels of their years,
'Neath the trials — now the treasures — of the glorious pioneers;
And the stalwart brows yet flushing in the fervor of their youth,
For the contest consecrated by the holy stamp of Truth,
Are united 'neath the standard, pressing onward in the fight,
Till they crown the cause of Freedom and of God's Eternal Right.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. DENIS B. COLLINS.

# Mother Francis Patrick.

THE announcement came very unexpectedly (says the Michigan Catholic), that Mother Francis Patrick, Superior of the House of the Good Shepherd, Detroit, had been elected to the office of Provincial Superior of the Missouri province of her order. While this gives pleasure to the many admirers of this estimable religious in Detroit, it creates regret in many hearts. Mother Francis Patrick has been so intimately identified with the struggles of the House of the Good Shepherd, and has worked so hard to place that excellent institution on a firm footing, that we have almost come to look upon her as necessary to its existence. But in this work she has manifested her possession of the qualities which fit her for the still higher and more responsible office to which she is now called. She will, we are sure, leave Detroit with regret; for, though her work here has been of a kind to try her soul, as well as her physical endurance, she knows that she has formed many dear friendships. The people of Detroit, too, without distinction of religious affiliation, will part with Mother Francis Patrick with sincere regret, for we have all learned to, not only esteem her, but to love her. The appointment of a successor to Mother Francis Patrick in the Detroit house is, fortunately, vested in herself by virtue of her new office. She knows the needs of the house over whose infant struggles she has watched with more than the interest and anxiety of a mother; and she will, no doubt, place over it one who will be able to continue the work which she lays down.

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# Look on This Picture and on That.

### McGlynn to the Front.

NEW YORK STAR.—By way of emphasizing his remarks of last year about the walk of the Pope down Broadway wearing a stove-pipe hat, Mr. McGlynn, on Sunday night, spoke of Leo XIII. as a "poor old bag of bones;" "a poor, tottering, absent-minded old fool;" "a poor old man, ignorant of the geography of most of the world and all the triumphs of the Church," and "an ecclesiastical cobbler, who, like every other cobbler, should stick to his last." Appropriately enough, the anti-poverty journal, which was circulated at the meeting, contained a "thrilling novelette," which was full of "butterfly kisses," "saucy pussies," and raptures about "driving with the girl you love." To such a pass as this has come the mixture of anti-poverty, anti-Democracy, and anti-religion!

### What Dr. McG. Thought of the Pope Ten Years Ago.

Ten years ago, on the receipt of the news of the election of Cardinal Giachino Pecci to succeed Pope Pius IX., a reporter of the Sun interviewed Dr. McGlynn as to his opinion of the new Pontiff.

Of all the men whom I met during my recent visit to Rome, said Dr. McGlynn,

I felt that Cardinal Pecci was best fitted for the Papal throne; therefore, the announcement of his election gives me the greatest satisfaction. I regard him as a man of intellect, learning, tact, and dignity, combined with amiability and sterling piety. He was a true priest and a true bishop, and such a man is required to make a true Pope. Though a man of liberality and tact, I have every reason to believe that Leo XIII. will not sacrifice the slightest title of right or justice. While he has all the essential qualities of a great Pontiff, he has some of the minor gifts that make a personally attractive one. He has a fine presence, a commanding stature, and exceptional grace of bearing. In the suavity of his manner, and the strength and resonance of his voice, he greatly resembles Pius IX. I surmise, from the fact that he has taken the name of Leo XIII., and not Pius X., that in mere matters of policy, wherein he is free, he will not follow his predecessor too closely. The freedom to exercise his election in following or not following Pius IX., however, does not extend to matters of faith. In selecting his name, it is probable that Leo XIII. was moved by personal affection for Leo XII., of whose pontificate he must retain a clear remembrance. . . .

It has been a tradition in the Church that the appointment to the office of Comerlango, or Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church, was substantially a shutting out of the appointee from the possibility of an election to the Papacy. The acceptance of the office, therefore, by Leo XIII., indicates that he was guided by a high sense of duty. His election was remarkably speedy. The election of Pius IX. on the fourth ballot was deemed extraordinary; that of Leo XIII. upon the third ballot is unquestionably a surprising proof of his eligibility. As Pius IX. was easily distinguishable among his Cardinals for a noble breadth, so is Leo XIII. marked by an indescribable charm that proclaims his eminence. I believe that this charm has been felt even by those who are not Catholics. For years he has been marked among the Cardinals, and only a very brief comparison of his qualifications with those of the others was needed to insure his elevation. I do not doubt that his election will give very great satisfaction, not only to the loving children of the Church, but to all those not of the Church, who may have occasion to approach him. It is a blessing to the Church and the world.

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# The Star of Bethlehem.

AN esteemed correspondent of the Notre Dame Scholastic sends the following question:

"May I request you to ask the Editor of the Scholastic how long it would take a ray of the Star of Bethlehem to reach us? I suppose a ray of light from that star, which shone upon the Divine Infant, travelled as fast as light from any other star."

We do not know the distance, however, that the light had to travel, or whether the star was a comet, or meteor, or what is commonly known as a "fixed" star. There seems to be a disposition among persons of a *quasi*-scientific turn of mind to regard the star which appeared in Cassiopeia in the year 1572 as a variable star of long period, becoming visible every three hundred odd years, say 314.4. Hence it might have been visible in the year of our Saviour's birth, and should have been seen again in 1886 or '87, but was not. The newspapers last year were all in a state of expectation on the subject, and some even went so far as to mistake the well-known planet Venus, which was particularly brilliant last fall, for the famous star. It is not at all easy to understand, however, how a fixed star in the constellation Cassiopeia could have led the Magi to Jerusalem and thence to Bethlehem. On the other hand, a comet would not have escaped Herod's notice; and

he evidently had not thought about the matter until the Wise Men arrived. The most probable opinion is that the star of Bethlehem was a special and miraculous light afforded by Heaven to the Wise Men, as the pillar of fire was given to guide the Israelites in their desert wanderings. In that case its light would reach them in the fraction of a second. None of the known comets are distant enough, when visible, for their light to require more than a few minutes to reach the earth. The nearest of the fixed stars, *a* Centauri, requires about three years and a half to send its rays to the earth. The farthest may require thousands of years for aught we can tell, for we have no means of measuring the distance of the more remote among the heavenly bodies.

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# An Old Author on Health.

WE have often been surprised when searching for "hidden treasures" among the musty volumes of the great libraries of our large cities, to find some of the most precious gems of hygienic advice in volumes written hundreds of years ago, when, as we would naturally suppose, the subject of hygenic reform was little thought of and received much less attention than at the present day. One of our exchanges has recently made a valuable "find" of this sort, and is reprinting some of the best chapters of a little work, entitled The Way to Health, Long Life, and Happiness, by Thomas Tryon, Student in Physic. London: 1697. Among many other good things which we might select, we take the following, which, apart from its quaint and antique style, sounds very much like the teachings of some modern writers, illustrating again the truth of the Wise Man's assertion that there is "nothing new under the sun:"—

"Temperance, Cleanliness, and Abstinence have greater power over the Soul and Body than most in our days imagine. Did not our fore-fathers live to wonderful Ages in perfect Health, their Food in those days being chiefly Herbs, Fruits and Grains, and pure Water their Drink? They did not make their Stomachs the Burial-places of dead Bodies, but their Meat and Drink was innocent and simple, by which they were able to check and regulate the extravagant motions of the Mind and insurrections of the Flesh: Hence some of the Antients have deliver'd it as a Maxim, That none could understand God and his Works, and enjoy perfect Health and long Life, but those that abstain from Flesh, Wine, and Vices, bounding their desires according to the Ends and Necessities of Nature. For where Uncleanliness and Intemperance reigns, the Soul is subjected with the Body that it cannot discern things Coelestial; but Sobriety and Purity of body and mind renders it the Temple of God, wherein his blessed Spirit delight to dwell, and communicate its Gifts and Graces. Happy it were if men did but use the tenth part of that Care and Diligence to preserve their minds and bodies in Health, as they do to procure Mony, and Riches, which many never obtain, and those that do, it serves them chiefly to procure those Dainties and Superfluities, which do generate Diseases, and is the cause of committing many other Evils, there being but few men that do know how to use Riches as they ought: For there are not many of our wealthy Dons that ever consider, that as little and mean Food and Drink will suffice and maintain a Lord in perfect Health as the poorest Peasant, and render him more capable to enjoy the benefit of the Mind, and pleasures of the Body, far beyond all Dainties and Superfluities. But alas! the momentary Pleasures of the Throat, Custom, Vanity, &c., do

ensnare and intice most People to exceed the Bounds of Necessity or Convenience; and many fail through a false Opinion or Misunderstanding of Nature, childishly imagining that the richer the Food is, and the more they can cram into their Bellies, the more they shall be strengthen'd thereby; but experience shows to the contrary, for are not such People as accustom themselves to the richest compounded Foods, and most cordial Drinks, generally the most Infirm and Diseased?"

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# The Catacombs.

I.

ON a beautiful morning in the June of 1885, the writer set out from his hotel on the Corso to visit the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The way led by the Roman Forum; and, driving slowly by, one could not help thinking how strangely the present, in its ruin and desolation, contrasted with the time when that same spot was the busy centre of the whole social and political life of ancient Rome. Time, with disdainful foot, had long since overturned the proud basilicas and temples; sparing, as if in mockery, a few fragments of marble, on which the chisel of the sculptor had traced, in high relief, scenes from the triumphal procession of some great conqueror.

Soon the mighty mass of the Colosseum loomed up, grandiose, gloomy, silent, now that it no longer reëchoes the cries of the quarter-million of spectators who once lined its walls. After passing through the narrow valley between the Palatine and Aventine Hills, formerly the site of the Circus Maximus, the route lay along a street which led to the Appian Way, skirting the Cœlian Mount on the left, and the Baths of Caracalla on the right. We were now in a portion of the city still redolent of the memories of early Christianity.

During the first years of the reign of Claudius, the Christians, confounded in the popular mind with the Jews, were already quite numerous in Rome, and were driven outside the walls of the city. The circumstance is thus recorded by Suetonius: "Claudius expelled from Rome the Jews who were stirring up tumults at the instigation of Christ." Ecclesiastical writers are of the opinion that the Roman historian in this passage mistakes the Apostle for the Master, and that the reference is to St. Peter, who, after having occupied the See of Antioch, had come to Rome, and settled down in the imperial city. Juvenal has left us a description of the place, outside the Capenan Gate, in which the Christians had taken refuge. It was along the Appian Way, among the extensive ruins which lined both sides of that great thoroughfare. These ruins, which the Christians had transformed into miserable huts, were the remains of a temple dedicated to the nymph, Egeria, and of numerous other shrines in the neighborhood, to which tradition had assigned the abode of the Muses. There, amid such wretched surroundings, the early Christians lived in prayer, and in the exercise of charity, taxed unmercifully in their extreme poverty by the State, a mark for the scorn of the philosophers, and the insults

and accusations of an ignorant mob. Through this same Capenan Gate it was that the Christians came forth to meet St. Paul, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, on the occasion of his visit to Rome. Near this same gate, too, were buried the bodies of Sts. Peter and Paul, after their martyrdom. The basilica of St. Sebastian was built over their remains; but, later on, the precious relics were removed to the Vatican, where they now repose, amid the blaze of innumerable lights, and over-canopied by the great dome of Michael Angelo.

Memories such as these naturally arise in the mind as one travels along the famous Appian Way, known of old as the Queen of Roads. In a neglected vineyard, a short distance from the main highway, is a flight of steps which leads down to the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus. The tourist who descends into these subterranean recesses, depending for information on his Italian guide, with his flickering wax-taper and imperfect English, will find his visit neither instructive nor interesting. His best guide will be the knowledge he has previously acquired of the origin and history of the Catacombs in the writings of Rossi, "the Columbus of the subterranean world." To the labors of this celebrated archæologist we are chiefly indebted for our present knowledge of these cemeteries of early Christianity. His erudition and indefatigable spirit of research have accomplished for the city of the dead what other learned writers have done for the great Pagan city, whose religious and political institutions the spiritual forces which excavated the Catacombs may be said to have undermined and overthrown.

The first, however, who carried the torch of archæological science into these gloomy crypts was Bosio, a man whose profound knowledge of Christian antiquities and early Church history fitted him admirably for the task he had undertaken. He sketched a plan for the scientific exploration of the Catacombs, anticipating the method which Rossi followed two and a half centuries later. But the successors of Bosio were too indolent or too incompetent to follow in his footsteps. They were content to copy the paintings and inscriptions without indicating where they had been found, or attempting to determine the date of their production. Any work of art, or memorial of these remote times, which possessed intrinsic interest or value, they carried away to some museum. Detached from their proper surroundings, such memorials lost their special and unique character, and that peculiar attractiveness with which some knowledge of their origin and their history would have invested them. In similar fashion have nearly all the monuments of antiquity been treated; valued solely for the art-treasures found in their ruins, rather than for the knowledge which an enlightened study of such remains would have shed on the manners and customs of past ages.

M. de Rossi took up the labors of Bosio from the point at which they had been left off. He insisted that if the works of early Christian art were worthy of preservation, because of their associations, they should be studied, in order to rightly understand and appreciate them, in connection with the places in which they had been found. Accordingly, he undertook to trace the origin and history of the different

Christian cemeteries, sketch their plan, fix the period at which each particular gallery had been excavated, and thus determine the age of the various monuments found in the galleries and the tombs.

It is the aim of the following series of papers to lay before our readers, in a brief and compact form, the results of the researches of M. de Rossi, with such occasional side-lights from ancient history as may serve to illustrate the subject.

After the storms of persecution, which raged round the primitive Church, had spent their force, the Catacombs, as the burial-places of saints and martyrs, began to be regarded with special devotion, and became a place of resort for numerous bands of pilgrims. Even before the time of Constantine, the custom of interment in the Catacombs had almost died out, and ceased entirely with the invasions of the barbarians, and the sack of Rome by Alaric, 410 A. D. As the best means of preserving the holy remains they enshrined from danger of desecration, the Popes of the eighth and ninth centuries removed the relics and distributed them among the various churches of Rome. The Catacombs, accordingly, ceased to be frequented as places of pilgrimage. Six centuries passed away, and the memory of their existence had almost perished, when, in the year 1578 an accidental discovery revealed to the astonished Romans a city of the dead under the city of the living.

At the time of this discovery it was taken for granted that the Catacombs were wholly the work of the early Christians. But the incredulous demanded: How could the disciples of a persecuted religion, few in numbers, and poor in worldly goods, accomplish such a gigantic work? Who supplied them with the necessary funds? How dispose of the earth which had been excavated? Above all, how carry on such labors at the very gates of Rome, without let or hindrance from the imperial police? The Catacombs, it was said, were merely exhausted sand-pits (*areniæ*) which the Christians took possession of as a convenient place for the interment of their dead, and the performance of the sacred rites which accompanied the interment. It was pointed out, that, as a matter of fact, such disused sand-pits abounded in the environs of ancient Rome. The testimony of Cicero was adduced to the effect, that, in his time, a man had been assassinated there; while Suetonius narrates that when Nero was about to fly from Rome, he was advised to conceal himself in these same sand-pits, but declined, with the remark that he did not wish to be buried alive. It was represented, with much plausibility, that the early Christians might easily have learned of the existence of such places. Their religion first found a foothold among the poor, and must have counted among its adherents many of the slaves employed in quarrying sand and building materials in these pits. The services of these slaves would have been found particularly useful in guiding their brethren among the labyrinthine windings of these subterranean recesses. As victims of persecutions the Christians would naturally fly to such places, affording, as they did, admirable facilities for concealment, for the practice of their religion, and the burial of their dead.

Considerations, such as these, were deemed, at the time, conclu-

sive against the supposition that the Catacombs had been excavated exclusively by the Christians of the first ages. For nearly three centuries, this view, which identified the Christian burial-places with disused sand-pits, held its ground, until at length, the researches of Padre Marchi and de Rossi established the two facts, that the Catacombs were wholly the work of the early Christians, and were constructed for no other purpose than for the interment of the dead.

Let us state briefly the grounds on which these great archæologists based their conclusions. They began by drawing attention to the fact that the formation of the underground passages in the Catacombs, composed, as they were, of galleries, parallel to each other, or intersecting each other at right angles, and branching off in all directions, was not very well adapted for digging out the sand, and carrying it above the surface. Again, in the actual sand-pits, which still remain, and were employed as such, beyond question, by the ancient Romans, the wide, irregular passages, calculated for the admission of a horse and cart, were far better adapted for the excavation of sand than the narrow, rectilinear galleries of the Catacombs. Finally,—and this was decisive,—it was shown that the volcanic strata in the upper portion of the Campagna, consisted of three deposits,—stony, granular, and sandy tufa; the first, used as a building stone; the second, useless either as stone or as material for making mortar; the third, known as *pozzolana*, a friable sandstone, of scarcely any coherency, employed for admixture with mortar. It was in this stratum that the sand-pits were naturally excavated. But, in the formation of the Catacombs, these last are systematically avoided, and the granular tufa selected instead, which would never have been the case, had the Catacombs been originally excavated for sand or stone for building purposes. The granular stratum was the one employed, as being of medium hardness, and enabling the workers to form the vertical walls of the galleries without severe labor or the danger of the roof and sides falling in. Such reasons prove, beyond doubt, that the Catacombs, with their six million of tombs, and their five hundred miles of galleries, are the work of the early Christians alone, and were formed exclusively for burial purposes.

The early Christians attached great importance to the decent interment of the dead. They regarded it as a sacred duty, a feeling which was the natural outcome of their belief in the resurrection of the body. While awaiting the great day when the body was to rise again, and be united to the soul as a sharer in its immortal destinies, it was fitting that, in the meanwhile, it should have an honorable resting-place. In one of his funeral hymns, Prudentius thus gives expression to the religious faith, and hope of the Christian: "Yet a little while and the day shall come when life shall once more animate these dead bones; when the blood shall flow anew within these veins, and the soul re-enter into possession of that receptacle which now it has abandoned. Receive, O Earth, and fold to thy maternal bosom, that body which we now confide to thee, which was once the dwelling-place of a soul, created by the Maker of all things, and in which abode a spirit enlightened by the wisdom of Christ. Cover up these remains

which we now deposit in thy bosom. The day shall come when He who created and fashioned that body shall demand back the trust at thy hands."

These religious hopes were the common heritage of all; rich and poor, slaves and freemen alike, had a right to receive decent burial, since their brethren looked upon it in the light of a sacred duty. Religion consecrated the tomb; and Tertullian tells us that it was the custom for a priest to perform the funeral services. During the persecution of Decius, the Roman clergy wrote to the clergy of Carthage, reminding them of the duty of providing proper interment for the martyrs. St. Ambrose declares that, if necessary, the sacred vessels should be melted down, and sold to procure decent burial for all who departed in the faith.

"We touch heaven," writes Novalis, "when we lay our hands on a human body;" and some such feeling as this it was which inspired the gigantic labors of the Catacombs. And here we may remark that among these myriads of Christian tombs, not one has been found which records that he who sleeps within was a slave. The word, "*servus*," as an inscription, is common enough among the Pagan cemeteries of the time; but whatever the adherent of the new religion may have been in the outer world, the moment he stepped within the sacred precincts of the Christian Church, the fetters of his slavery dropped to the ground, and he was a slave no longer. The Truth had made him free.

The reasons which influenced the early Christians in adopting a mode of burial which involved such severe and prolonged labor were manifold. As regards the form of the tombs in the Catacombs, they doubtless were modelled after the sepulchre of Christ, hewn in an arched recess of the solid rock. In death, as in life, the early Christians wished to keep together; and a pious instinct led them to gather about the tombs of their bishops and martyrs. Again, the Christians were members of a proscribed creed; and though persecution was intermittent rather than continuous, they could never feel themselves secure, and were naturally desirous of combining the duty of sepulture with the performance of the sacred mysteries in places where, at least, they enjoyed comparative safety from the myrmidons of the law. Finally, we may be sure, they wished to screen themselves, as much as possible, from the corrupting influences of Paganism. That deadly taint permeated every form of the social life of the people; and the Christian shrank with horror from the pollution of its presence. "It met him in every incident of life: in business, in pleasure, in literature, in politics, in arms in the theatres, in the streets, in the baths, at the games, in the decorations of his house, in the ornaments and service of his table, in the very conditions of the weather, and the physical phenomena of nature. It is not easy to call up, as a reality, the intending sinner addressing to the deified vice, which he contemplates, a prayer for the success of his design; the harlot imploring Venus for an increase of her sinful gains; the pander begging the protection of the goddess on her shameful trade; the thief praying to Hermes Dolios for aid in his enterprise, or offering

up to him the first fruits of his plunder; young maidens dedicating their girdles to Athene Apaturia; youths entreating Hercules to expedite the death of a rich uncle. And yet, these things, and far worse than these, meet us over and over again in every writer who has left a picture of Roman manners in the later republic, and under the beginning of the empire." (North Brit. Rev., Vol. XLVII.)

Nor was the mode of sepulture above referred to peculiar to the Christians alone. Several of the Oriental races, the Jews among the number, buried their dead in the same manner. Catacombs have been discovered in Carthage, Phœnicia, Asia Minor, and the Chersonese; and wherever the Syrians penetrated, in Malta, Sicily, Sardinia, similar burial places have been found. In the later republic and under the empire, not only the manner and customs of Rome, but even its religion were permeated with the taint of orientalism. "The Orontes had come to mingle its impure waters with those of the Tiber," is Juvenal's way of describing the state of things which prevailed. The Orientals were tolerated in the practice of their religion; and the Romans themselves appear in many instances to have adopted their mode of disposing of the dead. Two Roman Catacombs have been discovered, and one Jewish. Indeed, the whole Roman Campagna may be said to be undermined by subterranean recesses for the burial of the dead.

In two important particulars the Christian Catacombs differ from all others. The galleries are much larger, and the number of tombs far greater. In the Jewish cemeteries the receptacles for the dead are open; in the Christian Catacombs they are closed. As it was the custom of the early Christians to descend into the Catacombs in order to pray before the tombs of the martyrs and manifest their respect and affection for the dead, it became necessary to close up the entrance of the tombs to shield the sacred remains against the indiscreet, if reverent, curiosity of the visitors.

Over fifteen centuries ago St. Jerome descended into the Catacombs, and the account of his visit is as truthful and picturesque a description of these wonderful subterranean labyrinths as if made at the present day. "When I was a boy," he writes, "receiving my education in Rome, I and my schoolfellows used, on Sundays, to make the circuit of the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs. Many a time did we go down into the Catacombs. These are excavated deep in the earth, and contain, on either hand, as you enter, the bodies of the dead buried in the wall. It is all so dark there that the language of the prophet seems to be fulfilled, "Let them go down quick into hell." Only occasionally is light let in to mitigate the horror of the gloom, and then not so much through a window as through a hole. You take each step with caution, as, surrounded by deep night, you recall the words of Virgil: "Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent."

On descending the flight of steps, built by Pope Damasus in the fifth century, the visitor finds himself in a sort of narrow gallery, the walls on either side pierced by parallel rows of graves, ranged like shelves or like berths in a ship, often five, sometimes twelve, in number, and

extending from a few inches above the floor to the springing of the arched ceiling. After the bodies were deposited in these long, low, horizontal recesses, the opening was carefully closed and cemented either by huge tiles or by marble slabs, partly for the reason given above, but chiefly, perhaps, to prevent the escape of the products of decomposition. In some of the graves, at the present day, the tiles have become loosened, and one may discern within, the few bones or handful of dust,—sole remains of the dead after a lapse of fifteen centuries. Occasionally the galleries open up into large chambers, the walls of which are decorated with paintings, of which the outlines are barely visible in the dim light of the tapers. Flights of steps lead down to still lower ranges of galleries, five or seven in number, into which light and air are introduced by means of vertical shafts (*luminaria*). The lower stories are counterparts of those above, except that the gloom is denser and respiration more difficult.

Should we prolong our stay, we soon find ourselves wondering at the immensity of this city of the dead. We begin to realize, as never before, how rapid must have been the progress of early Christianity, and feel that the words of Tertullian, addressed to the emperor, were no idle boast: "We are a people of yesterday, and yet we have filled every place belonging to you, cities, islands, castles, towns, assemblies, your very camp, your tribes, companies, palaces, senate, forum. We leave you your temples only. We can count your armies, and our numbers, in a single province, will be greater."

Our interest in what we see deepens as we remember that we are now face to face with the most venerable monument of early Christianity in Rome. No church or basilica recalls so vividly the memories of the heroic age of the Church. Such ancient temples, as those of St. Agnes, or St. Lawrence, have been so frequently restored as to have almost lost their identity. But the Catacombs have never been altered under the pretext of repairing or improving them. They remain as the most authentic memorial of the early ages of Christianity.

We linger awhile in the open chambers to note the tomb, shaped like an altar, around which, at stated intervals, the faithful assembled, as de Rossi remarks, to pray for the dead, to chant hymns, and read the Sacred Scriptures. How solemn must have been the emotions of these pious souls, so near to the graves of the dear departed, amid the gloom and silence of the city of the dead. How deeply they must have felt and believed the truth of the Church's doctrine, that death does not wholly sunder the bonds which unite the living and the dead; that a spiritual intercourse still exists which enables them to clasp hands across the chasm of the grave. The nature of that intercourse we find expressed in the words of an ancient liturgy, cited by de Rossi: "Defunctorum fidelium animæ, quæ beatudine gaudent, nobis opitulentur; quæ consolatione indigent Ecclesiæ precibus absolvantur."

As we pass along we note several indications of the troubled existence of the early Church. The galleries leading out into the public streets, the openings from above, letting in light and air, belong to the period during which the Church enjoyed peace and tranquillity. On the

other hand, the dark entrances, the tortuous galleries, the chapels in which the people were wont to assemble when denied the public exercise of their religion, tell of a time when the Church was the victim of persecution. These chapels were divided into two compartments, one for each sex; but so arranged that the faithful could easily follow the order of services during divine worship. At the further end stood the stone altar, commonly the tomb of a martyr, on which the priest celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, and addressed the people in words which nerved them to meet death without flinching, rather than deny the faith. Here, too, when persecution had increased the number of martyrs, the faithful met to encourage and console each other, to celebrate the memory of the dead, and glorify the example of their heroic fidelity. "How noble is this Church of ours!" exclaims St. Cyprian. "The Lord watches over and protects it. Always radiant with the splendor of good works, it is now crimsoned with the blood of martyrs. Neither roses nor lilies are wanting to its crown." Many other traces of the days of persecution are still to be seen in the Catacombs. To preserve from desecration the tombs of the martyrs, many galleries were filled in, and new passages opened leading to the adjoining sand pits. These it was possible to enter or emerge from without exciting suspicion. Staircases were demolished or abruptly broken off, insomuch that entrance to the galleries below could only be effected by means of a ladder, set in position at a given signal, and withdrawn when all the faithful had entered.

But even such precautions as these were not always effective. Among the Christians themselves there were spies and informers in the pay of the imperial police. "You know the days when we meet," writes Tertullian to a Roman magistrate. "You have your eye upon us even in our most secret assemblies. You find your way into the midst of us to surprise and overwhelm us." More than once did the Roman soldiers penetrate into the Catacombs, striking down without pity all whom they could lay hands on. Inscriptions, of which a few have come down to us, still preserve the memory of these terrible events. At some future time the chamber may be discovered in which a number of Christians were surprised by the police, while engaged in divine worship, and in which they were walled in and left to perish miserably. The spot was marked out for special veneration by Pope Damasus, who opened up a window in the wall, affording a view of the martyrs within, as if clasped in the final embrace of death.

Athens, Pa. J. C.

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OUR perfection must be true and solid. For example, though anger is raging within me, though my blood boils, I will not cease to be as gracious and gentle as it is possible to be, and all the reasons which nature urges for its release I will strangle as she presents them. I will not listen to one of them. This is true virtue, true gentleness. Ah! God gives you occasion to practise patience. Would you let it escape you? Perhaps you may never in life meet with such another opportunity.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

# A Bostonian in New York.

## III.

It is true that court-houses, as a rule, have a considerable fascination for loafers. Men are sent to prison at times for vagrancy. Notwithstanding this, I have always noticed that in and around criminal courts there is seen a crowd of uncouth people holding up the edifice. But these men are not vagrants, they are worse, and yet they receive no punishment, unless caught in some criminal act. They have no scruples providing they can keep within the law. They are seldom, if ever, caught napping, and if they should be, they are usually smart enough to get out of it. In other words, they are sharpers and bleeders, managing to subsist on their cleverness to extort money from any unfortunate person coming within their reach, and showing enough ignorance of the law to be taken advantage of. If they want a warrant, for instance, they will be told, that, if they have five dollars, it will be an easy matter for them to get it, and the stranger generally finds the money. After procuring the warrant the stranger will be introduced to a lawyer who will want so much down before even trying the case. These sharpers, of course, receive "tips" from the lawyers when cases are obtained for them, and derive money for numerous other services around the court-houses. A stranger seeking the court-house for the first time perhaps, in the interest of a relative or friend who is detained by the county for some misdemeanor or crime, invariably falls into the sharper's hands. These sharpers have a remarkable faculty for recognizing the fish that will bite at the bait. It is to these loafers or thieves, as they should be more properly termed, that one of the latest slang phrases is dedicated, namely, "no flies on them." The court-house, in New York especially, is unsafe for decent people to venture near, for a person is pretty smart that goes there and doesn't get robbed.

On the Bowery especially, and here and there in different parts of the city, dime museums are multifarious and multitudinous. Big signs in loud colors and hideous and comical pictures pretend to represent to the foolish people, who patronize these ten-cent institutions, what there is inside, and as there are a great many of the latter class of people, the snide managers and fakirs who run such shows are pretty well fixed financially, and like the lucky professional gambler that togs out in his broadcloth and diamonds, as a walking sign for some tailoring establishment, they make money without giving an equivalent. These managers are a queer pack, and the competition between them in a city, where so many are hunting for lucre, is as great as that between two political factions in a ward, where there is a hard fight between a couple of candidates for the common council. The minute the papers herald some great achievement, heroic deed, or miraculous escape, the person or persons concerned in such will almost immediately hear from some dime-museum manager. It is likely that several of the managers will offer terms to the same person, and the one making the best offer will,

I imagine, be the lucky man. The great showman, Barnum, began as a dime-museum manager, and through his experience in such an institution he developed into the greatest showman on earth. But this should be no incentive for any young man to start out in this business, as it is much different now from what it was in Barnum's early days, and much worse, too; so bad in fact, that the museums are nothing more nor less than a hanging-out place for low characters, and the managers do not hold an eminent place in society. The "Rahway murder mystery," which occurred in New York some time ago, and caused considerable excitement, equal to the Carlton murder here, and like the latter, the perpetrators not being caught, is advertised as given in reality in a dime museum. Monstrosities and freaks are common. Glass eaters are popping up everywhere, and a man jumps from Brooklyn Bridge and over the Falls of Niagara every month, so that to furnish new curiosities is not an extremely easy matter. A show is going on most of the day and night, and this is, to some extent, a means of interest to the thousands who daily visit these cheap, and, to many, dangerous institutions.

The politics of New York are pretty well described in this little impromptu interview: Passing along Broadway one day, I met a young man who had spent most of his days in Boston, where, for several years, he figured quite prominently in politics. In talking with him I asked, among other things, if he took any interest in politics now, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said, "Oh, no, they are too much here for me!" Continuing he said, "A man cannot be elected in this city unless he is in with the gang who control things, and it is composed mostly of an unprincipled set of men. Many of them hold positions where they draw a large salary for no work. 'Birds of a feather flock together,' and a man who wishes to hold a respectable place in the community must keep out of politics. Of course, I mean city politics. Take the aldermen, for instance. They loaf around bar-rooms and cheap places of amusement. I went into a place of this kind one night not long ago, and in one corner of the room I saw a great, big individual who looked very much like a bruiser. A large crowd was seated in chairs entirely surrounding him, while many others stood with their heads peered over the motley gathering. 'Who is this man?' I asked of the bartender; and, after sizing me up pretty carefully, and with a look as though he pitied my ignorance, said, 'Why, dats Alderman ———!' The crowd was giving him all attention, and actually doting over him as though he were sacred, and there is no doubt that, in their minds, he was. Such men as these spend large sums of money for an election, and get office in order to steal. Where they get their money for campaign purposes I do not know. Education! Why, they cannot speak plainly. It has come to such a condition of things that a respectable man has no desire to be mixed with them, and thus they have it all their own way. Boston politics are pretty bad, but in New York they are too much for me."

In one section of the city I saw a number of second-hand clothing stores or curiosity shops. Regular customers are measured in these

stores for clothes, hats, boots; in fact, every kind of wearing apparel. If the dealer, after taking a measure, finds he has nothing which will fit, the figures of the measurement, with name and address, are put in a large book, and as soon as the fit comes the person is notified. These goods are, in most cases, genuine cast-off clothes, and not made for the place in a style that will deceive. These dealers are known to most of the rich people in town, who, in order to keep up with the ever-changing fashions, get rid of the older, though comparatively new clothes, instead of giving them away. These clothes dealers have, in most cases, members of their family, mostly females, and in some cases employes, who go to different houses, when summoned, to examine the purchasable goods. While walking along Fifth Avenue one day, I was somewhat surprised to see a young man groping along, crying out in a doleful tone, "Cast-off clothes," etc. At first I thought, as he was in the aristocratic part of the city, he tried to be in keeping with the surroundings, and called out "Cast-off clothes," instead of "Old rags." It was afterward that I learnt of these second-hand clothes-dealers, and immediately to my mind came the young man I met on Fifth Avenue. I suppose he was the agent for one of these establishments. The customers who buy these clothes are mostly young men who aspire to be lar-de-dar swells, and stand in front of hotels and theatres swinging canes, chewing tooth picks, and making themselves the cynosure of all eyes. Of course, the coats, vests, pantaloons, and all the goods in fact, bear the name of the builder and this, in itself is enough to show they are good.

The females that invest their money in second-hand clothes are mostly those who work around the theatres, and get a chance to show themselves to advantage in spectacular shows and so forth, and many of the poor, but proud girls, who work in factories and stores. They sport around town as though they were millionnaries' daughters, while those who can really afford to wear fine clothes may generally be distinguished by their neat and modest apparel and bearing.

There are also establishments that make a good deal of money letting clothes, and the poor people are invariably their prey. Going to dances, parties, etc., these foolish persons often hire a costume for the occasion at the expense of a few dollars. They even go so far as hiring jewelry, and bedecked in these ornaments, make a great hit among those who are not acquainted with the facts, inasmuch as strangers naturally believe that what one has on is his own. I heard a story not long ago which I consider very appropriate and one which will bear telling here. It was of a young lady, the only child in the household. She was about eighteen years of age, and a niece of the man of the house. The latter was a large mill owner, and one of the wealthiest men of the town. To his niece, whom both he and his wife looked upon as a daughter, everything she could desire was granted. In this gentleman's mill hundreds of girls were employed. The niece used to go to the mill, occasionally, to show a friend or acquaintance through, and, in time, got to know several of the girls by sight. One day a couple of these girls passed her uncle's house, and

she was startled to see them wearing silk dresses and fashionable and costly trinkets. Smilingly, she said, "I can't afford to dress that way. I don't see how they can." This simple story is a true one. It is really hard to distinguish a rich person at times in New York. But what is true there in this respect, I believe, is also true of many other places, Boston included. New York being so large such things are carried on more extensively, and become more noticeable.

Hardly an evening did I escape the ubiquitous beggars. Whether I was taken by these professionals for a stranger or a millionnaire I cannot exactly say. All kinds of piteous stories would be told to excite the sympathy of benevolently disposed persons. I gave five and ten cents to these beggars at times until I became tired of it, for if I kept on I might have been in a poor condition myself. I have often heard of young men going to New York and returning a few days later minus their watch, overcoat, or other article they might have been fortunate enough to possess, which they had parted with in order to get home. I think New York would be a pretty tough place for a stranger who had spent all his money; in fact, I believe he would find out the meaning of that phrase, "a cold day." There are so many engaged in begging on the public thoroughfares, and so many plausible stories told, that it is often hard to determine whether you are giving to a fraud, or refusing to help the needy. Many stories have been told of the cleverness displayed at times by beggars in their efforts to obtain money. "Give me ten cents, please; I want ter get a night's lodging," more often means, "I want a drink;" or, "Please give me a few coppers, I want something to eat," is generally looked upon as meaning the same. The eating and sleeping plea have been so overworked, that I have been told of instances where men, often dying for food, have asked for the price of a drink, they laboring under the belief that if they told the truth the person appealed to would think them lying, and thus refuse assistance, while, on the other hand, by really lying they are believed, and given money with the assurance at times that they succeeded in obtaining it by telling the truth. One-armed and one-legged men have been known to have their limbs concealed and artificial ones constructed. "I am blind," is a sign often fastened on a dilapidated person, yet I have been told that tricks have been tried at times for the purpose of ascertaining the beggar's real optical condition by placing money close to him, when, if he did have sight he would see it, and it has often been seen and pocketed by them, and none of them pretend to be mind readers or possessing the sense of smelling money. The latest tale on beggars was recently given by a New York reporter, who told of a man who accosted him not long ago, and holding in his hand a sealed envelope bearing an address, asked for money for postage. The journalist had a stamp with him and put it on the letter, and a box being close by he mailed it. The man looked at him as though he could take his life. Why? Because he had robbed him of his plan for making money by stamping the envelope, something, of course, the beggar did not intend should be done, although that was his cry.

As I suggested pawn-shops,—for those establishments must have

been thought of by the reader in the previous paragraph,—I am reminded to say a word about them. I saw so many, that I feel safe in saying that but few streets are free from them. In all parts of the city, even in the very worst sections, the three balls are conspicuously displayed. "Simpson" is a name seen over many a pawn-shop. In "Adonis," Harry Dixey refers to this character in a way that provokes much mirth. Probably he spoke of him from experience, for actors often have rainy days in their eventful careers. You needn't go far to find a pawn-shop; and, judging from the way they are stocked, I should think they were found pretty often. Fortunately, I hadn't any business to transact with the followers of Shylock, and, when I speak of their stores being well stocked, that information was gathered from a glance through the door from the street, and a look at the show-windows. All the articles that Dickens mentions in his "Old Curiosity Shop," and many more, can be seen in these places. I should imagine that nearly everything, with the exception of eatables, can be obtained at these three-ball establishments.

William F. Donovan.

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# Holy Face Jubilee Offerings to Leo XIII.

As many of the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE zealously contributed in making the spiritual jubilee offering presented to our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in the name of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Face, a magnificent success, they may have interest in knowing the aggregate amount of pious works sent from the United States. The devout clients of the Holy Face deserve high praise for their zeal, which will surely have its reward when that Blessed Face beams upon them in the city above. It is something to be proud of, that they came out ahead of twenty-two other nations represented on the subscription register, with 492,962 Holy Communions; 900,800 rosary beads; 158,767 visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and 4,672,453 divers goods of various kinds, including over 2,500 Masses offered up for His Holiness by secular and regular clergy; 6,226,982 good works is, indeed, a grand and substantial evidence of the devotedness of the Catholics in the Union towards the Vicar of Christ. The Archbishop of Tours took personal charge of the elegant album gotten up in a style worthy of the illustrious recipient and its donors. His Grace will present it in person to Leo XIII. at the first audience accorded him. The album containing the names and offerings of these fervent Holy Face clients is in folio, magnificently bound in red morocco; the Pontifical arms, and inscriptions, etc., in gold lettering of superb designs. It is considered the most unique and beautiful offering of the kind ever before presented at Rome.

Leo XIII. will see that his Apostolic Benediction upon the extension of the *Volto Santo*, in the United States, has borne fruit a hundred-

fold, with rich promise for the future. His appreciation, without doubt, will be warm and substantial, and will win for the great Work of the Reparation new blessings.

### THE HOLY FACE AND IRELAND.

We glean the following interesting items from the Annals of the Holy Face, published monthly at Tours:

"In Ireland, devotion to the Holy Face is attracting *all* hearts. Not only a large number of churches and convent chapels possess the *Vera Effigies*, solemnly exposed with a lamp, but we see a number of altars consecrated to its honor. The Irish nation seem to be deeply penetrated with this beautiful devotion, which has such power to console a martyr-people. How happy it is for them!

"Mgr. Fergus O'Connor de Camaryo Dauntre, Miss. Apostolic, a distinguished Irish priest laboring in Brazil and Bolivia, writing from Tarija, Bolivia, where he has just erected the Confraternity of the Holy Face, with the gracious authorization of the Archbishop de la Plata, says: 'For a long time I have been watching, with much interest, the marvellous extension of the Work of the Reparation in North America, particularly in New Orleans, U. S. A. I hope, through the mercy of the King of Nations, that this salutary devotion, that I have had the happiness of introducing into Bolivia, will produce great fruit among the faithful, and augment the hopes of the Holy Church, and that it will be as a powerful army against the multiplied and perfidious attacks of the Freemasons.'

"The Most Rev. Archbishop of Tours was charmed and rejoiced to see that the United States and Ireland won the palm of triumph in the spiritual gift tendered Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. Australia and New Zealand, also, evidenced, by the number of their offerings, deep and loyal devotion to the Holy See. The offering made to our Holy Father, from the devout clients of the Holy Face in *Ireland*, was: 36,730 Holy Communions; 1,468,464 *rosary beads* (entire); 1,446,694 Visits to the Blessed Sacrament offered up as Acts of Reparation to the Holy Face for His Holiness, and 1,619,058 divers good works, of all kinds and degrees. Not a few of these millions 'rosaries' were offered for Leo XIII. in work-houses of poor Ireland, and we all know with what fervor the Irish lips murmur the 'Hail Mary,' and how devoted Irish hearts are to the See of Peter."

NOTE.— The Monastery of Discalced Carmelites, 134 Barrack Street, New Orleans, La., furnishes leaflets, books, etc., in relation to the devotion to the Holy Face.

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IT was common in the Middle Ages to place the twelve signs of the Zodiac over the Churches, together with the four seasons and the twelve months of the year, distinguished by the labors peculiar to each season, as a kind of moral calendar to remind man that by the sin of Adam he has been condemned to labor with his hands.

—*M. P. Thomson.*

# The Story of Robert Emmet.

THE peasants of Podolia, when no Russian myrmidon is nigh, chant aloud the national hymn of their captivity — "Poland is not dead yet." Whoever reads the story of this *Western* Poland, — this "Poland of the seas," — will be powerfully struck with the one all-prominent fact of *Ireland's indestructible vitality.* Under circumstances where any other people would have succumbed forever; where any other nation would have resigned itself to subjugation, and accepted death, the Irish nation scorns to yield, and refuses to die.

It survived the four centuries of war from the second to the eighth Henry of England. It survived the exterminations of Elizabeth, by which Froude has been so profoundly appalled. It survived the butcheries of Cromwell, and the merciless persecutions of the penal times. It survived the bloody policy of '98. Confiscations, such as are to be found in the history of no other country in Europe, again and again tore up society by the roots in Ireland, trampling the noble and gentle into poverty and obscurity. The mind was sought to be quenched, the intellect extinguished, the manners debased and brutified. "The perverted ingenuity of man" could no further go in the untiring endeavor to kill out all aspirations for freedom, all instinct of nationality in the Irish breast. Yet this indestructible nation has risen under the blows of her murderous persecutors, triumphant and immortal. She has survived even England's latest and most deadly blow, designed to be the final stroke — the Union.

Almost on the threshold of the new century, the conspiracy of Robert Emmet startled the land like the sudden explosion of a mine. In the place assigned in Irish memory to the youthful and ill-fated leader of this enterprise, is powerfully illustrated the all-absorbing, all-indulging love of a people for those who purely give up life on the altar of their country. Many considerations might seem to invoke on Emmet the censure of stern judgment for the apparent criminal hopelessness of his scheme. Napoleon once said "that nothing consolidates a new dynasty like an unsuccessful insurrection;" and unquestionably Emmet's *emeute* gave all possible consolidation to the "Union" *regime.* It brought down on Ireland the terrible penalty

of a *five years'* suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and a contemporaneous continuance of the bloody "Insurrection Act," aggravating, tenfold, all the miseries of the country. Nevertheless, the Irish nation has canonized his memory — has fondly placed his name on the roll of its patriot martyrs. His extreme youth, his pure and gentle nature, his lofty and noble aims, his beautiful and touching speech in the dock, and his tragic death upon the scaffold, have been all-efficacious with his countrymen to shield his memory from breath of blame.

Robert Emmet was the youngest brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the most distinguished and illustrious of the United Irish leaders. He formed the daring design of surprising the castle of Dublin, and, by the seizure of the capital, the inauguration of a rebellion throughout the provinces. Indeed, it was, as Mr. M'Gee remarks, the plan of Roger O'Moore and Lord Maguire in 1641. In this project he was joined by several of the leaders in the recent insurrection, amongst them being Thomas Russell, one of the bravest and noblest characters that ever appeared on the page of history, and Michael Dwyer, of Wicklow, who still, as for the past five years, held his ground in the defiles of Glenmalure and Imall, defying and defeating all attempts to capture him. But, besides the men whose names were openly revealed in connection with the plot, and these comprised some of the best and worthiest in the land, it is beyond question, that there were others not discovered filling high positions in Ireland, in England, and in France, who approved, counselled, and assisted in Emmet's design.

Although the conspiracy embraced thousands of associates in Dublin alone, not a man betrayed the secret to the last; and Emmet went on with his preparations of arms and ammunition in two or three depots in the city. Even when one of those exploded accidentally, the government failed to divine what was afoot, though their suspicions were excited. On the night of the 23d of July, 1803, Emmet sallied forth from one of the depots at the head of less than a hundred men. But the whole scheme of arrangements,— although it certainly was one of the most ingenious and perfect ever devised by the skill of man,— like most other conspiracies of the kind, crumbled in all its parts at the moment of action. "There was failure everywhere;" and to further insure defeat, a few hours before the moment fixed for the march upon the Castle, intelligence reached the government *from Kildare*, that some outbreak was to take place that night, as bodies of the disaffected peasantry from that county had been observed making towards the city. The authorities were, accordingly, on the *qui vive*, to some extent, when Emmet reached the street. His expected musters had not appeared; his own band dwindled to a score; and, to him, the most poignant affliction of all, an act of lawless bloodshed, the murder of Lord Justice Kilwarden, one of the most humane and honorable judges, stained the short-lived *emeute*. Incensed beyond expression by this act, and perceiving the ruin of his attempt, Emmet gave peremptory orders for its instantaneous abandonment. He himself hurried off toward Wicklow in time to countermand the rising there and in Wexford and Kildare. It is beyond question that his prompt and strenuous exertions, his aver-

sion to the useless sacrifice of life, alone prevented a protracted struggle in those counties.

His friends now urged him to escape, and several means of escape were offered to him. He, however, insisted on postponing his departure for a few days. He refused to disclose his reason for this perilous delay; but it was eventually discovered. Between himself and the young daughter of the illustrious Curran there existed the most tender and devoted attachment, and he was resolved not to quit Ireland without bidding her an eternal farewell. This resolve cost him his life. While awaiting an opportunity for an interview with Miss Curran, he was arrested on the 25th of August, 1803, at a house on the east side of Harold's Cross Road, a few perches beyond the canal bridge. On the 19th of the following month he was tried at Green Street; upon which occasion, after conviction, he delivered that speech which has, probably, more than aught else, tended to immortalize his name. Next morning, 20th of September, 1803, he was led out to die. There is a story that Sarah Curran was admitted to a farewell interview with her hapless lover on the night preceding his execution; but it rests on slender authority, and is opposed to probabilities. But it is true that, as he was being led to execution, a last farewell was exchanged between them. A carriage, containing Miss Curran and a friend, was drawn up on the roadside, near Kilmainham, and, evidently by preconcert, as the vehicle containing Emmet passed by on the way to the place of execution, the unhappy pair exchanged their last greeting on earth.

In Thomas Street, at the head of Bridgefoot Street, and directly opposite the Protestant Church of St. Catherine, the fatal beam and platform were erected. It is said that Emmet had been led to expect a rescue at the last, either by Russell (who was in town for that purpose), or by Michael Dwyer and his mountain band. He mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gazed about him long and wistfully, as if he expected to read the signal of hope from some familiar face in the crowd. He protracted all the arrangements as much as possible, and even when, at length, the fatal noose was placed upon his neck, he begged a little pause. The executioner again and again asked him was he ready, and each time was answered: "Not yet, not yet." Again the same question, and, says one who was present, while the words "Not yet" were still being uttered by Emmet, the bolt was drawn, and he was launched into eternity. The head was severed from his body, and, "according to law," held up to the public gaze by the executioner as the "head of a traitor." An hour afterwards, as an eye witness tells us, the dogs of the street were lapping from the ground, the blood of the pure and gentle Robert Emmet.

Moore was the fellow-student and companion of Emmet, and, like all who knew him, ever spoke in fervent admiration of the youthful patriot-martyr as the impersonation of all that was virtuous, generous and exalted! More than once did the minstrel dedicate his strains to the memory of that friend whom he never ceased to mourn. The following verses are familiar to most Irish readers: —

"Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.

Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls!"

Alexander M. Sullivan.

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# Presents—How Leo will Dispose of Them—A Ray of Light—Babies.

### Some Queer Jubilee Presents.

AMONGST the cases unpacked it has been counted that there are already fifty thousand altar-cloths, stoles, and other church draperies, and thirty thousand cups and crucifixes, and over forty thousand candelabras.

As for pictures, statues, slippers, gloves, caps, shirts, drawers, etc., these cannot even be counted.

Nor can be counted the number of cheeses which have been sent by England, France and Holland; nor the number of sweets, salt fish, hams, sausages, etc., which have been sent from the countries famous for those things.

Amongst other curiosities, is a Sevres China visiting-card holder of such a size that it took two men to carry it into the Vatican.

The city of Rheims has also distinguished itself by sending the Pope two hundred and fifty umbrellas.

### How the Pope will Dispose of His Presents.

Many persons wonder what will become of the presents after the Pope's death.

Leo XIII. has answered this question by making a testament, in which he desires that all the gifts sent by reigning sovereigns, presidents of republics, princes of royal blood, and the like, shall form a special museum, but always to be attached to St. Peter's treasury. Objects of worship, from whatever person or place they may come, are to be distributed among the cathedrals the most in eminence in the Catholic world.

All the rest are to be given to the poor—not a thing to any member of the Pope's family. Irrespective of this, the Pope has already distributed $20,000 to the poor of Rome, $5,000 to the poor clergy of Rome, $2,500 to St. Joseph's Working Institution, and $2,500 to St. Alessio's Blind Institution.

### A Heaven-Sent Greeting.

During the Jubilee Mass of Sunday, January 1st, it was noticed with admiration and delight that at the elevation, at the moment the Pope raised the chalice to public adoration, a ray of sunlight piercing

the cloud of gilded dust floating through the air fell as if a heaven-sent message directly on the white ascetic brow of the Vicar of Christ, forming, as it were, an aureola of glory around that aged head, and crowning it with the nameless grace frequently seen in the portraits of the saints of old due to the brush of an old master.

**Thirteen Babies Born in Rome Jan. 1.**

The Roman Committee of the Sacerdotal Jubilee, desirous to do honor to the Sovereign Pontiff, determined to offer in favor of all those children born in Rome between midnight of December 31st and midnight of January 1st, 1888, a book of deposit of one hundred lire each, on condition that if males they took the name of *Leo*, and if females they received the names of *Leonilda*. Curiously enough, as if fate herself — or rather an over-ruling Providence — concurred to do homage to the thirteenth Leo, report and due investigation proved that the number of new-born children fulfilling the above-mentioned conditions was precisely thirteen, amid them a case of twins of male sex, to whom were given respectively the names "Leo *Primus*" and "Leo *Secundus*."

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# Washington's Bedchamber.

THE interest of the whole house centres in the room where Washington died. "The gen'al's room, the room I likes de bes' in de house," as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a-dying eighty-eight years ago, the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there. There was something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity; but as though it had been kept sacred all these years, and was yet redolent of the memories which have set it apart forever.

"Many wonders," said the guide, "why Mrs. Wash'n'ton died up in de attic, and not in de gen'al's room. It was de custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Wash'n'ton went up in de attic, an' dere she stayed for eighteen mu'n's till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an' in de summer it was very hot; but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny."

The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us was for the easy egress and ingress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington — a little three-cornered washstand.

# A Prisoner of War: A 'Ninety-Eight Sketch.

> The hills told no tale; but the night-cloud was red,
> And the friends of the Sassenach quaked at their tread.
> —*Rev. James Wills.*

SUBJECT to nightly visits from a barbarous soldiery, goaded to madness by jeers and insults, his homestead in flames on the slightest pretext, — the Irish peasant, in the year 1798, endured the most awful sufferings. If he murmured ever so slightly, or made the least show of resistance, he was hunted like a wild beast to the hills, or maimed and gibbeted according to the humor of his persecutors. Persecution ceased not at the grave; for mutilated corpses were strewn along the highways, and ghastly, gory heads looked down from the spiked gates of the county jails.

The English officers and soldiers proper — all honor to their humanity — took no part in these brutalities, and confined themselves to the discharge of their often irksome garrison duties; but the work was more effectually done by the regiments of Hessians, the brutal bands of Welshmen known as Ancient Britons, and the native Orange Yeomanry.

It seems at first hard to realize how the bloody and shameful deeds, which were then quite common, could be perpetrated in the open day, and sanctioned by an enlightened Christian government in a Christian land! Yet, in our own times, have we not known men — Christian men, with charity for all mankind upon their lips — become so blinded by self-interest and bigotry, as to steel their hearts against cries of agony almost as loud, and nerve their arms to work deeds almost as bloody.

During the spring of '98 the United Irishmen were spreading their net-work of clubs through the country, and in spite of the government's vigilance the work of organization went steadily on. Night after night on the lonely hills the peasantry assembled to learn the rudiments of drill from the few amongst them who had any knowledge of the subject. Their hopes were high, for words of encouragement had come from France, and the time was close at hand when they expected from Dublin the signal to rise and smite their oppressors.

One starry night, two months previous to that longed-for time (which, alas! never came), Ensign Trathan of the ——th Regiment, stationed at Birr, returning from a pleasant holiday spent amongst friends in England, left the mail-coach at Tullamore, preferring to enjoy the beauties of a spring night on horse-back, than to remain pent up in a lumbering, jolting vehicle! He was young, almost a boy in years, and entirely ignorant of the country in which he had been quartered for about a month previous to his obtaining leave of absence.

It was one of those beautiful, soft nights, in which the wind loses its winter sting, and gives us a foretaste of the gentle zephyrs of summer. He was cantering gayly along the road by that fern-clad hill that rises in solitary majesty between the town of Birr and the little village of Cloghan, when his horse was sent reeling back on its haunches by a

strong arm that grasped the bridle-rein; and, before he had time to draw a pistol, he was dragged to the ground from behind. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that he did not realize his position until he stood, with his arms tied behind his back, facing the three stalworth peasants who had so unceremoniously deprived him of his liberty.

"Well, *mo buacaill*," said one of them, with a half-comic look as he contemplated the captive. "Bedad, we took you down nately an' without much conthrariness."

"I'm afraid you won't have much for your trouble, my man," said Ensign Trahan, thinking that plunder was their object. "Take all you can find and allow me to pursue my journey."

"Listen to him, boys," said the smallest of the three peasants. "He wants to buy us off wid money, as if all the money in the world would aequil the pleasure of takin' his heart's blood, the murderin' dog!"

"Whisht, Mickey Breslaun, whisht, I tell you," said the first speaker. "It isn't right fur you to talk that way. You know you dar'n't lave a hand on wan ov 'im widout ordhers. We'll bring him to the captain."

"Yis, Breslaun," said the man who had not yet spoken; "av we don't let him go, we must bring him at wanst to the captain. What would the likes of us know but we'd be doin' a wrong to the cause iv we murthered him? As Fagin says, it isn't right for you to talk that way."

"I'd thrate him as he would thrate us," cried the little man in vehement tones. "By me dead mother struck down in her ould age; by the ashes of me cabin burnt before my eyes; by the marks of the cruel sthripes I will bear on me to my dyin' day,—I swore to have vengeance. An' as there is a heaven above us this night, as long as I have an arm to sthrike, or a redcoat remains in this land, I will never rest, but will have a life for every lash that they laid upon me. I say we'll thrate him as he would thrate us. Give him the knife, or a rope on the nearest tree!"

Trathan's heart sank and his blood ran cold as he listened to this passionate appeal for his death. Addressing himself to the person that had spoken first, he said:

"I never injured you or any one in my life. I have not spent more than two weeks in this country, and I have never witnessed such a scene as this man describes. You would not murder a stranger who has never injured you."

"Begorra, I believe this chap isn't one of the 'yeos' at all, at all," said Fagin to his comrades. "Where wor you goin,' misther, might we be so bould as to ax?"

"To my regiment at the barracks in Birr," imprudently answered Trathan.

"Whew!—begorra, war, but we're in luck," said Fagin with a soft whistle. "Look at the goold on his shoulders an' the long swoord. Shure it's an officer or a general maybe we're afther takin'!"

"All the more raison that we should give him a taste of what his sojers gave us," replied Breslaun, with passion.

"Listen here, Breslaun," said Fagin, "I have suffered as much as you or any wan, as you know well; but this isn't wan of the cursed 'yeos,' an' if it was itself it wouldn't be for us to slay him. We have all wrongs to avenge,—God help us! but we'll do it in a fair fight in the open field. When they are flying before our pikes in the broad light of day, we can have enough of blood. Come! we'll bring him up to the captain, an' let him do what he thinks fit."

They turned into a twisted boreen, sheltered on either side by a thick hawthorn hedge, the snowy blossoms of which in the starlight seemed like so many shrouds to the excited imagination of young Trathan as they led him on. At last they reached a large pasture-field, where, to his great surprise, a large body of men were assembled in military array. They were armed for the most part with long pikes; but a great number of them had guns and sabres, and not a few were completely equipped with all a soldier's belongings,—belt, knapsack, shoulder-straps, and all.

About half a dozen men on horseback were putting contingents of them through some manœuvres, which they seemed to execute marvellously well. Save the words of command uttered in subdued but distinct tones, a dead silence reigned over the place; for the measured tramp of the men was muffled by the soft ground. In their dark, frieze coats, and faces pale in the dim starlight, they seemed to Trathan a phantom army; but, as he observed the splendid physique of the men, he wondered whether his friends in Birr were aware of the proximity of such dangerous foes.

One of the horsemen at this moment approached, and observing the little group, in astonishment, said:

"What is the meaning of this, Fagin?"

"Begorra, Misther Donnelly," he replied, "it's some soort ov a commandher we found spyin' about the road, an' we thought you might like to see him."

"You did very wrong to bring him here," he sharply said, as he dismounted. "After what he has seen now we must keep him, and how we can do that is the mystery! Well, sir," he said, addressing Trathan, "what have you got to say?"

"I hardly know," replied Trathan boldly, for he at once perceived he was in the presence of a gentleman. "I was on my way to Birr, when I was suddenly attacked by those men. I only came from England two days ago, and am entirely ignorant of the state of this country, and surprised at what I have to-night witnessed."

"We hope you will witness other sights very soon," returned the other. "By your dress I take it you hold some rank in the English army?"

"Yes, I hold the rank of ensign in a regiment at present quartered at Birr. Trathan is my name."

"You must consider yourself a prisoner, Mr. Trathan," replied the other; "but you have nothing to fear from those men, though God knows they have reason to hate the uniform you wear. I am sorry you must put up with some inconveniences though, for we are almost pris-

oners ourselves until the moment arrives to attack your friends in Birr."

"If you would loosen the cords around my wrists," Trathan said, "I pledge you my word of honor not to try to escape until you yourself set me free."

"You are young and have a good, truthful face," said the other, looking sharply upon him; "and though your proving false would jeopardize the lives of every one of us, yet I think I will trust you. I have met your countrymen face to face on the battle field, and know some of them to be brave and honorable."

"Might I ask the name of my captor?" said Trathan. "I see you have been in the army."

"I held the rank of captain in Bonaparte's Army of England," said the other, proudly; "but returned to my own country to assist her in her struggle for liberty when that army became the Army of Egypt. Should the fortune of war ever bring you into contact with any of the brave Cuirassiers of the Guard, they will tell you something of Captain Jerome Donnelly."

When his hands were unbound, he walked apart with the rebel captain, who freely discussed with him his hopes of a general insurrection, and painted in vivid colors the hardships endured by the men before him. His youthful mind was deeply impressed by what was told to him of their sufferings and bravery.

"If what you say be true, Captain Donnelly," he said, "were I an Irishman, I should be a rebel."

As he was led up the hill, he saw the immense crowd of men quietly dispersing, and in little knots disappearing along the road. Into a "forth," or long, arched cave, protected by large, green mounds, Captain Donnelly led the way, followed by Trathan and the peasant, Fagin, who acted as a guard on the prisoner.

"This must be your prison while with us, Mr. Trathan," he said. "You see your prison will be shared by myself, for this is the only home I have in this land."

Trathan viewed with astonishment the comfortable way in which the place was furnished with chairs, tables, and bedsteads; and only for the damp walls, shown by the lamps, he might well imagine he was in an ordinary farmer's house. But many other and stranger sights he saw, while, in a manner, sharing the outlaw's life among the hills; but never — even in their darkest hour, when treachery's "deadly blight" had blasted their hopes — had he to fear for his personal safety.

Ah! what a contrast was the manner in which the rebels treated the chance stragglers of their foes who fell into their hands, to the cruel tortures they themselves were subjected on being taken prisoners! Had they been less merciful they might not have been so much maligned afterwards, and, perhaps, might have been more successful in their efforts for freedom; for, do we not see in the world's history, that it is over a sea of tyrant's blood that liberty nearly always comes to a struggling people?

* * * * * * * *

For two months they kept Trathan, until all hope of a rising was

at an end, and Captain Donnelly in despair had returned to France, and then on his pledging his word not to make use of any knowledge he had gained during his captivity, they allowed him to join his friends.

Nobly and honorably did Ensign Trathan keep his word; and ever after raised his voice to defend the much-slandered peasants whose prisoner he had been. And when, in after years — after a long and and honorable service abroad — he married an Irish wife, and settled down to end his days in the King's County, there was no one more respected than he by the peasantry around; and none of all his tenants he reposed greater confidence in, than those who took him prisoner on that starry night in the spring of '98.

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# Cardinal Manning on the Condition of the London Poor.

"The poor have rights, and the right to live is higher than the right of the rich to his loaf."

### A Note on Out-door Relief.

THE Times newspaper has stated that I have given countenance to the fallacy that under the Poor Law men have a natural right to work or to bread. It has also published a letter from Mr. Albert Pell, stating that my words imply a censure upon the whole administration of the Poor Law, and would countenance the giving of relief to men in their own homes.

I plead guilty to both of these impeachments; and, in as few words as I can, I will justify what I have said.

As to the first indictment, that the poor have a natural right to work or to bread, the Times thinks it sufficient to reply that there is no obligation upon any one to give work. If it had extended its argument to the other limb of the alternative, it would have answered itself. But the Times wisely refrained from saying that there is no natural obligation on men to give bread to the hungry. This needs no proof, even apart from Christian law. The obligation, therefore, is universal; but those who can give work as the condition of earning bread, have an alternative in which they are free to choose, while those who cannot give work are certainly not obliged, by any natural law, to do so. For them it is enough to give bread, which, if they can give, they are bound to give. Some men, therefore, have an alternative, and others none; but all are bound by natural obligations, if they can, to feed the hungry.

But it may be said that granting the obligation in the giver does not prove a right in the receiver. To which I answer, that the obligation to feed the hungry springs from the natural right of every man to life, and to the food necessary for the sustenance of life. So strict is this natural right, that it prevails over all positive laws of property. Necessity has no law, and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread.

I am afraid that those who speak so confidently about rights, obligations, and laws, have not studied, or have forgotten, the first principles of all human positive law. If the law of property did not rest upon a natural right, it could not long exist. They who deny it, justify the dictum *La propriété c'est le vol*. They who affirm that property rests upon a natural right, cannot, without destroying their own assertion, deny that the first natural right of man is to live. Even self-defence, issuing in the taking of the life of an aggressor, is recognized as the natural right of self-defence. Before the natural right to live, all human laws must give way; and this natural right in every man lays upon all men the correlative obligation to sustain the life of man when it is threatened with extinction. The law of natural charity recognizes in each the same right to live, and imposes upon us all, according to our power, the obligation to sustain the life of others as we sustain our own.

On this foundation, all Poor Laws, from Queen Elizabeth to the present day, re-

pose, as the text of those laws abundantly proves. Until 5 Eliz. c. 3, the relief of the poor was by voluntary contribution; it became compulsory by that statute (Nicholl's *History of the English Poor Law*, vol. i., p. 156). which is described as "an Act touching divers orders of artificers, laborers, servants of husbandry, and apprentices." It goes on to say that there would be "good hope that the same law being duly executed should banish idleness, advance husbandry, and yield unto the hired persons, both in time of scarcity and in time of plenty, a convenient portion of wages." (*Ibid.*, p. 158.) The Act, therefore, contemplated the industrious classes. It provided, also, that all between twelve and sixty years of age, if not otherwise employed, should serve in husbandry. It prescribed, also, the hours of work, the time for meals, and the rate of wages, to be fixed by the justices. (*Ibid.*, p. 158.) The 14 Eliz c. 5, was "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for the relief of the poor and impotent." It repealed the Acts of Henry IV., Edward VI., and the 5 Eliz. c. 3. It appointed "Overseers of the Poor;" it made it penal to give money to any rogue or vagabond or sturdy beggar; but it provided relief for those "who are whole and mighty in body, and able to labor." (*Ibid.*, p. 161.) In the 18 Eliz., c. 3. the recital runs as follows: "To the intent that youth may be accustomed and brought up in labor and work, and then not grow to be idle rogues: and to the intent, also, that such as be already grown up in idleness, and so are rogues at present, may not have any just excuse in saying that they cannot get any service or work, and be then without favor or toleration worthy to be executed, and that poor and needy persons may be set on work." In every city, town, and market-town, justices were enjoined to order "a competent stock of wool, hemp, flax, iron, or other stuff,— by taxation of all,— so that every poor and needy person, old and young, *able to work*, *and standing in need of relief*, shall not, *for want of work*, go abroad begging, or committing pilferings, or living in idleness." Here the providing of work is expressly enacted for all who are able to work and are in need of relief; and if such persons should refuse to work, they were to be sent to the House of Correction. (*Ibid.*, p. 170.) These show the mind of the legislature down to that date.

This Act was repealed by the 39 Eliz. c. 3 and 4, nevertheless, the mind and the intention remain the same. The Act provides that children shall be set to work. It still enacts the provision of wool, hemp, and other stock for work, and also competent sums of money for and towards the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, poor, and not able to work. Then follows an enactment of mutual liability; that is, of parents to support their children, and of children to support their parents. (*Ibid.*, 186.)

All this was again repealed by the 43 Eliz. c. 2, which statute is the foundation of the Poor Law down to the present day. It provides for compulsory assessment, and that for the four following purposes: "1. For the setting to work of children whose parents cannot support them. 2. For setting to work of all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain themselves, and who use no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by. 3. For providing a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware or stuff to set the poor on work. 4. For the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, blind, and such others amongst them, being poor and not able to work." It extended the mutual liability of maintenance to grandfathers and grandmothers. This provision shows what vigilant care was exercised to maintain the domestic life of the people, and all the obligations and charities which arise from the relations of kindred and of homes. I fail to recognize, in these statutes, an administration of the law by which the old and the helpless are removed from their children and their kindred into a workhouse as a condition of relief, still less the refusal of outdoor relief, except on the same condition whereby a family is sold up, their home broken up, in all probability never to be reconstituted, and the whole family, old and young, charged forever upon the rates. This condition is known at this time to be absolutely refused by an immense multitude of our suffering and deserving poor; they will endure any privations of hunger and cold rather than break up their home, with its natural and Christian charities, the only possession and happiness left to them in life, by going into a workhouse. Stone-breaking and crank-working are well enough as a deterrent for loafers and criminals, but the workhouse is a cruel deterrent when offered to families who, by a wise assistance in time of need, may be carried through the straits of winter when in want of work.

Both the spirit and the letter of the statutes of Elizabeth provide for the relief, or the employment, of such as be lusty, who, having their limbs strong enough to labor, may be daily kept in con-

tinual labor, whereby they may, every one of them, get their own living with their own hands. This provision is made even for those who may not be deserving. How much more does it include the deserving and the willing to work, who are thrown out of employment by winter, which suspends a multitude of trades and industries, or by the vicissitudes which so often paralyze the employers of labor! The indiscriminate refusal of out-door relief pauperizes those who break up their homes and go into the workhouses, aggravates the poverty of those who refuse to break up their homes, multiplies the number of those who are idle, because they are not relieved by work, and drives multitudes into the dangerous classes who become desperate and hardened.

Does not our present administration of the Poor Law, as compared with the old statutes, imply a decline of Christianity, and an application of political economy, uncontrolled by the moral laws of human sympathy, and of the compassion which wealth owes to poverty?

HENRY E., CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

The above utterances of the Cardinal has created some considerable stir, so much so, that a correspondent of the New York World waited upon His Eminence for the purpose of explaining his recent brief article in the Fortnightly Review, in which he affirmed the right of a starving man to take the property of others in order to sustain his life, and that such taking was no sin. This article has already been employed by the Socialists and Radical leaders in their arguments in favor of a rising against property owners.

The cardinal sat before a glowing fire in his great audience chambers, closely buttoned up in dark heavy robes, with his red cap brought well down on his earnest, refined countenance, as he dictated carefully his explanations. He said, in the first place, that the article in question was never intended for publication. He wrote out what was printed, for his friend, Lord Compton, as an epitome of the ideas which he had expressed at a recent meeting held in the interest of charity. The Cardinal was first asked:

"Would your article justify the violence which was committed last year in London by the unemployed?"

"By no means," he replied. "I was speaking to a meeting of gentlemen with the ex-lord chancellor in the chair, composed of lawyers, political economists, and administrators of the Poor Law, with many other highly educated members of the charity organizations society. My purpose was to show that the English Poor Law was founded upon the broad law of nature, and that the recent administration of the same had been diverted from its original intention and had, in my belief, caused excessive suffering from which two consequences had followed, namely: Pauperism and crime, which comes from desperation. In doing this I used the words that by natural law a man has a right to demand work or bread, and upon that, as history proves, the Poor Law of Queen Elizabeth was founded. The Times attacked me for the expression, and at the request of my friend, I wrote, for his private use only, as I believed, the paper which appears in the Fortnightly Review of this month. When it was sent to me in print I did not object to its publication, believing it to be true and timely. At this moment the use that has been made of certain words reminds me of what St. Paul says: 'We be slanderously reported to say, let us do evil that good may come.'

"You ask me to explain my words for my highly intelligent countrymen. I will do so by saying that I was quoting the words of our moral theologians, and, especially, of Thomas Aquinas."

The Cardinal here read copious extracts from eminent church authorities, which all went much further then had the cardinal in asserting the natural right of man to take, under dire necessity, what is necessary to sustain life. Cardinal Manning added that this doctrine was not safe to give unexplained to the uneducated masses. Such "taking," while it might be a violation of the law, would not be a violation of moral law.

The cardinal was asked to give an explanation of this doctrine for the educated to whom it might, unexplained, be used to advocate socialistic ideas. In reply, he said:

"I give these references for those who

are able and are bound to study and to know the foundations of all human law. I did not say them, and I do not say them to the uneducated and to the profligate who abuse them, contrary to their true and evident sense. The gravity of the present moment in which we are, consis s in this: We are as the ancient Romans, when the historian said: 'We can neither bear the evils that are upon us nor their remedies.' When the hard administration of human laws compels us to appeal to the divine law of nature, those who are driven by suffering will abuse and pervert it."

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# "Supervising" Parochial Schools.

IF we are to judge upon the accuracy of newspaper reports, some very peculiar legislation is being attempted in Massachusetts respecting parochial schools. A standing committee of the legislature declares "that the present provision of law requiring that the teaching in private schools shall equal in thoroughness and efficiency that of public schools in the same locality is imperative. The committee recommends that private schools be required to register and return lists of pupils; that school committees be required to visit and examine private schools, to pass a vote annually approving or refusing to approve such schools, and after Sept. 1, 1888, no such private schools be approved unless taught by teachers holding certificates of qualification from the school committee, as is required in public schools.

"These recommendations, which, if adopted, will place all parochial schools under the charge of a school committee almost certain to be of Protestant complexion, caused a decided sensation in Boston; and as the committee supplemented their report with a bill embodying their recommendations, a long and lively fight is promised in the legislature."

The Protestant complexion of the alleged committee is not the salient issue, although the exclusion of Catholics from public educational boards, and especially State boards, which amounts in some places to the appearance of conspiracy, may be an important side issue.

But the parochial schools are altogether private enterprises. They ask no odds of the State. Supposing that the school committee, spoken of in the above recommendation, should visit a vote of disapprobation on a private school, what might that amount to? The entire parochial school system has sprung into existence under the disapproval, more or less express and blatant, of the demagogue element on public school boards. If this element can amuse itself by formal votes, disapproving the time allotted to catechetical instruction in the Catholic schools, let it drive ahead. But the whole proceeding is a piece of impertinence.

Legislatures had better inform themselves clearly upon their rights in this matter before they attempt any fool law-making. The parochial schools are Church institutions, and the State must keep its smelling committees out of Church matters. American Catholics prefer to keep Church and State entirely separate and distinct; more especially

so when there is no *quid pro quo*. If the State appropriated certain sums of money to the private schools in question, it might have something to base its right of supervision upon.

This proceeding will serve to suggest to Catholics what might happen in case of a division of the school fund. The parochial schools would have to submit to a good deal more supervision than is outlined by the Massachusetts legislative committee. Are we prepared to embrace such a prospect? Not that all reasonable requirements, in such an event, might not be cheerfully complied with. But how about unreasonable and vexatious requirements, springing from bigotry, meddlesomeness, or ignorance? We have no conflict of Church and State here — thanks to the wisdom of men like Jefferson and Madison — but we have an easy entering wedge to such jarring.

*The Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis.*

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# Modern Catholics in the Modern World.

HIS Eminence, Cardinal Manning, in one of his Advent lectures, speaking on modern worldliness, said that even within the Catholic Church there were, unhappily, those who worshipped the world, its money, its titles, its fashions, and follies. They ran after wealth, because a rich man was a demigod in this world; they ran after a name or a title, because they loved to have their mouths full of the names of great people whom they may have seen once, and would like to meet again; they worshipped fashion and the claims of the world; they bowed down to society because their hearts were in the world, and they forgot the warning of the evangelist: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Let them apply these words to society, the play, the theatre, to their dress, and their books, etc., and draw their own conclusions. As regards the stage, many do not know the harm they did themselves by frequenting the theatre. None knew, or would know, until the Judgment Day, the harm done by the whole system. In dress, Christian women were departing from the injunction of the apostle, in two points, especially, costliness and modesty. As to literature, there was a time when books that are now to be seen on drawing-room tables would never have crossed the threshold of our families. Again, there was a restless, morbid desire to know everybody, to be everywhere, to have all manner of people at our houses. All this led to laxiness and sin in life. A lax life, concluded the Cardinal, is a sad life; a strict life is a peaceful life; and the peace of conscience, springing from a strict life, is the peace of God, which "passeth all understanding. We must be in the world until God calls us out of it, but of the world we need not be. If we are united to our Divine Master, the spirit of God dwells in us; and it matters not what may be our lot in life, however heavy its duty, how close and perilous even its tempta-

tions, for God will not forsake us. He will fulfil His promise, "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not overflow thee; and when thou walkest in the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle within thee."

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# Balfour and Cromwell.

SHORTLY after his release, Editor O'Brien received a grand reception in Dublin. His speech from the balcony of the Imperial Hotel was as follows:—

This has been a very happy day for me, and you, the people of Dublin, who have always been so kind to me, have crowned it with a scene of enthusiasm as marvellous, I believe, as ever the heart of man was thrilled with. I won't attempt to thank you for this most wonderful, most touching, and most thrilling scene. I will only say from my heart of hearts, may God forever bless this faithful Irish people.

All human joy is dashed with sorrow, and my pleasure here to-night has two drawbacks, and only two. The one is that I had to leave our beloved Lord Mayor behind me for a few days longer in Tullamore, and the other is that I find our lord mayor-elect — the foremost Irishman of his generation for eloquence — I find him prostrated by an illness that has been an anxiety and a grief to many, nay, to millions, of Irish hearts throughout the world.

The last time I spoke from this balcony, I spoke as a prisoner in custody. Since that night, Mr. Balfour has done his worst, and here we are again in bigger numbers than ever, in a better humor than ever, and, by Jove! not in very much worse health for the matter of that. Thanks be to the God of our fathers, and not to Mr. Balfour. Since that night I have seen many a bayonet flash around me. I have heard many a bolt clanging, and I have spent, I do not deny it, some lonely moments of struggles and of sufferings.

But what has it all profited to Mr. Balfour? Is it he, or are we, to be the victors to-night? Let Mr. Balfour go around the country with a lantern and point out to us a single one of Mr. Harrington's thousand branches of the league that he has suppressed. Let him point out a single combination under the plan of campaign that he has broken. Let him tell us, let him give us the name of any one newspaper that he has silenced. Let him produce one rack-renter, or land-grabber, that he has made easy in his mind. No; I say here to-night that he and his act are an arrant fraud and an abject failure.

A Cromwell, forsooth! I will tell you what he is. He is a Cromwell in plaster of paris. He bears as much resemblance to the original as a bottle of weak vinegar does to a bottle of Old Tom. He is as like Cromwell as his own little book, the Philosophy of Doubt, is like the Bible, with which old Oliver used to go out to battle. He may go on. We never disputed that he may go on imprisoning as many of us as he likes. Let him fire away at the top of his bent.

He may go on with his paltry policy of attempting to blacken and defile the representatives of the Irish people in the eyes of the English people. I tell him that he is already found out and baffled. I think the policy, that I may call "Dr. Balfour's bread-and-water cure," is already found out to be one of the biggest impostures that ever was palmed off on the British public. It is at one and the same time an outrage and a fiasco, and I believe that before the world is much older, the honest English masses will rise up and shovel that infamous act off the statute book, and will send Mr. Balfour back to his mission to the Hottentots, and to his philosophic doubts as to whether the job of dragooning Ireland is quite so easy as he and his noble uncle imagine.

Mr. O'Brien concluded with an eloquent declaration of confidence in the future.

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ALL that is not God is nothing, or worse than nothing.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

# The Fate of the Apostles.

ALL the Apostles were insulted by the enemies of their Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood, and nobly did they bear their trials. Schumacher says:

St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword at a distant city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive-tree in the classic land of Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterwards banished to Patmos.

St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downwards.

St. James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Mathias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica.

St. Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was, at length, beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Such was the fate of the Apostles, according to traditional statements.

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# Catholicity in Great Britain.

THERE is much in the English Catholic Directory for 1888 to gratify all who have at heart the progress of the Church in Great Britain. While the number of bishops remains the same, that of priests has been increased by forty-nine, and reaches a total of 2,648, inclusive of some invalids, retired, and foreign priests in exile here. The number of churches and chapels is 1,631, showing an increase of twenty-one during the year now ended. The obituary records the deaths since the beginning of last December of one bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Rigg, Bishop of Dunkeld, of thirty-one of the secular, and ten of the regular clergy. Of the secular clergy ordained priests for England and Wales during the past twelve months the number was 47; for the Society of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions, 6; and of the regular clergy for England and Wales, 7 Benedictines, 5 Capuchins, 1 Dominican,

7 Jesuits, 1 Missionary of the Sacred Heart, and 3 Passionists were ordained priests. The Directory contains much information concerning Catholicity in the British Empire, within which there are now 25 archiepiscopal, and 96 episcopal, Sees, 19 Vicariates-Apostolic, and 10 Prefectures-Apostolic, in all 150 Sees, seven of which are vacant. The Catholic population of England is estimated at 1,354,000; of Scotland, at 326,000; of Ireland, at 3,961,000; total, 5,641,000. In the colonies there are 175,000; in Asia, 980,000; in America, 2,183,000; in Australasia, 568,000 Catholic British subjects. As Queen and Empress, her Majesty reigns over 9,682,000 Catholics. They are represented in the Imperial Parliament by 32 peers, and by 5 English and 75 Irish members. There are nine Catholics in the Privy Council. There are 40 Catholic peers, 51 baronets, and 20 lords with courtesy titles.

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# Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans.

ON Sunday, Jan. 8th, at 8.30 o'clock, Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated in the Ursuline Chapel, New Orleans, Rev. V. Boudard, chaplain, being celebrant, Rev. Father Molloy, C.S.C., deacon, and Rev. M. Chapin, of St. Mary's, subdeacon. After the first gospel Rev. F. Molloy, C.S.C., preached a very impressive sermon which was listened to with marked attention. He compared the Christian warfare to that of the great battle of New Orleans gained by Jackson over the British. The Christian battle, said he, is not a battle that lasts but a few hours, but it is a lifelong battle to obtain an everlasting triumph in heaven. The chapel was thronged on the occasion by pious worshippers, who came to commemorate the grand event, and to thank God for having preserved their beautiful city from the thraldom of English sway. On that ever-memorable day, the Ursuline nuns could see the smoke rising from the plains of Chalmette, and hear the rumbling of cannons and report of rifles. All night long had they watched at the altar and besought of the God of Battles to crown the American army with victory. Humanly speaking, there was no chance that the Americans would be victorious; but, no doubt, it was owing to the prayers of the pious nuns whom General Jackson always treated with the greatest kindness. Jackson, who was a man of deep religious feeling, attributed the glory of his grand victory to the God of Armies. It was by his desire a solemn thanksgiving service was held Jan. 23, 1815. At the Cathedral door Abbe Dubourg addressed the conqueror in words never to be forgotten, aud placed upon his head a laurel crown. Jackson made a most felicitous reply. Every year since, on the 8th of January, a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving is celebrated in the Ursuline Chapel, in order to fulfil the vow made by the sisters on that occasion.

Mgr. Dubourg, who was then vicar-apostolic, offered to God the

Holy Mass through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. At the moment of Holy Communion, news arrived that the Americans had gained the victory.

Afterwards the sick and wounded soldiers were cared for by the devoted Ursulines, who turned their class-rooms into infirmaries during three months. There is still living in the new convent, Third District, the venerable Sister Gertrude Young, who accomplished her eighty-eighth year on the 21st inst.

She was among the sisters who showed General Jackson through the house when he visited the community after his presidential election. Since 1824 the nuns have occupied their beautiful spacious monastery three hundred feet long, fronting the Mississippi, nearly three miles from the ancient nunnery which is now the Archbishop's residence.

A community of the same order of nuns had their convent detroyed by a mob in Charlestown, Mass. (now part of Boston), on the evening of Aug. 11, 1834.

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# Important Speech of the Pope during the Jubilee Days.

His Holiness entered the Ducal Salon attended by his whole Court. About sixty Italian bishops and six hundred members of the committees for directing the Italian pilgrimages were awaiting his Holiness. There were about sixty banners from the different Catholic associations. Twelve Cardinals were likewise present, and were seated round the Pope. The Commendatore Acquaderni, president of the society for the Promotion of Catholic Interests, read an address. The Pope, at the close of the address, mounted the throne and made the following speech: — "Great is the joy which my children have caused me, coming from the most distant regions to celebrate my jubilee. Immense is the consolation which you afford me in coming here to-day to hear my words. Your presence here tells me that you have not suffered from my enemies, who strive on every occasion to scatter my people. You have not given any faith to those who, with the voice of calumny, try to persuade you that the Pope is an enemy of Italy. The Popes, as is proved by history, have always been the best friend and greatest benefactors of this Italy, called by Providence to have the inestimable privilege of lodging the Prince of the Apostles; and Italy feels to-day, and will always feel, the benefits and salutary effects of this privilege. You all, like ourselves, are convinced that the Church, by her holy mission, ought to be independent of whatsoever terrestrial authority (cries of 'Yes, yes'); that the Church is a Divine institution and universal; and to try to reduce its interests to a question of the laws of Italy can only be the result of the most deplorable blindness. The Church is a universal institution, as is proved

by the immense commotion of the entire world, and the proofs of veneration and filial love sent here from sovereigns, from governments, from assemblies, and collective bodies all over the world, for so simple a fact as that of my jubilee. The Church is always triumphant over her enemies, and by the help of Divine Providence will ever triumph."

The speech was greeted throughout with the most enthusiastic applause. This was renewed at the close and lasted for several minutes. When it had at last subsided, all present on leaving passed in front of the throne of Leo XIII., who gave his benediction to every one.

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# Exit Fulton.

IT was our intention not to say anything more about Fulton, his book, or his clique. In our last number we spoke in words of praise of the Rand Avery Company's printing establishment for refusing to print this ruffian's book. Since then we find that the above firm has printed this dirty book, Why Priests Should Wed. It appears as though the letter, refusing to print this book, which appeared in the daily papers, was braggadocio of the purest kind, and that these printers also were looking for gratuitous advertising. The only reason they give for changing, what seemed to be their original intention, is that the book was revised, and several objectionable features struck out. This is a pretty lame excuse, for to have anything left out viler than what is in the book, as it now appears, would be impossible, and is, to one who read it, another base falsehood. We learn that the Rand Avery Company, and the "Syndicate," are badly stuck on the vile thing. The girls who protested against setting Fulton's manuscript had the alternative left them, to work on it or be discharged. Not being able to get along without working, they had to submit. Three young women, employed as "feeders" on the presses, refused to handle the leaves on Fulton's book, and left the place.

It was stated on circulars, distributed on the streets, and in a newspaper advertisement, that the book could not be sold, and would, therefore, be given away at the two meetings, to be held in Mechanics' Hall. People were asking if Fulton had been forbidden to sell his book, but the answers to their queries were indefinite, as nobody seemed to know. There was a scheme behind all this, and this it was: Fulton believed there would be a great desire, on the part of the people, to secure a copy of his book; he wanted to have large meetings, too, and he thought the best way to appease the people's curiosity, and to get a big crowd at Mechanics' Hall, was to charge $1.00 admission fee, and give a book to each person attending — hence the announcement that the book could not be sold. At the first meeting there were about 2000 persons present. In the news columns of a daily paper these figures were given, while in the advertising columns of the same paper, it

was stated, in conspicuous figures, that 10,000 copies of the book were given away, representing, of course, that that number of people were at the meeting. At the first meeting complimentary tickets were given to those present, good for the second meeting on the following night. This was done, as can be seen, to draw a large crowd. On the second night there was a smaller crowd present than on the first night, notwithstanding the free distribution of tickets. Many persons went out at both meetings, it evidently being worse than they had bargained for. To the good sense of the great majority of the people of this city be it said, Fulton left Boston with little of the people's money, which he was looking for first, last, and always. He has now gone to other places where he intends shooting off more of his filthy epithets against the Catholic Church.

The book, like the lectures, was a complete failure. Fulton succeeded in bringing to his meetings, to a large extent, the lowest element of humanity from the slums of Boston. It was announced that a syndicate was to publish one hundred thousand copies of Why Priests Should Wed, but it is given on the strength of good authority, that the Rand Avery Company supplied about ten thousand copies for this city, and the demand for them was so small that they will be sent along with their author for other places, but eventually, they will be left on this syndicate's hands, and will, most likely, wind up in a junk shop. The reason of Fulton's great failure here can be accredited to the respectable people of our city regardless of creed. It is said that Moses King was one of the leading persons in the syndicate that put this infamous book before the public. The Rand Avery Company played a contemptible part in the Fulton episode, to say the least, and certainly no Catholic will so far forget himself as to ever patronize this establishment.

This foul-mouthed ruffian has left Boston, we sincerely hope never to return, not because we fear him, but because we loathe and despise him. Fulton's lecture in New York was attended by less than three hundred persons, and in Brooklyn fewer still. In speaking of his lecture in the latter city, the Brooklyn Citizen says it was heard by not more than one hundred persons. Speaking of the book, it remarks: "The material, in a word, is gathered from the foul and discredited sources that have come into the twilight of private circulation within fifty years. The work, in general, is just such a filthy production as a filthy mind would put into circulation, and a filthy person approve."

Had Fulton come to Boston at the time when Know-Nothingism was flourishing, it is not improbable that he would have succeeded in causing great trouble. But to-day, things have altered, and the people are more liberal in their views, and do not show that narrow-minded disposition so conspicuous in Fulton and his followers. How mad Fulton must have been to find that no Catholic priest paid any attention to him! In this the priests but followed the example of their Master, when taunts, abuse and outrages were heaped upon Him.

And yet Fulton said he wanted to convert the Roman Catholics! The way he goes about his absurd mission is to reproach them with every crime, and call them every opprobrious name within his well-stocked

and dirty repertory of vituperation. Alas! his latest freak is the most absurd thing of all the things he has ever taken up, or is ever likely to. He soon will give it up as a bad job, for he may continue thrusting his insults on the Catholic Church, and others after him, but it will not injure the Church a particle.

> "Spotless without, and innocent within,
> She fears no danger for she knew no sin."

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# Leo the Thirteenth and the Civil Power.

## An Appeal to Common Sense.

PART I.

I. THE interests of Christendom and of modern civilization, no less than of the Catholic Church, seem to demand that the position of Leo the Thirteenth should be made really independent and free from the control of any particular State or civil power. These are days in which we can allow of no deliberate weakening of the great traditional influences which hold together the structure of the Christian order of the world. Rather is it a time when all Christians should combine to strengthen the hold of Christianity upon modern civilization and frankly accept, for this purpose, the proffered coöperation of Leo the Thirteenth. An appeal lies to Christian common-sense.

When Napoleon had incorporated Rome with his Empire, and had locked up Pius the Seventh within the walls of Savona, he declared, in a memorable conversation with Prince Metternich, that it was his intention to establish the Pontiff in an exalted position of dignity and independence. He then unfolded his plan. He would bring the Pope to Paris; he would give him a palace in the neighborhood of the capital with a zone of neutral territory; he would transfer from Rome, as, in fact, he did, the archives of the Holy Office and of Propaganda; he would surround the Pope with the Sacred College of Cardinals; would allow him to send forth and to receive envoys and ambassadors, and would guarantee to him a civil list of six millions of francs. He would treat him with sovereign honors. "Placed near Paris," he continued, "the Pope will find himself more in the centre of the Catholic world — nearer to Vienna, Lisbon, and Madrid — than when he resided in Rome."

"Think you," added Napoleon, "that Pius the Seventh will decline this proposal?"—"I believe that he will," replied the Prince, "and that all Europe will applaud him. The Pope will declare that in this new position he will be as much the prisoner of your Majesty as he now is within the walls of Savona." After a heated discussion, Metternich reduced the proposal to its true meaning in the following words: "My master, the Emperor of Austria," he said, "seeing that your Majesty is

unwilling to restore Rome to the Pope, has determined to offer him the palace of Schönbrunn, enclosed within a neutral territory of ten or fifteen leagues circumference, with a revenue of twelve millions a year. If the Pope is willing to accept the offer, will your Majesty signify your consent?" The Emperor had understood the diplomatist, and abruptly closed the interview.

Napoleon recognized the weight and reach of the Pope's authority throughout Europe. He was accustomed to say that he treated the authority of the Pontiff with the respect due to an army of one hundred thousand men. He did not desire to destroy it, so much as to subject it to his own ambitious ends. He, therefore, determined to invest the Pope with the name and insignia of sovereignty, while retaining within his own grasp effective power over the Pontiff's real freedom and independence.

The proposal which Napoleon failed to carry out has been accomplished under a king of Italy. The law of guarantees of 1871 has thrown into legal form the plan sketched out in 1810. Every effort has been made to persuade Christendom that the Pope is sovereign, free, and independent, while his position has, in reality, been reduced to one of absolute subjection to the Italian government. This condition of things has been brought about by two classes of men — by those who are bent on the destruction of the Papacy, and of Christianity itself, and by those who would retain the Papacy, provided it be subject to the Italian State.

One thing, and one thing alone, has hitherto saved the dignity and freedom of the Pontiff, viz., his absolute rejection of the law of guarantees, his refusal to treat with the government, and to be reconciled with it, until his rightful sovereignty and independence have been restored. Had the Pope complied with the proposals of the Italian government, accepted the law of guarantees, waived his claim to a civil princedom, the whole Christian world would have declared, that in a moment of weakness, he had yielded to the Italian revolution, and had become a salaried official of the Italian government. The consequence would have been that the freedom of his pontifical acts and decisions would have become liable at any time to be called in question. Leo the Thirteenth is, by temperament and antecedents, peaceful and conciliatory. His whole soul abhors the state of contention which circumstances have forced upon him. He knows that an attitude of opposition and of continual protest alone secures to him even the semblance of freedom and independence. He knows that the character and inflexibility of the Pontiff is the one barrier standing between the revolution and the liberty of the Church. He is forced, therefore, to silence the yearnings of his nature, and to declare that there can be no truce, no conciliation, so long as the head of Christendom is stripped of the only solid guarantee of his independence.

It is strange that men can be found having a sense of self-respect, or of ambition for their own good name, who should counsel the Pope to reconcile himself to the spoliation of his See, and to descend to a state of dependence. It were to invite him to write his name on a lower level than that of any of his predecessors; to hand his name down

to posterity as having failed in a great trust, as the first in a long line of Popes since the time of Constantine, who had signed away the only acknowledged and repeatedly declared guarantee for the spiritual liberty of his sacred office.

It is perceived now, but it will be seen far more distinctly when the figure of Leo the Thirteenth shall stand on the horizon of history, that he is contending not only for the principle on which the stability of thrones must rest, but for the Christian order of the world. It will be seen that the head and teacher of Christendom, by refusing to surrender his sovereign independence to the forces of atheism and revolution, has maintained, in reality, the independence and sovereignty of Christianity itself.

Let it be well understood that the Catholic Church demands the temporal power, or civil princedom, of the Holy See, not for its own sake, not as an object of human pride, not for purposes of ambition or conquest, but as a guarantee, the only possible guarantee in the present state of the world, for the independence of the spiritual head of Christendom.

The absolute incompatibility of the free exercise of supreme spiritual dominion with a condition of civil dependence has been recognized in all ages of the world, even amongst pagan and half-barbarous peoples. The Pontifex Maximus of Rome was supreme, for he was one with Cæsar, who thus ruled mankind in a dual capacity. Remote Japan coördinates the authority of the spiritual with that of the temporal emperor, and the ruler of China is its high priest as well. But why refer to distant times and places, when we find in England herself that the spiritual headship of the national religion is not vested in the person of a subject, but in the temporal sovereign, so that the temporal and spiritual powers are, at least in theory, coördinate?

If, then, supreme spiritual headship, even in particular nations, has required for its due exercise a position of independence, how much more necessary must a position of sovereign independence be to the spiritual headship of a religion which is universal?

The teaching of the Church on this head may be summed up in the words of Bossuet:—

> God, who wished that His Church, the common mother of all nations, should not depend in all temporal matters on any one nation, and who desired that the Chair, in which all the faithful were to preserve their unity, should be placed above the intrigues which the rivalries and interests of particular States might give rise to, laid the foundation of this, His great design, by means of Pepin and Charlemagne. By a happy effect of their liberality, it was brought about that the Church, independent in her head of any temporal power, found herself in a position to exercise more freely, in the common interests and under the common guardianship of all Christian kings her celestial office of ruling souls; and that holding the balance equally in her hands, amid so many empires, often at war among themselves, she has been able to preserve the unity of the whole Christian body, sometimes by irrevocable decrees, sometimes by sagacious counsels.

And again:

> We know that these possessions of the Holy See, being dedicated to God, are sacred, and that no other can usurp them without being guilty of sacrilege. The Apostolic See possesses the sovereignty of the city of Rome and of its States, in order to be

able to exercise its spiritual power throughout the entire world with greater freedom and security for peace. We rejoice therein, not only with the Holy See, but with the whole Catholic world, and desire with our most earnest wishes that this sacred principality should remain forever intact and safe from all harm.

To the words of Bossuet may be added the testimony of politicians, statesmen, and historians, without regard to creed.

In a famous pamphlet, written under the inspiration of the third Napoleon, the question was asked, "Is the temporal power of the Pope necessary to the exercise of his spiritual power?" And it was answered as follows:

Catholic doctrine and reasons of policy agree in recognizing it as being so. From the religious point of view, it is necessary that the Pope should be a sovereign. From the political point of view, the head of two hundred millions of Catholics must be independent; that is to say, must not be subject to any Power, and the august hand that governs souls must be lifted, free from any shackle, over all human passions.

If the Pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be French, Austrian, Spanish, or Italian, and the attribute of such nationality would deprive his pontificate of its universal character. The Holy See would be nothing but the prop of a throne, whether at Paris, Vienna, or Madrid.

Rome is the centre of a moral power extending throughout the universe; and, therefore, it is for the interests of all peoples and governments that it should not lean to one side or to the other, and should remain immovable on the sacred Rock, which no force can ever overthrow. Rome, then, belongs to the head of the Church.

The Protestant historian and statesman, Guizot, speaks as follows:

No, never in former times was it so necessary as now, that there should be in Europe an authority accepted and listened to as right personified, without the need of having recourse to force; an authority before which the mind bows without abasement of the heart, and which speaks loudly with the authority, not of violence, but of duty.

Sismondi writes:

The head of religion, if he be not a sovereign, necessarily becomes a subject. True, the administration of a State ill becomes a priest but servitude becomes him still less. As a monarch, the Pontiff will, at least, be independent of kings, and, while setting himself frankly to condemn their misdeeds, will become conscious of his own.

The Pope (says another Protestant writer of authority) throughout the world must be able to reply to those who give commands to others; consequently, none must give commands to him. Religion alone does not suffice to impose its will on so many sovereigns; and God, with great reason, has decreed that the common father of the faithful should preserve his independence, together with the respect which is due to him.

English Protestant statesmen and Liberals, a few years ago, spoke with no less clearness and decision.

In a memorable debate on foreign policy Lord Brougham said:

And here let me say a word which may not be popular in some quarters, upon the separation of the temporal and spiritual authority of the Pope. My opinion is, that it will not do to say, the Pope is all very well as a spiritual prince, but we ought not to restore his temporal power. That is a short-sighted, and, I think, a somewhat superficial view of the case. I do not believe it possible that the Pope could exercise beneficially his spiritual functions if he had no temporal power. . . . His temporal force increased his spiritual authority, because it made him more independent. Stripped of that secular dominion he would become the slave now of one Power, then of another. His *temporal power is a European question*, not a local or a religious one, and the Pope's authority should be maintained for the sake of the peace and the interests of Europe. We ourselves have seven million of Roman Catholic subjects; and how is it possible to suppose that, unless the Pope has enough temporal authority to keep him independent of the other European courts, jealousies and intrigues will not arise which must reduce

him to a state of dependency, and so enable any one country wielding the enormous influence of his spiritual authority to foster intrigues, factions, and rebellion in the dominion of her rivals?

Lord Lansdowne answered as follows:

He had no hesitation in stating that he quite agreed in the views of his noble and learned friend; but he assured him they were *by no means peculiar*, inasmuch as they were precisely those laid down in Lord Palmerston's despatch to Lord Normanby, when he distinctly stated that the sovereignty of the Pope was something quite peculiar, and having a relation with all the Catholic States of the world quite different from that of any other authority. The condition of the Pope's sovereignty was quite peculiar. As a temporal sovereign the Pope was of a fourth or fifth rate order; as a spiritual sovereign he was not only of the first honor, but enjoyed a sovereignty unparalleled in the world, being capable of exercising over, not one, but every country in Europe an authority and an influence with which nothing could compare. There was, therefore, in respect of other States, a ground for interfering and maintaining his authority which did not exist in any other case. He was not prepared to say that we, as a Protestant State, had not to a certain extent a similar interest; there was not a country with Catholic subjects and Catholic possessions which had not a deep interest in the Pope being so placed as to be able to exercise his authority unfettered and unshackled by any temporal influence which might affect his spiritual authority.*

Statesmen, whose horizon is not bounded by personal or local interests, always take large and many-sided views of the political situation of Europe. They foresee that grave complications might easily arise out of the subjection of the Papacy to the tutelage of any single Power. Suppose, for instance, that the Pope became the willing subject of the King of Italy, and that the Papacy were incorporated in the national government as a regular State department. And then, suppose, that a disagreement and a war broke out between Italy and France, between Italy and Austria, or between Russia in alliance with Italy and England. The Italian government would naturally count upon the full and hearty coöperation of every department in the State. Having incorporated the Papacy into its national system, it would, at once, attempt to avail itself of all the resources of the Papacy. It would look to the Papacy to stir up a feeling against France in the Mediterranean, in the Levant, and in China. Or, if Italy were making common cause with Russia against England, the Papacy, as a department of the Italian State, exercising powerful religious influences in Constantinople, Egypt, India, and the East generally, would be requested to invite her great army of missioners to coöperate with the policy pursued by Italy in conjunction with Russia against England. In fact, to subject the Papacy to the Kingdom of Italy would be to throw into the hands of Italy a world-wide spiritual power, which might render her influence and strength unique and supreme among the nations of Europe. Italy would thus be made not only a first-class power, but a power that had acquired, through means of the Pope, the art of appealing for support to the religious feeling of Christendom. Napoleon foresaw all this, and sagaciously determined that the Papacy should be subject to no temporal power but his own.

When, therefore, statesmen urge the importance of maintaining the temporal power of the Pope, they are impelled, not by theological, but by far-reaching political and European considerations. They also distinctly

* Hansard, vol. cvii.

acknowledge that not only the political equilibrium of Europe, but another subject — more deeply rooted in the affections and traditions of the people — is bound up with the independence of the Pope, namely, the Christian character of modern civilization. They have not hesitated to couple together both these interests as reasons for supporting the temporal power of the Holy See.

II. It is impossible to believe that English statesmen are less liberal in their views now than in the days of Lord Palmerston. And as to the liberality of the people, the influence of education and of the Press has wrought a marvellous change. It has taught men to distinguish at once between the purely controversial side of a question, and that which is political, religious, and moral. At heart the English people are Christian, and desire that a Christian policy, a Christian spirit, shall animate the public and domestic life of Christendom; nor will they allow certain outstanding theological differences to paralyze or destroy the defence of the common Christianity of Europe. The English people perceive clearly enough that an extraordinary change is coming over the world. Democracy is spreading, and rising to power and government. Rocks, hidden and visible, are ahead; and hopes and fears balance each other in men's hearts. Mutual coöperation and good-will among Christians, and most skilful piloting are recognized as absolutely necessary, if Christian society is to escape shipwreck.

But what, it may be asked, is the democracy? It is a composite order, made up of all shades of men, good and bad. The opposing forces locked up within its bosom are broadly these: Christianity and Atheism. The issue to be tried is, which of the two shall rule society and the world. Under these circumstances, it is surely the obvious prudence and wisdom of Christians to combine to the utmost and to use every available resource for the preservation of all that they hold dearest.

The beneficial influence upon society of the acts of Leo the Thirteenth, ever since he came to the throne, is admitted by Christians of every denomination. It is impossible to enumerate those acts, but a brief summary may not be out of place. In his apostolic letters, widely circulated throughout the civilized world, he has again and again taught and insisted on the principles of eternal truth and justice, on which Christian society has been founded and built up. He has propounded, on the one hand, the moral obligations of rulers and governments, warning them against those faults and tendencies which lead on to the misery of the governed. He has, on the other hand, urged upon the people the necessity and obligation of the virtue of obedience, for God's sake, to law and authority, the reasonableness of allegiance and the sinfulness of rebellion.

Leo the Thirteenth treats, as they arise, the questions that shake society to its foundation. Nine years ago he raised his voice in defence of property.

The Socialists, he said, denounce the right of property as a human invention, repugnant to the natural equality of men; they claim a community of goods, and preach that poverty is not to be endured with patience, and that the possessions and rights of the rich can be lawfully disregarded. Bnt the Church more wisely recognizes an ine-

quality among men, of different degrees in strength of body and of mind, also in the possession of goods, and ordains that the right of proprietorship and of dominion, which comes from nature itself, is to remain intact and inviolable in each one, for she knows that God, the author and asserter of all right, has forbidden theft and rapine in such a manner that it is not allowed even to covet another's goods; and that thieves and robbers, as well as adulterers and idolaters, are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. But the Church, like a good mother, does not neglect the care of the poor and the relief of their wants, etc.

On the contrary, the condition of the working classes and of the poor has occupied, and continues to occupy, his most careful attention.

The Holy Father's wise and noble instructions on the Christian constitution of States, on the place and sanctity of marriage, on the importance of the study of history, of science, of philosophy, on the relations between Christianity and civilization, between the rich and the poor, between pastors and people, prove to demonstration what kind of ally the nations may count upon when they enter into official relations with Leo the Thirteenth.

We have desired (says the Holy Father in one of his published letters) to make our voice heard by those who rule the destinies of nations, earnestly calling on them not to refuse, in these times when so much is needed, the most solid aid that the Church holds out to them; and, urged on by Apostolic charity, we have also turned to those who are not united to us by the bond of the Catholic religion, anxious that their subjects may enjoy the salutary influence of that divine institution. As you will readily see, our design is to carry the beneficial action of the Church and the papacy into the heart of the society of the present day.

It is but fair to add that the coöperation proffered by Leo the Thirteenth, in noble and simple terms, has been as nobly accepted by the countries of Europe. Thanks of gratitude, for his having used the whole weight of his authority and influence against the errors and dangers which beset society, have again and again been sent to him by sovereigns and leading statesmen throughout Europe. His encyclical on secret societies is said to have been read in the churches throughout Russia, by order of the Czar. His active intervention has often been sought in behalf of peace and of social order, but never more strikingly than when the Protestant Emperor of a great country asked to submit himself to papal arbitration in the matter of a dispute between himself and a Catholic Sovereign.

All this tends to show that the Christian element in the governments of the world, no matter what their form, recognizes the importance of a close alliance with the spiritual head of Christendom. While, on the other hand, the fury and hatred of the revolutionary and anti-Christian sects and their determination to destroy the Papacy are a standing witness to, and a strong argument for, the value of the Pope's influence in preserving and strengthening the Christian order of society.

But to return to the rising figure of the democracy.

Leo the Thirteenth is not opposed to the democracy. On the contrary, he is a friend to the people. The spirit of his policy is drawn from those pregnant words of his Divine Master, "I have compassion on the multitude." Neither is the Pope afraid of the people. Let the Pontiff's place be free and independent, and he will speak plain truths, wherever needed, whether to kings and governors, or to the masses of

the people. He has been accustomed in every age to argue, to beseech, and to rebuke, *in omni patientia et doctrina.*

Nor have democratic institutions cause to fear or suspect the Pope, so long as they are truly Christian. They will recognize in the Papacy and the Church a popular stamp characteristic of all elective societies, — a welcome to all men, and a path wide open to the highest positions of trust and authority. They will see more and more that they have no truer or more sincere friend than he who addresses their reason and conscience with Apostolic freedom, and leaves the result to God.

None can be more conscious than the educated and the thoughtful of the dangers to which democracy is exposed. Its power may become overwhelming, and on occasion more tyrannical than that of kings, because there is no reserve of force to resist it. It may pride itself on its high moral sense, but the correlative sense of responsibility, and the dread of punishment cannot be brought home to the multitude as it can to the few. The greater the power of democracy, the greater its need of a sense of responsibility, the greater its need of religion. It will be safe and prosperous in proportion as it is Christian.

From this the conclusion naturally follows that it is the manifest interest of the democracy to preserve, in honor and independence, the religious head of the 225,000,000 who form the larger part of the modern democracy. Every Christian will admit that an enormous accession of strength is won to the side of social order, peace, and prosperity, by the presence in the world of a spiritual Power recognized by half of the population of Europe, — a Power existing simply for the maintenance of the Christian law, whose voice is heard throughout every land, and who, alone, is admitted, even by non-Catholics, to have a primacy, at least, of honor, over Christendom.

The public and political recognition of such a Power becomes all the easier when the whole Catholic portion of the democracy already accepts and obeys it, while the non-Catholic portion understands that its influence is purely moral and spiritual, — that it enforces its teaching by no military displays or threats of war; but is content to appeal to faith, reason, and the moral sense, relying entirely on God and on the free-will of the people for the acceptance of its teaching and its counsels.

As a matter of fact, the civil powers of the world are, for the most part, in direct relations with the Holy See. All the great States of the Continent accredit ambassadors or ministers to the Vatican. Fifteen different governments treat diplomatically with the Pope, and even distant China and Japan desire to establish relations with him. Not only Catholic, therefore, but Protestant, non-Christian, and pagan countries believe it to be their interest to recognize and treat with a spiritual Power which is one of the *de facto* phenomena of the world. It is their interest in many ways. Take a single instance. According to canon law, Catholic bishops, whatever their rank or influence, are obliged to refer all *causæ majores* to the Holy See. These comprise ecclesiastical matters of more than ordinary importance or difficulty. Some are important *intrinsically*, such as matters touching on faith,

moral conduct, and discipline; others *extrinsically*, such as difficulties and questions arising between the Church or bishops and the civil power. In all these matters bishops are bound to conform their teaching and conduct to the decisions of the Holy See. It stands, therefore, to reason, especially in questions concerning the civil power, which must be always more or less in contact with the Church, that it is the interest of the State to be in direct diplomatic relations with the Vatican, in order that the Pope, before deciding, may be fully informed of the merits of both sides.

Only men possessed by a spirit of absolutism or of extreme partisanship could desire the Holy See to decide upon their own *exparte* evidence. The practice and tradition of the head of the Church, from the time of Constantine until now, has been to enter into relation with the civil power. And thus the Holy See, removed from scenes of passionate contention, dwelling in its own peace and independence, has ever studied to adjust differences as they arise, and to pronounce wise judgments for the guidance of all parts of the Church. The civil power and the Christian order of the world have thus been constantly reconciled and strengthened.

This broad and statesmanlike view of the importance of relations between the Pope and the civil power — prescinding altogether from any acquiescence in certain theological tenets — is finding a wider acceptance among the people of England. Nor is this surprising. A wonderful change has been creeping over the public mind during the last thirty years. Religious bodies, having no direct connection with the State, are now frankly recognized; their heads and representatives deal directly, when need occurs, with every government; they are placed on royal commissions and on public committees. The goodwill and moral support of all denominations is conciliated by fair and friendly relations with their respective leaders. Indeed, it would seem as though the tendency of democracy were to meet any great moral power upon free and friendly terms, and openly to count upon it as among the means of testing and forming public opinion, and of maintaining order and strengthening civil allegiance.

The public is beginning to realize vividly that the security and permanence of our gigantic empire depend more on moral influences than on the force of arms. This belief is of itself a weighty argument in favor of friendly relations with a spiritual head and teacher whose willing disciples are scattered by millions over the face of the British Empire. Everywhere the conscience of the bishops is informed, and directed by his supreme interpretation of the Christian law; and through the bishops, the clergy and the people are everywhere influenced, instructed and guided. The frontiers of no empire are so long drawn out or so exposed to attack as our own. But the Pope's jurisdiction everywhere overlaps them. The presence of his religious authority is, therefore, both within and without. It is, then, surely wise and expedient to accept his offer of friendly relations.

Some argue that Leo the Thirteenth's good-will may be counted upon, because he is what he is. But we answer, that the beneficial

exercise of friendliness must depend on the frank interchange of information and on mutual good understanding. This may be made clear by an illustration.

Only the other day a concordat was concluded between the Holy See and Portugal, in which the presentation to archiepiscopal and episcopal Sees in British India was ceded to the Portuguese crown. It is quite imaginable that such a cession might, under given circumstances, gravely prejudice British interests in India. Had diplomatic relations existed between England and the Vatican, it is more than probable that such a concordat would never have been signed. We are always exposed to such events, on a larger or smaller scale, where there are no official relations. And though to-day they may carry no grave results, there is no saying when and where, in the rivalry of States and the thirst for conquest, the influence of the Holy See might not be manipulated to our disadvantage, because we had, through some puerile fear or insular bigotry, stood aloof from diplomatic relations which no one else is afraid of.

Lord John Russell established formal relations with Pius the Ninth. Mr. Gladstone's government felt the need of renewing them. The present government is understood to recognize their importance. Both parties, therefore, in the State are practically agreed. Diplomatic relations, which simply mean openly acknowledged relations, are better than relations which are secret. Relations which are forbidden and yet resorted to, denied and yet accorded, are of all forms of friendly relations the very worst. They are open to perpetual suspicion.

It would not be respectful to ignore all objections. Limited space must be my apology for brevity. Argument would be wasted on those whose opposition to diplomatic relations with the Pope is grounded on their opinion that Christianity is an effete superstition, to be eliminated as speedily as possible from public life. They are logically consistent in holding that the Pope and Christianity stand or fall together. *Philosophes* they may be, but not practical politicians, whose business is to recognize and deal with the actual moral forces that govern mankind. A few Catholics are unfavorably disposed to diplomatic relations, because the Church within the British Empire is not dependent for its material maintenance upon the Civil Power as in France and Germany. They seem to think the safeguarding of ecclesiastical property the chief reason for diplomatic relations. The Holy See has a higher mission and motive than this for entering into direct relations with governments: namely, the promotion of harmony and coöperation between the civil and spiritual powers, based on the observance of the Christian law and the interests of Christian society. The rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's, implies a double obligation and mutual relations on the respective representatives of Cæsar and of God. These are entered upon with the greatest advantage to both parties, when friendly, though independent relations are established diplomatically. They involve no surrender of rights, not even a concordat. Of course, it is always for the Supreme

Head, not for its subordinates, be they bishops or archbishops, to determine the policy and conduct of the Church in matters of graver moment, and, therefore, *in causis majoribus*, a direct and straightforward communication between the civil power and the Holy See is always a legitimate and normal proceeding. But the opposition of Orangemen and of certain extreme sectarians who are haunted by vague fears of Rome, picturing to themselves a nuncio in London undermining the national religion and without working out a policy of aggression, ought to be disarmed, when they are assured that there need be no papal nuncio or envoy in London, and that satisfactory relations may be established on the basis of those existing between Berlin and the Pope: namely, that a representative of the Crown be accredited to the Vatican, and nothing more.

But, whatever counsels may eventually prevail, the Christian people of England ought to face the fact that war against the Holy See in Italy is carried on, no longer in opposition to one or other particular doctrine, but in deep and bitter hatred of the Christian religion. The aim is to overthrow the whole fabric of Christianity, to renew the face of society, and to establish the worship of humanity. To accomplish this policy, its leaders and apostles have declared that the Papacy must be destroyed as the keystone of the arch; that if they begin gradually with the temporal independence, it is in order to proceed the more surely to the destruction of the spiritual power of Christianity.

The proof of this assertion, the statement of the intolerable position of the Pope under the law of guarantees, and the suggestion of a solution which may secure the real independence of the Pontiff, without injury to the Italian Kingdom, must be left to the second part of this article.

✠ HERBERT, *Bishop of Salford.*

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## POLITENESS.

BOYS and girls must be polite. When you come down stairs in the morning, say, "Good-morning," to all in the room. When you go up stairs to bed be careful to say "Good-night," in the same way. If you see older persons looking for chairs, try to help them if you can. Little boys should lift their hats politely when they are spoken to on the street, and they should always take off their hats when they go into a house. These may seem like small things, but a true gentleman or lady will never forget them. Be polite in small things. Be as polite at home as when away from home. Always be ready to do a kindness to any one who may need it. You know that you like to have people kind to you. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

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WE must be charitable to our poor soul, and refrain from severity as long as we see that its offences are not deliberate.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

O BRING to me now, fond memory,
Those days so long since passed,
Those hours of fullest pleasure —
Ah! yes, too sweet to last.
The time when I played in the orchard,
Childish, light-hearted and free,
When I mocked the birds in their singing,
And laughed with innocent glee.
When the flowers were my favorite playmates,
The cricket my greatest delight,
And its chirping the sweetest of music
From dawn till the coming of night.

Then the brook in its rippling wavelets
Carried my love to the sea,
And the wind, as it stirred the tall grasses,
Told many sweet secrets to me.
Come back to me, days of childhood,
With your laughter, your song and your jest,
For to-night my heart is weary,
And my spirit longs for rest.
Oh, come to me then in my dreaming,
As you were in the days of yore;
Let me but feel once your presence,
Then vanish forevermore.

Helena Teresa Goessman.

## FIDELIS—FAITHFUL.

FIDELIS—FAITHFUL: beautiful word! It is hard to say which is more beautiful, the Latin or the English. And the virtue which it expresses is more beautiful than the word; yet it is not easy to describe it. By it we do not mean honest, or conscientious, or unchanging, or earnest; yet it includes them all, and more. It lies at the bottom of all, and can be spared from none. There is no station of life so high, no position so obscure, that it is not ennobled and adorned by fidelity.

Now, suppose some one is conscious that he has not this virtue; suppose he has even heard himself called "faithless" (a rather bitter word, and not easy to bear patiently), is there no remedy? Cannot one learn to be faithful, as well as to be unselfish or true or gentle? Certainly, one can learn; and since it will be up-hill work, let me remind you of something before you begin.

Do you remember that beautiful lesson of our Lord's about the talents, and how those servants who had been faithful over a few things were placed over many things? and the other parable, where He says, "He that is unjust in that which is little, is unjust also in that which is greater?" This shows you that God loves that which we love, and that fidelity is a favorite virtue of our blessed Lord, and one which He loves to praise and reward.

In learning to be faithful we must begin with little things, and you will find that fidelity is very much a matter of habit, though it may surprise you to hear it; for if you will only get into the way of practising this virtue it will come, by and by, very naturally to you — I don't say easy, for indulgence is always easier than self-denial — but natural; that is, you will take the duty as a matter of course, without giving a second thought to the pleasure by its side — like a sugar-plum by a glass of medicine.

Now, I've used the word at last which holds the secret of this virtue; it is *duty*. Instead of thinking, "What should I like to do?" you will have to think, "What *ought* I to be doing?" and do *that*, and not the other. You must determine on daily, hourly fidelity to the duties which every day and hour brings with it.

"Oh, yes; but one needs to be very brave, very unselfish, very much in earnest!" And didn't I tell you it needed many virtues to make fidelity? You wish to be a faithful son or daughter, a faithful friend, a faithful scholar, one of our Lord's faithful servants? You can't be all that without paying a price for it. Yet what is the price compared to the reward? For fidelity in little matters leads to fidelity in great — in all things; and you will win respect, confidence, and affection from every one who knows you. Anything else! Ah, listen reverently to a glorious promise, and God grant we may deserve, one day, to receive its fulfilment!

"Be thou *faithful unto death*, and I will give to thee a crown of life."

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## A HEROINE.

THE cold at the North-West has been fearful. The loss of life has been great. There have been many acts of heroism. A blizzard came up in one of the towns. A teacher, Miss Minnie Freeman, who is still in her teens, was at a little school-house of the Myra Valley district, with thirteen pupils, ranging in age from six to fifteen years. The first blast of the blizzard struck the school-house with such force as to tear the door from its hinges. A second terrific gust carried away the roof leaving the frightened little ones exposed to the elements. The plucky teacher was equal to the emergency. She gathered her pupils together, and securing a coil of strong, heavy twine, began with the largest one and tied them all together by the arms, three abreast.

Taking the youngest in her arms, she tied the end of the twine around her own body, and with all the words of encouragement she

could muster, started out into the furious storm. Selecting her way carefully, the brave girl led her little charges through snow-drifts and the blinding blizzard, and after a wearisome journey of three-quarters of a mile, the little band reached the threshold of a farm-house and were taken in.

## IRISH CHILDREN AHEAD!

PALL MALL GAZETTE: A return has been published showing, among other things, the results of the examination of elementary schools in England and Wales for the year ending the 31st of August, 1886. The general result of all the examinations shows that the total percentage of passes gained by each denomination of schools to which the government makes an annual grant was as follows:

| | Per Cent. of Passes. |
|---|---|
| Schools connected with the National Society or the Church of England | 84.59 |
| British undenominational and other schools | 85.95 |
| Wesleyan schools | 86.24 |
| School-board schools | 87.82 |
| Roman Catholic schools | 88.06 |

The Roman Catholic schools are chiefly attended by children of Irish parents or children of Irish blood, who thus prove themselves to be the most intelligent of all the children attending the elementary schools of the kingdom. It will be noticed that though they show a substantial increase over the Wesleyan scholars, who in their turn exceed the children of the Church of England schools, the Roman Catholics only exceed the scholars of the board-schools by .24. This is occasioned by the fact that while few, if any, Irish children attend the Church of England schools a large number are pupils of the board-schools.

## A BALL OF BIRDS.

IT may perhaps be adduced as one of the most remarkable of the many curious and often inexplicable habits common to the lower animals of widely differing classes, the practice of forming themselves into balls or clusters, as is the case with bees, starfish, some kinds of bats, and, at least, two species of birds. One of these species is a swallow, found in Van Dieman's Land, and the other, the mouse bird (*Colius Senegalensis*) of Central and Southern Africa. These strange little creatures, according to Le Vaillant, who describes them, generally live in small companies of five or six individuals, and generally select a densely foliaged tree, or thick mass of bushes for their gathering place. "Only those who have visited Africa," says Brehm, "and become acquainted with the remarkable characteristics of its luxuriant vegetation, can realize the actual appearance of the haunts thus selected as cities of refuge by these most strange and mouse-like creatures." Our readers must, therefore, try to picture to themselves a gigantic tree, with dense and usually thorny foliage, so interwoven with and embedded in the parasitical plants, that grow around it, as to be nearly concealed

from view. In this green mass, which is impenetrable to man and beast, and even impervious to the attacks of the sportsman, the mouse birds make their home, creeping, like the animal whose name they bear, through such tiny and invisible crevices as to lead the spectator to imagine they have actually vanished from his sight, when suddenly a little head appears, and the bird makes its exit from the hole by which it entered. How they manage to creep in and out of such small apertures seems quite explicable. Le Vaillant describes their motions, while accomplishing this curious performance, as being extraordinarily rapid. Their flight is performed with wings and tail outspread. While in the air, the whole party constantly utter their shrill cries, which are accompanied by a peculiar chirping sound. They but seldom rise to any great height while on the wing, and still more seldom settle on the ground. But the most extraordinary circumstance connected with these birds is the fact of the habit they have of hanging on the branches in clumps like bees when swarming.

Peneaux, who verifies this statement of Le Vaillant, also mentions having seen them clinging to each other while asleep, the first bird holding on to the branch with one foot, while it supports a second bird by entwining one of the latter's legs with its own free limb; this second bird, in a like manner, supporting a third; and so on, until they form a chain that often contains as many as six or seven of these living links.

It is a very handsome bird, and, as it plays about the branches, has an elegant appearance. Its long tail seeming to act as the balance pole, in the hands of a tight-rope performer, in the extraordinary and varied attitudes which it assumes, and its highly movable crest being incessantly raised or depressed, gives it a very spirited aspect. The grasp of its feet is, of course, very powerful; but owing to their formation, which is entirely or almost wholly formed for grasping, it is in its way nearly as awkward as a sloth, whose feet are also made only for grasping. When upon the ground, among the boughs, however, it is as far from being slothful as it is possible to conceive, leaping about, all life and energy, with the quick vivacity that reminds the observer of the common long-tailed titmouse. In lowering themselves from one branch to another, and in climbing, the mouse bird uses his beak to aid him, after the well-known practice of the parrots.

The mouse bird is far from shy, and is easily captured.

Le Vaillant says, that, in common with other members of the same family, that are fond of sleeping in the singular fashion adopted by these birds, they can often be found in the early morning so benumbed and drowsy, that they can be taken with the hand before aroused sufficiently to loosen their hold from the bough they grasp so firmly. Their food appears to be limited to vegetable diet. The fruit of the plant called Christ's thorn affords them their principal subsistence, says Bichur; but they will also devour grapes, limes, and cactus figs, getting at them after the manner of a titmouse, by climbing over their surface.

At the Cape of Good Hope these birds are looked upon as formidable depredators. They occur at that locality in great numbers, and

what renders it extremely difficult to guard against their attacks upon the ripening fruit and corn is, that nets or similar precautions, found effectual with other members of the feathered tribes, are absolutely useless to prevent their incursions, if they have cast their eyes upon a tempting-looking supply of food, for they are perfectly fearless of scarecrows or such matters, and if an aperture exists, however small, their lithe, elastic bodies can penetrate it with the utmost ease.

The nests of the mouse birds are large and rounded, and are generally placed close together, five or six being found on the same branch. They are formed of roots of various kinds, cotton, wool, grass, and leaves. The brood consists of from three to seven eggs. The flesh of these birds, when fat and in good condition, is said to be excellent, and large numbers of them are shot at the Cape for the table. In size, the mouse bird is about equal to our common blackbird.

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## COMETS AND SHOOTING STARS.

At the Royal Institution, Sir Robert Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, discoursed to a juvenile audience on Comets and their Allies, the Shooting Stars. After having explained the nature of a comet, the lecturer, by the aid of the lime-light, exhibited to the young people present representations of some of those best known. In showing them Encke's tailless comet, he said he once offered to show it to a lady, but she replied that she really could not take any interest in a comet which did not possess a tail. A comet was constantly changing in appearance from hour to hour, so that it was quite impossible to identify one by any description of its personal appearance. All they could do was to find out the track in which it moved through the sky, and when this was done astronomers could tell with wonderful certainty when the seemingly erratic visitor would come again. Some people entertained fears as to the dreadful consequences that would ensue if we were to come into a collision with a comet. But a comet has been seen to pass between the earth and various stars, which were plainly visible through the tail. So that these dreaded collisions had occurred already; and not only had they produced no fatal consequences, but nobody knew anything about the fact until it was all over. Speaking of "shooting stars," the lecturer referred to the showers in 1866, on the 12th of November. The comet that produced those shooting stars would be round again in 1899, and as sure as he was speaking to them they might expect to see such a shower of stars as was visible in the heavens twenty-two years ago. These stars were first seen in 902, and, according to an old Moorish chronicle, it was thought that, as a very despotic king had just died, the heavens, as well as the people, were rejoicing at his decease. The shooting stars were very small sometimes, being no larger than tiny shot or grains of sand.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1888.

# NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### Rev. Fr. Ryan Released.

FR. MATTHEW RYAN, the priest who was imprisoned at Limerick for a month for inciting the people to illegal acts in connection with the plan of campaign, has been released. Ten thousand were collected around the prison, and when he emerged he was received with prolonged cheers. The mayor of the town, the sheriffs, the municipal council, and many members of the clergy, crowded around him and congratulated him on his release. A carriage was in waiting. The crowd escorted Fr. Ryan fourteen miles to his parish at Herbertstown. The police followed the whole distance, but were delayed when half way to Herbertstown by a car which had been drawn across the road. Fr. Ryan was thus enabled, on his arrival home, to address the people without interference. He advised the tenants to adopt the plan of campaign, which, he said, was moral and just, notwithstanding everything that lords, both spiritual and temporal, said to the contrary.

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REV. JAMES J. KEEGAN, late Assistant Pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, has been assigned the pastorship of St. Mary's Church, Randolph, Mass., vacated by the death of Rev. Thomas O'Brien. A better appointment could not have been made by his Grace the Archbishop. In the absence of the pastor in Europe, Father Keegan conducted the affairs of the church satisfactorily, not only to Father O'Callaghan, but to the parishioners. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE congratulates, not only the new pastor, but the people of Randolph over whom he is to preside.

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HIGH license is proving a rather profitable investment in those Western States where it has been tried. The prices of licenses vary from $500 to $1,200. In Missouri the revenue has been trebled; in Nebraska it has increased five-fold, and in Illinois it has grown from $700,000 a year to $4,500,000. Chicago has now 4,000 saloons, instead of the 6,000 it formerly had, and the revenue has increased from $200,000 to $2,000,000.

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MANY of our Catholic contemporaries issued illustrated editions, in honor of our Holy Father the Pope's Jubilee. Notably the St. Joseph (Mo.) Tribune, edited by Rev. F. W. Graham, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in that city.

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### The New President of France to the Pope.

COUNT DE BEHAINE, the French ambassador to the Vatican, recently handed the Pope an autograph letter from M. Carnot, in which the President wished His Holiness long life and prosperity, and expressed the hope that good relations between France and the Pope, on the basis of the concordat, would long continue. The Pope, in reply, expressed his esteem for President Carnot and the French people. He afterward received Emperor William's envoy, to whom he expressed the great pleasure with which he regarded the latest proof of the Emperor's affection, and the excellent relations existing between Germany and the Vatican.

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### Ladies Torturing Themselves.

A LADY describes her tortures thus: "Shoes so pointed and so high-heeled that walking is painful; skirts so corded that stooping is impossible; complications of wire so worn that sitting is difficult; corsets so contracted that breathing is hindered; and hats so gigantic that headache is caused; a veil so flattened on the face that even crying is out of the question."

If it was the Church that imposed these mortifications, how many motives for dispensations could be found! But fashion must be obeyed, yet she neither opens heaven's portal nor closes the gates of hell."

### Killed by Animals and Snakes.

ACCORDING to the official returns just published, the number of persons killed by wild animals and snakes in Hindostan during 1886 amounted to 24,841, being an increase of 1,934 on the aggregate of the previous year. This excess is entirely due to snake-bites, which rose from 20,140 to 22,130. Throughout the country there was a substantial decline in the number of wild beasts and snakes killed, and the diminution is regarded as the result of the reduction in the rewards offered to native hunters and snake destroyers. In view of this wholesale destruction of human life, it has been suggested that the authorities ought again to raise the rewards. Not long ago M. Pasteur proposed to destroy the pest of rabbits in Australia by laying down in their warrens a certain microbe which he has discovered, and which is so powerful that it will not only cause poor bunny a lingering death, but, by transfusion, will entirely stamp out the breed. We thought the proposal a barbarous one; but if the Professor would only discover a deadly microbe for venomous snakes, we should feel inclined to say that the circumstances of the case justified its use.

### Columbus.

SPAIN is taking active measures for the due celebration of the Columbus centenary. The government has invited the representatives of the United States and the Spanish-American republics to coöperate in the proceedings, and the proposal has been heartily adopted. All the governments of Europe and America, and all the geographical and other learned societies of the world, have been invited to send delegates to the celebration. The festivities will continue one week, and the ceremonies will include the unveiling of a monument to Columbus at Huelva.

AMONG the Jubilee gifts offered to the Pope was a contrivance by a French engineer, named Arragon, for ringing large church-bells by electricity.

THE German Catholics of America have thus far contributed $20,000 towards the Leo House, for German immigrants, in New York City. It is destined for a memorial of Pope Leo XIII.'s Golden Jubilee.

### Trouble Ahead for Salisbury.

MR. PARNELL, in an interview on the subject of Lord Salisbury's Liverpool speech, said grave dissensions existed in the English cabinet. He predicted a ministerial crisis as likely to arise out of questions connected with proposed English legislation rather than out of the Irish question, although he remarked that Balfour's conduct had surely had a disintegrating effect upon the Tory party. Mr. Parnell advised the Home Rulers not to obstruct business during the coming session of Parliament.

REV. Thomas F. Joyce, rector of St. Mary's Church, Holden, Mass., died Tuesday, Jan. 17.

### The New St. Patrick's at Rome.

THE church of St. Patrick, about to be raised in Rome, will be erected in the Gardens of Sallust — the *Horti Sallustiani* in which Augustus frequently resided, and which were afterwards in the possession of the Roman Emperors. It is, therefore, to be built on a historic spot. The laying of the foundation-stone, on the 1st of February, feast of St. Bridgid, was an historical event. The Augustinians, who had the work in hand, were surrounded by a host of distinguished fellow-countrymen, — bishops and others. A discourse was delivered by that golden-tongued orator, who is such an ornament to the Irish race, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

HYDE PARK, adjoining Boston, is an enterprising town, even the dogs are on their mettle. A setter dog in the town has a peculiar way of making known its desire for food. When hungry, it will go to the coal hod and pick up a piece of coal and lay it at the feet of the mistress of the house, and if that does not bring the food, it will get another piece. On one occasion the dog's patience was taxed to the utmost on purpose, and it nearly emptied the coal-hod.

### The Flood in China.

A LARGE area of country in China has been overflowed, and the reports of the loss of life, and the suffering consequent on the disaster, are appalling. Originally a beautiful and populous district of ten thousand square miles, the afflicted area is now

covered with a sea of waters. The reports state that at least three million of people are homeless and deprived of everything. The loss of life is estimated at three-quarters of a million souls. The Chinese business centres and government circles are greatly disturbed, and are endeavoring to do something to mitigate the evils consequent on the disaster. The reports as regards figures are hitherto little more than conjectural, and the extent of harm may be either over or under estimated.

### Novel Punishment.

IN the town of Washington, fifty miles west of St. Louis, three boys, John D. Worick and Gus and Eddie Schœngard, were arrested a few days ago for petit larceny. They were found guilty by Judge Hogenbush; but, in consideration of the fact that they come of good families, he affixed a punishment without precedent in the State. The parents of the boys pleaded hard for them, and the judge finally ordered a nominal fine imposed, provided the parents would publicly flog the boys in the Court House Square. The fathers agreed, and Friday, about ten thousand persons assembled in the square and saw the fathers flog the boys soundly. All the schools took a recess, and the children were invited to be present and profit by the moral example. The children were marshaled by their teachers. One of the culprits stood the drubbing without a murmur; but the yells of the other pair could be heard two blocks away.

THE *Sunbeam* has returned to England after a voyage of 36,000 miles among the British possessions all over the world. In the published record of the gallant vessel's doings there is a sad note. "Unhappily the cruise so auspiciously commenced ended with that painful event which has cast a dark shadow over all its other memories." The pen that sketched so well the *Sunbeam's* voyage round the world is laid aside. Lady Brassey returns not home, and her grave is "full many a fathom deep" in that wide, wild rolling ocean she so dearly loved.

A CONVERT BECOMES A PRIEST.—Among those ordained to the priesthood at St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y., is Rev. James Stirling Fenton. Father Fenton is the only son of James S. Fenton, Sr., for many years one of the most prominent and highly respected dry goods merchants in Philadelphia. The young man chose the career of the ministry in the High Episcopal Church, adopting Ritualistic views. He had charge of a mission near the city of New York, when, about three years ago, he resolved to become a Catholic. Shortly afterwards, in January, 1885, he was admitted into the Troy Seminary from the Archdiocese of New York, which is the field of his labors as a Catholic priest.

### The Pope as an Arbitrator.

THE great jurist, Walter, says, even if a perpetual tribunal cannot be established, submission to a selected umpire is at least possible. As civilization advances, the reason of mankind will infallibly labor to promote this, and strive to make it a necessity of International Law. The organization of the human race will never be complete without some international tribunal, some standing umpire whose behests will be obeyed promptly and without hesitation. In our own day, David Urquhart, a Protestant in 1869, has written in support of a supreme tribunal of arbitration, with the Pope as president, and the good effects that have followed the recent appeals to the Pope as an arbitrator must tend to greatly enhance the force of his arguments. In the House of Lords, Lord Stanley of Alderley, on occasion of a motion brought forward by the Marquis of Bristol in favor of arbitration in international disputes, urged that no more suitable arbitrator could be found than the Pope of Rome.

ANY person having copies of THE PILOT from its first publication, to Jan. 1, 1888, will hear of a customer by writing to MR. DONAHOE, 19 & 21 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

### Celebrations.

22D of February — Washington's birthday. 4th of March — birthday of Robert Emmet. 17th of March — St. Patrick's Day in the morning. — St. Joseph, spouse of the B. V. M., and Patron of the Universal Church.

### Young Emmet.

IN his speech at the banquet given in his honor at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., M. P., referred to the incongruity of his being present at a banquet in Canada at a time when so many of his friends in Ireland were threatened with imprisonment. "When I get back to Ireland," said Sir Thomas, "I can promise Mr. Balfour that

I will give him plenty of opportunities to put me in prison."

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A LADY asked St. Francis of Assisi whether it was a sin to wear high-heeled shoes: "Take heed lest you fall," was his answer. She gave them up.

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### The English Meat Supply.

Now that the world has entered the markets in opposition to the British agriculturist — and it is admitted that competition has scarcely well begun — it is a subject of very practical interest to the Irish as well as to the English farmer. A pamphlet, by "A Farmer," published by Walter Bates & Co., Gracechurch Street, London, puts the hard facts of the case in a small compass, and suggests some possible remedies for the existing depression in a small compass, and suggests some possible remedies for the existing depression in all departments in the cattle business. A preface, by Mr. G. F. Brooke, tersely expresses the gloomy view of the situation that is entertained by Englishmen who are immediately concerned: "It is said that every cloud has a silver lining; but, judging from present appearances, the rays of the sun would have a hard task to penetrate the dark bank of clouds that overhangs agricultural prospects. In fact it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that unless something is done speedily to ameliorate the existing state of things, long before the end of the present century, the British farmer will have ceased to exist."

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AN ABBOT is a prelate in rank and position similar to a bishop; his office is perpetual. His insignia are: the mitre, crozier, pectoral cross, ring, etc. In his insignia he differs in nothing from a bishop. An abbot holds his jurisdiction from Rome and is independent of any bishop. The Abbatial jurisdiction over his clergy is even greater than that of a bishop, and may extend over a larger territory. The title of an abbot is Right Reverend; he is more than an ordinary monseigneur. In Europe the abbots are lords. There are only seven abbots in the United States.

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### The Oldest Man of His Time in Ireland.

IN 1805 there died in Gloves, near Athenry, after a short illness, aged 117 years, Denis Koorobee, of Ballindangan, who was known as the "oldest man in Ireland." "He retained the use and comfortable enjoyment of his faculties to the last," says the Universal Magazine for the year 1806, "and until the two days prior to his death had never been afflicted with any complaint or sickness whatever, toothache only excepted. It is remarkable that about three weeks before his death, he was able to walk from his house to Galway and to return the same day, a distance of 25 miles; and what is still more so, he could, to the last, read the smallest print without the help of any glasses, and with as much ease as a boy of sixteen. He had been married seven times, and when married to his last wife had long passed his grand climacteric, having then attained the age of 93 years. By his different wives he had a progeny of 48 children, 236 grandchildren, 944 great-grandchildren, and 25 great-great-grandchildren, the oldest of whom is now four years old or upwards, and his youngest son by his last wife is about 18 years of age."

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### Irish Distress Ladies' Fund.

MRS. POWER LALOR writes: "In May, 1886, I opened a fund for providing with work ladies who, through the present land crisis in Ireland, have suffered so severely from the non-payment of rents, jointures and charges on land, as to be obliged to earn their bread, and also for aiding those too old or too infirm to work. Last Christmas 360 ladies were affiliated to the fund; it now numbers over 600, and has received the approval and patronage of the Queen. Eighty old and infirm ladies are in receipt of monthly pensions, and a home has been established for the utterly destitute; more than 400 are engaged in needle work supplied by the fund, and depots are now open in Cork, Long Drehard and Dublin for its sale. The cases are sad indeed. One old lady whom I had met years ago in the enjoyment of an excellent position and large means, I found dying in a cellar, supported by the savings of a faithful servant. A younger lady, whose personal fortune had been £10,000, and who wrote me she had always been accustomed to more than comfort — luxury — had tasted nothing but bread and tea for months, and was in such rags that she could not leave her room. She is now hopelessly ill.

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THE Father-General of the Jesuits has sent two additional priests to Alaska to help Jesuit missionaries already engaged there in spreading Christianity among the native tribes of that vast territory.

### No More Hunting in Ireland.

BISHOP NULTY declares that the claim made by the Lord-Lieutenant to the right and privilege of hunting and riding over farmers' lands is more than flesh and blood can bear. According to a deep, determined, and universal feeling, in which the Bishop says he shares, this practice, an outrageous relic of tyranny and barbarism, must cease in Ireland.

### The Pope's Face.

CHRISTIAN REID, in her exquisite novel, "Hearts of Steel," thus speaks of the Sovereign Pontiff: "If ever a human countenance was expressive of intellectual and moral force, that of Leo XIII. is. And in his shadowy thinness—in that look he has of being more spirit than matter—with the courage of a lion in his calm glance, and the sweetness of a saint on his lips, his is just the type a great painter would select if this epoch were thrown back a thousand years, and he wanted to embody a helmsman fit to steer the bark of Peter through raging seas. It is impossible to imagine anything more majestic than the voice and the utterances of Leo XIII. In listening to him one feels elevated into a region as far above the mad cries of revolutionists and the vague dreams of theorists as the eternal heaven is above the earth. And in the ability of a great ruler, in diplomatic sagacity and profound wisdom, no one in all the long line of illustrious Pontiffs has surpassed him."

JOHN DEVOY has accepted a position on the staff of the N. Y. Morning Journal, of which paper his old friend and fellow Nationalist, Joseph I. C. Clarke, is managing editor.

### Owen Connelly's Will.

THE people of Prince Edward Island are excited over the provisions of the late Owen Connelly's will. He left his widow $5,000 and a homestead, some minor bequests to other relatives, cut off his nephews, who were regarded as his heirs, with a dollar, attached such conditions to a bequest of $40,000 to Bishop McIntyre for the erection of a Catholic Cathedral that the Bishop refused to accept it, and left the rest of the estate, estimated at $600,000, to the poor of Charlottetown, and toward the education of Catholic boys, children of poor Catholic parents of Irish birth or descent. They are to receive a preliminary education at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, and then go to Ireland to graduate at Trinity College. Gov. McDonald, Premier Sullivan, and Lawyer Peters are executors.

A STORY was lately cabled across to this country to the effect that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, were in sympathy with the Tory attempt to influence Mgr. Persico. Dr. Dwyer has written in contradiction a letter to the Dublin Freeman, strongly and clearly defining his position as a Nationalist and a friend of the tenants. In it he says: "Since the day I stood upon the hustings with Isaac Butt, I have never wavered in my conviction and my assertion of the right of the country to self-government." Bishop Healy subscribes to Bishop Dwyer's letter, which he declares to be the full expression of his own convictions.

### What the Pope has Done with His Jubilee Offerings.

THE Roman papers publish a short letter from the Holy Father to His Eminence, Cardinal Parocchi. Yearly, at Christmas-tide, it has been Leo XIII.'s custom to make a generous gift to the poor of Rome. This year, Christmas-tide, as the the Holy Father in his letter notes, comprises the anniversary of his first Mass. He has, therefore, been pleased to direct that the poor of his city shall largely share in the jubilee rejoicings. To this end he has destined the sum of 140,000 francs, or £5,600. Of this the Holy Father gives $2,000 to St. Joseph's Institute for the Young Workingmen of Rome; $2,000 to an asylum for the blind; and $4,000 to the poorest and most hard-worked priests and schoolmasters of Rome. The remaining $20,000 the Pope orders to be distributed among the poor of the different parishes of the city.

### The New Catholic University.

WORK on the great Catholic University at Washington will begin soon. No debt will be contracted. The buildings will be used as finished. The faculty of the University will consist of ten professors, three of whom have already been secured: Pastor, the great German historian, from the University at Tyrol, who will be lecturer on history, and Verdat, from one of the Universities in Rome, as lecturer on Assyriology and Egyptology. The name of the third professor has not yet been made public, but he is an eminent man of

letters. The University will have schools of law and medicine, and courses in the sciences and classics, which will be open to all without regard to religious preferences. The members of the faculty will, however, all be from within the Catholic Church, and all who enter the institution will have thrown around them the distinctive influence of the Catholic Church. There is on hand $700,000. It will cost about $300,000 more to complete the Theological Department, which will be ready towards the end of 1889. The completed University will cost about $8,000,000.

### Not a Customer of Vick's.

"THAT'S not a Sunflower; I want you to understand I don't grow Sunflowers; that's a Hi-an-thus; it's more like a Dahlia than a Sunflower." Such were the words of an indignant woman, when told she had a splendid specimen of Double Dwarf Sunflower growing in her front yard. One acquainted with this flower (Helianthus multiflorus plenus) will not be surprised at the old lady's mistake; growing about four feet high, covered with golden-yellow double flowers about the size of a Dahlia, it resembles that plant very much. This little incident shows clearly how important it is that every one having a garden, or even a shrub, should own and study Vick's Floral Guide, published at Rochester, N. Y. Price, ten cents; and a due bill for ten cents' worth of seeds accompanies the Guide.

### The Church in the United States.

ACCORDING to the Catholic Directory for 1888, there are in the United States 11 archbishops 68 bishops, 7,595 priests, 1,974 ecclesiastical students, 6,829 churches, 3,057 chapels and stations, 29 theological seminaries, 91 colleges, 588 academies, 2,606 parochial schools, 511,063 pupils in the parochial schools, and 472 charitable institutions. The Church in America is doing a great work for God and humanity.

THE Milwaukee Catholic Citizen says that Donahoe's January number is the model of a good popular magazine.

MISS EULALIE TUCKERMAN, in religion Sister Augustine, daughter of Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, tenor of the Cathedral, Boston, Mass., made her solemn profession at the Carmelite Convent, Baltimore, on the 24th of January. Prior to the profession a Solemn High Mass was celebrated, with Rev. F. Schmitt, C. SS. R., rector of St. James', as celebrant; Rev. J. H. Sandaal, S. J., vice-president of Loyola College, as deacon; Rev. R. Barry, Hyde Park, Mass., as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Maher, of St. John's, as master of ceremonies. At the end of the High Mass, Rev. John Foley addressed the novice with a few words of encouragement and congratulation. Then followed the profession, which was made into the hands of his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

### Colored People and Indians.

WE have received the yearly statement of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the colored people and the Indians, which shows that the commission received the past year $85,949.53. The disbursements were $79,793.73, leaving a balance to be transferred to the account of 1888 of $6,155.80. At first glance the amount seems large, but considering the immense field to be provided for by the commission, and the many millions of ignorant people to be educated and Christianized, the need of liberal donations for this great work is apparent.

### Pope Leo and the President.

ROME, Jan. 24.— The Moniteur to-day publishes the text of Cardinal Gibbons' letter to the Pope, and also Archbishop Ryan's address to His Holiness. The Pope, in replying to the letter, after expressing the great pleasure he felt in receiving President Cleveland's gift, said: "In America the people enjoy liberty in the true sense of the word. Religion there is free to spread itself. I entertain an especial affection for America, and have, therefore, approved the scheme for a Catholic university at Washington. Your great country has a grand future before it. Your nation has a free government of a strong character. Your president commands my highest admiration, and I thank and bless you and him."

LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the past year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

### She was 104 Years Old.

MRS. ELLEN SPELLMAN, probably the oldest person in New Hampshire, died at Dover, on the 29th of January, aged one hundred and four years. She was a native of Ireland, and came to this country twenty-five years ago, since which time she has lived in Concord. Mrs. Spellman always enjoyed excellent health, never having any serious illness until about a month since. When 102 years old she walked down town and back, a distance of four miles.

### Torchlight on the Sea.

AN attempt was recently made to serenade Wilfrid Blunt, who is confined in the prison at Galway. The police interfered and ordered the musicians away. The latter thereupon embarked in boats and held a torchlight procession on the river beneath the walls of the prison. Seamen from the war ship, *Banterer*, gave chase, but failed to capture the serenaders.

HERE in the city of Boston we have an establishment known as the Mallow Spa Mineral Spring Water, or Apollinaris Mineral Spring Water, manufactured by Mr. Roger F. Scannell, 184 Charles Street, Boston, whose card appears in our magazine for 1888. We recommend it to all for its purity and sparkling qualities. Nothing imported can excel it. It is acknowledged everywhere to be equal, if not superior, to the imported article. Besides, its proprietor is acknowledged, in addition, to be a whole-souled Irishman, and identified with everything that has a tendency to benefit Ireland, — so much so that he has just been elected chief marshal for the next St. Patrick's Day parade in Boston, March 17th, 1888. Long life to such men as R. F. Scannell.

THE rector of the Irish College at Rome, Archbishop Kirby, was eighty-six years old on January 8th. He is a native of the county Waterford.

### Important Announcement.

THE Nineteenth Century for January contains an important article by the Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan, the bishop of Salford, England, on Leo XIII. and the civil power, urging the necessity of securing the civil independence of the Pope in order to prevent his becoming a mere agent of any nation or faction, and in order to enable him to exercise his proper influence both on foreign relations and internal politics. The bishop will contribute a second article on the same subject in the February number. The question is believed to be engaging close attention in high quarters of the State; but more than this cannot at present, be stated. It is also believed there is a much greater disposition between the Vatican and the Quirinal to come to a friendly understanding as to the position and rights of the Pope than is generally supposed. This article appears in this issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A LITTLE child, eating her breakfast, asked her mother to remove the "bark" from her sausage.

### Parade on St. Patrick's Day.

A CONVENTION of Irish societies of Boston was held on the 16th of January, to take action on the question of holding a parade on St. Patrick's Day. The meeting was called to order by President John McCaffrey, about fifty delegates being in attendance. The following societies were represented: Ancient Order of Hibernians, Board of Erin, Boston Shamrock Society, and the American Hibernian Society of South Boston. The body proceeded to vote on the question of holding a parade. All those present were in favor of the parade with the exception of the American Hibernian Society and Division 22, A. O. H., there being three negative votes in the former, and one in the latter delegation. Mr. Roger F. Scannell was elected chief marshal of the day.

### Feast of St. Blase.

FRIDAY, Feb. 3, was the feast of St. Blase, bishop and martyr. This saint, one of the fourteen Holy Helpers, among many other wonders, is said to have cured the little son of a poor woman, who had swallowed a fishbone and was near dying. Therefore he is venerated as the patron against throat diseases. On his festival the faithful have their throats blessed in the church, by touching them with a wax candle, blessed for this purpose, the priest at the same time using the words: "Through the intercession of St. Blase, may God deliver thee from all evils of the throat. Amen."

BUY your carpets of Thos. O'Callaghan, 601 Washington Street. See Ads.

LENT begins Feb. 15th.

EASTER SUNDAY falls on April 1st.

### Lax Catholics and Bad Priests

Are the favorites of the world. There is nothing the world loves so much as a bad Catholic, with one exception only. A good Catholic is a rebuke to the world, because his life is founded on a high standard. But a lax Catholic, whose life falls below that standard, gives a consolation and a relief to the lax conscience by which the world lives. There is something, however, worse than this: a bad priest is the world's saint. When the world finds a bad priest it fondles him with all manner of indulgences. Can anything be more in the spirit of the world than this? There is only one thing worse than a bad priest, and that is a bad angel, who fell from the presence of God Himself. And the world, in receiving a bad priest with so much love and favor, is acting in accordance with the spirit of the bad angel, who is the god of this world. —*Cardinal Manning.*

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### Testimonial to a Worthy Young Man.

MR. FRANK KANE, a salesman at Noonan & Co.'s Catholic book store on Boylston Street, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of eight hundred dollars from the Catholic clergy of the archdiocese. Mr. Kane is thirty-two years of age, and during the past twenty years has won the esteem of the many priests whom he cheerfully and faithfully served. The present is a testimonial of their appreciation. Mr. Kane is now too ill to answer individually the many kindly written letters intended for him, and, therefore, wishes, in this way, to thank his many friends. The presentation was made by Rev. F. J. Curran of Malden.

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MOST REV. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, Archbishop of Halifax, N. S., and the Rev. Fr. Murphy, rector of St. Agnes' Cathedral of the same city, arrived in Boston on their way to Baltimore and Washington. Archbishop O'Brien is one of the youngest prelates in the world, being still in the early forties. He is a native of Prince Edward Island, and was educated at St. Dunstan's College, and afterwards in the Propaganda at Rome, where he won high honors for his scholarly attainments. He is the author of two or three religious books and one work of fiction.

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BOSTON DAILY GLOBE: The Saturday Evening Gazette has the lonesome distinction among Boston newspapers of taking the anti-Gladstone view of the Irish question. The Gazette's opinion is that if the "members of Parliament who are in jail had not offended against the law, they would not be there." It may be added that if our American forefathers had not offended against law of the same tyrannical stripe, we, the American people, would not be where we are.

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### Parochial School in East Boston.

THE fine new parochial school, just erected by the Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, rector of the Church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, East Boston, was opened with appropriate exercises on the evening of Jan. 23. The Young Men's Catholic Union of the Fourth Section has fitted up apartments in the first story of the building, and will have a gymnasium in the basement.

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THE sun never sets in Queen Victoria's realm, is the boast of the Englishman. True, England has a patch in almost every clime, and yet the United States excel her in grandeur, vastness, and richness of territory. When a few days ago the blizzard swept over the Northern and Middle States, bringing down the mercury to thirty-two below zero in Montana, Dakota, and Minnesota, the people of the South, in Florida, were picking oranges, and holding citrus fairs in Southern California, whilst the thermometer showed seventy degrees above zero.

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AN exchange pertinently remarks that "the case of a Protestant on his death bed sending for a priest to receive him into the Catholic Church is common. Did you ever hear of a Catholic becoming a Protestant on his death bed?"

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WHO is Jeremiah Finn who writes in the December number of the North American Review, on "No Sectarian Public Schools?" He says he is a Catholic. One of the "liberal" kind, we suppose.

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THE Crown Prince of Germany is apparently a great favorite with the Catholics of the Empire, and though he differs from them in religion, their prayers for his recovery are incessant. Some days ago, about 5,000 of them went on a pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine at Aix-la-Chapelle, the city in which the Emperor Charlemagne held his court, and there offered their supplication to God for the restoration of his

health through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. A photograph, representing the pilgrimage on its arrival at Morsenet, has been presented to the Crown Prince.

### The Temporal Power.

BISHOP VAUGHAN, in an article in the Nineteenth Century Review, says: "Had the Pope complied with the proposals of the Italian Government the whole Christian world would have declared that, in a moment of weakness, he had yielded to the Italian Government. The consequence would have been that the freedom of his pontifical acts and decision would have become liable, at any time, to be called in question. It will be seen distinctly, when the figure of Leo XIII. shall stand on the horizon of history, that he is contending, not only for a principle on which the stability of thrones must rest, but for Christian order; that by refusing to surrender his sovereign independence to the forces of atheism and revolution, he has maintained, in reality, the independence of Christianity itself." The Papacy, to be respected and obeyed by the world, must not be subject to any one civil power. This article appears in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE of this month.

### Douglass and O'Connell.

MR. DOUGLASS was one of the speakers at the reception given to O'Connor and Esmonde in Cincinnati. The great point of his speech was reached when he said, slowly and solemnly: "Fifty years ago I stood on the same platform with Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator, on the banks of the Liffey, and before the vast throng he turned to me and said: 'I rejoice to grasp by the hand the black O'Connell of America.'"

THE greater a man appears in his own eyes, the more despicable he is before God.—*St. Bernadine.*

$1,773.85 have been subscribed toward the erection of a monument to the late Dr. O. A. Brownson. The treasurer, Rev. I. H. Mitchell, St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, N. Y., is ready to receive further contributions.

A CROWDED audience gathered at the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, Rome, on Jan. 14th, to hear the promised sermon of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Among those present were several American and English-speaking bishops, representatives of various colleges, and many distinguished personages of American and English society in Rome. The sermon lasted an hour, and the large assemblage was deeply impressed by the stately eloquence of the Bossuet of America.

### Events in Rome.

THE Pope, on the 15th of January, in the presence of a large number of cardinals, archbishops, etc., in St. Peter's Church, canonized the founders of the Order of Servants of St. Mary, and three members of the Society of Jesus. Peter Cleaver, John Berchmanus, and Alphonsus Rodriquez were the members of the Society of Jesus canonized.

### Canada Ahead!—A Draft for $1,000.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 24, 1888.

President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League, has received a draft for $1.000 from F. B. Hayes, of Ottawa, Ont. This is the first money received in response to the president's appeal, asking 1,000 Irishmen to subscribe $1,000 each.

Where is Boston, now? No thousand-dollar men in Boston?

### Letter From Mr. Parnell.

THE following letter has been received by a gentleman in Cork from Mr. Parnell in reference to his reported visit to Cork:—

*Avondale, Rathdrum. Jan. 7, 1888.*

DEAR SIR---I do not know the origin of the paragraph stating that I proposed addressing my constituents at Cork, but it was not issued with my authority or knowledge. I am sure that the people of Cork, who have always treated me with the greatest indulgence, would not desire me to run any risk of losing or impairing the stock of my renewed health and strength which I have been gaining during the recess. I am advised, that by addressing any public meeting, especially at night, so soon before the opening of parliament, I should incur the possibility of a chill or relapse, which might render my attendance during the debates on the Address doubtful or risky. Under these circumstances, I have not contemplated any public work before Parliament meets. I am, etc,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

### How Have the Mighty Fallen!

THE last scene in the Napoleonic legend was enacted at Farnborough, England,

whither the bodies of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial were transferred from Chislehurst. They will rest for the future in a magnificent mausoleum built by the Empress Eugenie near her residence at Farnborough. The translation was remarkably quiet. Beyond the usual crowd and one or two representatives of the dwindling Bonapartist party, there was nothing in the ceremony to suggest the glory that flickered out in the ashes which were being committed to their final home. The Empress was not present. A company of artillery transferred the remains to and from the railway stations. Perhaps nothing could more forcibly express the irony of destiny than the fact that it was to the kindness of England these representatives of the Great Napoleon owed the small pageant which marked off the burial from the funeral of any item in the "Nation of Shopkeepers." Among the wreaths was one from an "unknown person," for the Prince Imperial's tomb.

### The Mother of Three Priests.

THE funeral of Mrs. Ellen Leonard took place from St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass. Rev. Daniel Leonard was celebrant; Rev. Augustine Leonard, deacon, and Rev. John J. Leonard, sub-deacon. All three were sons of the deceased. Remains were interred in St. Mary's cemetery. Happy mother! to have given to God's Church three sons.

THIS is a sage advice of Marcus Aurelius: "How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure." These are our principles.

### Terrible Suffering at the Northwest.

IT is stated that more than one thousand persons have perished from cold and hunger. The stories of the blizzard that are coming in from the Northwest are full of human suffering and bravery. Occasionally there is a tale of cowardice; but, for the most part, the terrible storm which suddenly stopped so many lives was met, as great disasters usually are, with courage and fortitude. Highmore, Dak., reports that Sister Wilimena, of St. Stephen Mission, twenty miles south, was caught by the blizzard on her return from the home of the priest, where she had been superintending the laundry work. The quarter section within which the mission buildings are, is fenced, and when she was found by searchers, using a rope to guide them, she was standing up and still alive. She was carried to her room where she died. The two Indian boys sent first to look for her were barely saved from freezing to death.

### Releasing and Arrests of Leaders.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P., and editor of United Ireland, who has been confined in prison since Oct. 31, was released from Tullamore jail on Friday.

Father James McFadden, of Gweedore, County Donegal, has been arrested at Armagh for taking part in the opposition to eviction. Mr. Alexander Blane, member of Parliament for South Armagh, was arrested at Armagh at the same time. He was committed for trial on a charge of making speeches, inciting the tenants to resist the authorities. Father McFadden was committed for trial on a charge of holding anti-landlord and anti-police meetings. He was removed, in company with Mr. Blane, to the jail in Derry. Upon the arrival of Father McFadden at Londonderry, the police escorting him were stoned by an excited crowd, and several were injured.

### Church for Colored Catholics.

DELEGATED by Rt. Rev. Bishop H. P. Northrop, of Charleston, S. C., Rt. Rev. Abbot Leo Haid, Bishop-elect of North Carolina, dedicated St. Benedict's Church for the Catholic negroes, on the 8th of January. It is a very neat structure, built on a pleasing elevation near St. Mary's Abbey and College, Gaston Co., North Carolina.

LET every Catholic consider it his duty to make some reparation to the Holy Name of Jesus for the frequency and flippancy with which it is daily profaned in society. Say a Hail Mary whenever you hear the Holy Name profaned.

MR. BALFOUR is not breaking down the spirit of the Irish people. They never were so hopeful, so united, so determined to win. When Mr. John Mandeville was released from prison the other day, the Dungannon Branch of the National League presented to him an address, in which they said: "Mr. Balfour sought to degrade you; he has ennobled you. The men whom he calls criminals, we regard as the noblest of our race. What he calls crime, we look upon as deeds of charity and humanity, and to those who consider your

imprisonment a degradation, we reply, 'A felon's cap's the noblest crown an Irish head can wear.'" When the people think it an honor to be imprisoned, the government's jails have lost the greatest of their terrors.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will, no doubt, find the following biographical sketch of himself in the St. James Gazette (English paper) highly instructive and entertaining. He will make the acquaintance of some facts connected with his history, of which he was heretofore ignorant: "President Cleveland has, it appears, a large admixture of Irish blood in his veins. His grandfather was an Irishman born,— from the county Clare, a Transatlantic journalist informs us,— and 'his mother, Anne Neil, barely escaped it' by being born in Baltimore just after her parents arrived on shore. Like many another president of the United States, he is a self-made man. He used at one time in his life to rise at three in the morning and walk seven miles and back to earn a quarter of a dollar on the Erie Canal. He subsequently served as a 'chore' boy in a country store at a salary of ten pounds. His neat and symmetrical handwriting he acquired while keeping the books of the Blind Asylum in New York when he was sixteen. Like a number of other men who have made their mark in the world. he was rather backward at school. When he was governor of his native State, an old man appeared at the capitol one day, and introducing himself to Mr. Cleveland as his former schoolmaster, said: 'I remember I gave you the birch three times for going fishing in Chenango Creek, and I have called to apologize.' 'Don't you do it!' exclaimed the governor. 'I am very much indebted to the lickings I have received.'"

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THE two representatives of the Catholic Review, who went to Rome to attend the Papal Jubilee celebration, have been honored with a special audience by the Pope. According to a cablegram which reached the office in New York, the Holy Father gave them a cordial reception, and graciously imparted the Apostolic Benediction to the editor, his family, his co-laborers, the subscribers, and all others connected with the three papers, The Catholic Review, The Illustrated Catholic American, and The Catholic American. His Holiness, on the same occasion, bestowed his Pontifical Blessing on the Rector of St Anthony's Church in Greenpoint, Long Island, on his relatives, the parish schools and societies, and on all the members of that congregation. It was a day of consolation for the two Americans, who then knelt before the throne of Peter, and heard him pray God to prosper their works for His glory; a day that will be full of inspiration for the future, and be bright in their memory so long as life shall last.

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MGR. PERSICO, the Papal envoy to Ireland, has left Cork for Bristol. His health is feeble, and he proposes to pass the rest of the winter at Torquay. He says that his mission has not yet been finished, and he will return to Ireland in April.

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## THE SINEWS OF WAR WANTED.

### Editor O'Brien Calls for Money from America.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has sent the following for publication in the United States:—

DUBLIN, Jan. 24, 1888.

I find myself considerably more battered by my experiences in Tullamore than I had supposed. The doctors insist that I must have a few weeks to recuperate. After my visit to my own constituents on Thursday, therefore, I propose to take a short sea trip, returning in time to discuss Mr. Balfour's policy, face to face with him in the House of Commons, after which I hope again to resume active service in Ireland. How far this may suit Mr. Balfour's arrangements I can't, of course, anticipate. The air is full of rumors of warrants and prosecutions pending against me. One thing is certain: the arrest of a few prominent men can't, in the least degree, damage our movement. Public spirit in the country runs marvellously high. The people are suffering the most bitter local persecution from the police and resident magistrates, upon all sorts of infamous pretexts, but they are standing it like heroes. The whole community is willing to go to jail. The pecuniary strain is beginning to be alarming. In addition to expenses to maintain the struggle, the resources of the people at home are heavily taxed to indemnify the local men whom Mr. Balfour is attempting to ruin. This the poor people are doing most generously. There is most urgent — I would almost say vital — necessity for large American subscriptions, if our people are to be backed in their fierce ordeal with the same generosity with which they were sustained from America in the struggle

against Mr. Forster. I was never half so sanguine as I am now that we will win, hands down, and drive Balfour from the country in a whirlwind of odium and failure. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

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THE Rev. Eugene T. Kelly, of the Society of the Priests of Mercy, died Friday night in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, after a severe illness of several weeks. He was born in New York and was twenty-nine years of age. His father was the late Owen H. Kelly, of New York, and a brother of James J. Kelly, of Brooklyn. He graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College in 1884. He was first assigned to the Church of St. Francis de Sales, in Brooklyn, and afterwards went to Vineland, N. J., where the society founded a college, and where he was made Vice-President and Professor of Philosophy. He was a close student and a zealous priest, and was generally beloved by all who knew him.

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**Old Crape Refinished.**

LADIES, save your old crape and send it to D. G. Alden & Co., 33 Winter Street, Boston, Mass., to be refinished and made better than new. It is done by the Shriver Patent Process, of which Messrs. Alden & Co. are the sole proprietors for New England. This firm also refinish nun's veiling, lace, lace shawls and sacks, crape bonnets, veils, dresses, sacks and crape folds. All articles refinished without being taken apart. Goods, when refinished by this process, will withstand rain, dampness, or sea air, without affecting color or texture.

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BY one of the provisions of the bill reported to the Massachusetts Legislature in reference to private schools, the duty is imposed on school boards to examine the teachers in these schools. Who will examine the members of the school boards as to their qualifications to examine the highly educated and cultured teachers in the private schools?

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**Fifteen Years' Servitude.**

THE trial of Thomas Callan and Michael Harkins, who were charged with being connected with a dynamite conspiracy, was brought to a close in London on the 3d of February. They were found guilty, and were sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. At the close of the trial, Callan protested his innocence. Harkins made a spirited appeal to the court, in which he said that he was not a man who would injure property and sacrifice life, as he had a family that was dear to him in America, making him understand the value of other lives. Minister Phelps and Mr. Van Wagner were on the bench during the closing hours of the trial.

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IS it true that a Catholic bill-poster circulated, and posted, Fulton's infamous hand-bills? We pause for a reply.

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**A Liberal Offer.**

MR. M. M. CUNNIFF has proposed to donate $1,000, if ten more will give a like sum in aid of the coming building for our young men. There certainly ought to be nine rich Catholics in Boston to follow Mr. Cunniff's liberal offer. Yes, ten times nine Catholics in Boston able to contribute $1,000 each, if they have the disposition.

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**A Cardinal in Boston.**

THE "Hub of the Universe" will be honored by the appearance of a Prince of the Church on the 11th of March, being the fifty-sixth anniversary of the establishment of St. Patrick's parish. Boston's first bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Cheverus, was made a cardinal after being translated to France; but Cardinal Gibbons has been created for the American Church, and is the second cardinal on whom the cardinal's hat has been suspended in the United States, Cardinal McCloskey having died some year or two ago. On the occasion of the celebration, Archbishop Williams will pontificate, and Cardinal Gibbons will preach. Every preparation has been made to make this one of the greatest events in the history of the American Church.

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VERY REV. WILLIAM BYRNE, V. G., now in Rome, writes to a relative a description of the recent canonizations. He says: "The most striking part of the ceremony was the processions, and of these the most brilliant and interesting was the procession of the offerings of bread, wine, oil, doves in cages, canary birds in groups, also in cages. An offering of this kind, it seems, is made to the Holy Father in the name of each of the saints canonized, and as there were seven, and as each group of bearers was composed of a grand ecclesiastic, minor

clerics, torch bearers, halberd bearers, members of the Noble Guard, Switzers, etc., all in brilliant uniform, the effect was dazzling.

THE great trouble with subscribers to magazines and newspapers is—THEY DO NOT STICK.

### Parochial School.

ON the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 29, Archbishop Williams formally dedicated St. Patrick's Parochial School, Dudley Street, Boston. About seven hundred people were assembled in the school-building to witness the simple, but significant ceremonies. After the ceremonies the Archbishop briefly addressed the assemblage, making plain to the people that Catholics had no fault to find with the public schools as far as they went, nor antagonism to their methods as to purely secular studies—for here similar methods would be followed—but it was necessary to give the children a religious as well as a secular education; hence this distinctively Catholic school where children were prepared, not for this life alone, but for the nobler life to come. This school has been in working order since September. There are five hundred girls in attendance, taught by five Sisters of Charity from Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S., and five well-trained secular teachers. Father Gallagher, the rector, visited the best of the public schools while his own was building, and it is in line, as to comfort, convenience, and beauty, with the best.

### Reunion of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College.

THE ninth annual reunion of the Boston College Association, at Mechanic Building, on Monday night, Jan. 31, was one of the foremost of the brilliant social gatherings of the Boston season. It was one of the grandest assemblages of Catholic young men and women ever brought together in Boston. It was a success in every respect, and passed off to the satisfaction of all. The management are entitled to the thanks of the Catholic community for the excellent arrangements throughout. It bodes well for the erection of a Central Union Hall, with library, gymnasium, halls, class-rooms, etc.

THE death of Alderman W. D. Carroll, of South Boston, occurred on the 28th of January, after a brief illness. He was thirty-four years of age. He was elected to the Board of Aldermen for the third time last fall. He was a prominent politician. The funeral, which took place from St. Vincent's Church, was the largest which ever took place in South Boston. It took three barges to hold all the floral decorations. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery. Deceased leaves a widow and two small children.

### Catholic Deaf-Mutes of Boston.

THE Sicard Deaf-Mute Society, of Boston, had a sociable at Dexter Hall, on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 26. This society, attached to the Cathedral parish, was started a year ago by that devoted apostle of the deaf mutes, Father Lebreton, of Philadelphia. It has now a membership of seventy-five. One of the attractions of the entertainment were five brothers and sisters named Ruddy, natives of Newburyport, all apparently deaf and dumb, to judge by their expertness in the sign language. Two of the young men, however, are speakers, and hold good positions in Newburyport. From one of them, the interesting fact was elicited that the family consists of ten children, four of whom are deaf-mutes. Three of these are graduates of the famous Le Couteuix St. Mary's Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. One of the speaking Sisters is a member of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph, who direct the Institute above named, and one of the speaking Brothers is studying for the priesthood at Montreal, Canada.

### Street Preaching.

FATHER YOUNG, the Paulist, in New York, is outspoken in favor of "street preachers." He finds that large numbers of Catholics in the crowded tenements and elsewhere neglect to attend for many reasons the regular church services, and that it is no longer true that "the poor have the gospel preached to them." To reach them, therefore, the clergy must go to them — become street preachers, wharf preachers, court preachers, preachers in highways and byways.

### Do It.

READER, send your address to us and learn how to make a considerable sum of money pleasantly and honorably. Industrious people of both sexes, young or old, make $5 a day and upwards, and at the same time live at home with their

families. Many are making several hundred dollars per month. The work is not hard to do, and no special ability is required. Grand success awaits every worker. Capital not needed; we start you free. Every person who reads this, who wishes rapidly to make a large sum of money, should write at once; a sure thing. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

### The Thermo-Electric Ring.

No intelligent person questions the fact that electricity is a grand cure for many of the worst ailments to which the human kind is subject; and, consequently, no intelligent person questions the marvellous efficacy of the Thermo-Electric Ring made by the well-known firm of Loring & Co., 37 Winter Street. This ring is a powerful German remedy for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all diseases amenable to the influences of electricity. The secret of the wonderful power and success of this ring is because the electricity generated by induction is of exactly the right strength needed. It remains constant while the ring is worn, and thus equalizes the circulation, tones up the system and throws off all the impurities in the blood. Although the metal comes in contact with the skin, it produces no sores or disagreeable sensations, and the proprietors of the ring have received hundreds of letters, which any one may inspect, enthusiastically praising the ring and warmly endorsing its curative powers. The public, however, should be careful in buying the ring to see that they get the genuine; for since the introduction and great success of the Thermo-Electric Ring fraudulent imitations of it have been hawked about by unscrupulous persons, and any one who purchases the worthless imitation is, of course, throwing his money away. Buy the ring therefore only of the proprietors or of reputable druggists, and you will be sure of obtaining the genuine and valuable article.

### Working Boys Home.

THE resignation of Rev. Fr. Roche from the institution he made so famous will leave a void which will not be easy to fill. The community will greatly miss him, and the many boys he so lovingly watched over and cared for will feel that they have been parted from a loving father. May the much needed rest which he will take, restore to him his health and enable him to labor in Boston again among his numerous friends and admirers.

### Parnell.

MR. PARNELL said cheerfully to a correspondent of the Boston Daily Globe: "My health has been steadily improving since the rising of Parliament. There is no truth whatever in the stories concerning it to which you allude. In fact, there was never anything the matter with me except general disturbance of the system arising from a chill to the liver, contracted last autumn twelve months, which renders me still rather delicate and requires great care and attention in living and dietary. But no permanent effect or organic injury is at all likely to result."

The correspondent continues: On the way back to the railway station I asked Davitt what he considered the most prominent of Parnell's characteristics. "Steadfastness," was the immediate answer. "When he makes up his mind to do a thing, it would be as easy to break his determination as it would be to stick a needle under a ledge in California and turn the Rocky Mountains over with it."

The relations between Davitt and Parnell are most cordial and friendly. There is none of the rivalry that the London press pictures so graphically, though Davitt is a very strong man here.

The correspondent further inquired: "Is any pronounced change in the Irish policy of last session contemplated?"

"I think it would be prudent for the Irish members to facilitate public business in Parliament, for the reasons which I have just given. It is of all importance that the government should be allowed to get to their proposed English legislation quickly. If they are in earnest in pushing forward reforms of Parliamentary procedure, I would also assist them in that, since no party is more interested in real reform of procedure calculated to make the passage of beneficial enactments easy and quick than the Irish party, for in a few years, at the outside, a reform of procedure will be earnestly wanted to save an Irish home government bill from Tory obstruction. It would be, in my judgment, a great mistake on our part to give the Tories an opportunity of raising a cry of obstruction against us in the coming session."

THE British Parliament met on the 9th of February.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Office of the Catholic World, N. Y.*

THE CHURCH AND THE AGE: An Exposition of the Catholic Church in view of the Needs and Aspirations of the present Age. By Very Rev. I. T. Hecker. Price 1.25.

This is a book that should be read by all; those within the Church and those outside of it. It is by the great Father Hecker. The following are the contents: The Church in View of the Needs of the Age; Relation of Church and State in America; Cardinal Gibbons and American Institutions; Catholicity and the Italian People; The Church and France; St. Catherine of Genoa; Catholicity and the Tendencies of the Age; The Experiment of Protestantism; Protestantism vs. the Church; The Spiritual World and the Rule of Faith; Unitarianism and the Fatherhead of God; The Transcendental Movement of New England.

*Ticknor & Co., Boston.*

IRELAND'S CAUSE IN ENGLAND'S PARLIAMENT. By Justin McCarthy, M. P. With Preface by John Boyle O'Reilly. Price, in paper, 35 cts. Cloth binding, 50 cts.

Contents: What is Ireland's Cause; How Ireland Lost Her Parliament; Ireland will not have the Union; Obstruction; The Change of Leadership; What Came of Obstruction; The Protestant Minority; The Making of the Nation. The preface by Boyle O'Reilly is brief and to the point. As for the context, Mr. McCarthy is so well known at home and abroad, that what he says will be read with avidity.

*D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.*

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for the year of Our Lord, 1888; with full Official Reports of all Dioceses, Vicariates, Prefectures, &c., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England Scotland, and Australia, the Hierachy in Germany and Austria-Hungary. Fifty-sixth annual publication. The only Official Directory. Price, in paper cover, 1.25; bound in cloth, 1.50.

The information contained in this Annual is invaluable in every family. Everything relating to the Church can be found.

A SCORE OF SONGS. Helena Theresa Goe smann.

As a sample of the poems, we give one of them in our Juvenile Department.

HINTS ON THE STUDY OF THE SACRED BOOKS. By Marion-Marie Snell. With introduction by A. J. Faust, Ph. D. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. Price 50 cts.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY FOR THE COLORED MISSIONS.

This little pamphlet gives the Prospectus; Where the Negro Lives; What the Negroes believe; Need of Missionaries; What is thought of St. Joseph's Seminary and its Claims; Candidates for the Colored Mission; Rules of Admission; Principal Rules of St. Joseph's Society; What are our duties toward the Negroes? St. Joseph's Seminary and Society; Benefits of Membership; Where is St. Joseph's Seminary? Persons desiring to know all about the above subjects, can procure this little pamphlet by addressing Rev. John R. Slattery, Baltimore, Md.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE: A Record of Missions Among the Colored People of the United States, etc., issued quarterly, and noting Missionary Labors in Foreign Lands. Thirty-two large pages. Only $1 for two years. Address 401 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md. This is a Christmas and Golden Jubilee number, and is profusely illustrated. This issue alone is worth a dollar. Send the money in honor of St. Joseph.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for 1888, edited by Mr. J. A. Lyons, a Professor of the Notre Dame University, is a complete Catholic almanac as to calendar, feasts, fasts of the Church, etc.; and, besides, has seventy pages of poetry and prose diversified, and partaking of the literary excellence always to be found in any work from the Notre Dame press. The price is only twenty-five cents.

JUST published, "The Martyrs of Corea;" a religious drama, by Rev. Antonio Isoleri; suitable for our Catholic colleges, seminaries, and dramatic societies. Published for the benefit of the New Italian Church of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, Marriott Street, near Seventh, Philadelphia, where it may be purchased. Price, 25 cents, single copy, or $2.00 per dozen.

ALL the above books are for sale by Messrs. Noonan & Co.

### MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co.*

*Vocal:* "Bolero," Song for Contralto, words by Paul Heyse, music by Felix Semm. "Remember Now Thy Creator," Male Quartette, by M. L. Eaton. "Glory, Honor, Praise, and Power," Motet, by Mozart. "The Young Man who Used to Live Over the Way," Song, by Joseph Galvar, "Occlemena," Song, by C. A. White. "Misunderstood," Song, by Stella Kellogg Harris. "I Forget," Song, by Felix McGlynnon. "The Vagabond," Song, by J. L. Molloy. "Till We Meet Again,"

Song, words by W. H. Putnam, music by E. H. Bailey. "Easter Hymn," by L. Lambillotte. "Easter Oratorio," by same author. "Tantum Ergo," by John H. Wilcox. "Tantum Ergo," by C. C. Stearns. "Tantum Ergo," by L. Lambillotte, all these compositions belonging to "White, Smith & Co's Catholic Music First Series," a fine collection issued in attractive style.

*Instrumental:* "Pluie d'Or," Valse by E. Waldteufel. "A Summer Greeting," by Eben H. Bailey. "Evade," Morceau Brilliante, by Thomas E. Rhodes. "March," by J. Rumnel. "Big Chinaman Quadrille," by C A. White. "On The Alps," theme with variations by C. E. Helm. "La Paloma," arranged for four hands, by B. M. Davison. "Valse Styrienne," by J. Rumnel. "March from Lohengrin," by Richard Wagner. "Honey Moon Waltzes," by Emile Waldteufel.

*Books:* The Champion Songster of 54 of the most Popular Songs ever published, words and music.

The Folio for February. A very interesting number of this popular journal.

## O'Reilly's New Book.

THE most piquant literary sensation of the season will be the appearance of Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's papers on boxing and other athletic exercises. Mr. O'Reilly is a practical, as well as a theoretical authority on such matters, and his book will contain, besides the chapters on boxing, a long and practical treatise on training, and exercise for daily life. He has also added a curious and interesting paper on ancient Irish games and athletics, which contains, also, new and valuable historical and antiquarian matter. Mr. O'Reilly's canoeing papers fitly complete a unique and and fascinating volume. The title of the book is "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport." It is fuily illustrated, and (by special permission) an engraving of Donoghue's "Statue of the Boxer," (the idealization of John L. Sullivan), forms the frontispiece. The book will be published by Ticknor & Co., in March.

## How to Cure a Cold.

MARK TWAIN, in his peculiar vein of humor, has said many funny things illustrative of the "hobbies" of mankind; but none of them surpass his story of how he treated a cold.

Every friend he met for weeks, had a "sure cure" to suggest, until finally the cold wore itself out, and, as usual, the last remedy used got the credit for the cure.

Experimenting with a severe cold however—now trying this remedy and then that, is dangerous business; for, like lightning, one can never tell where a cold may strike or finally settle. It may locate in the head and cause severe nasal catarrh; it may locate in the throat or large bronchial tubes, causing sore throat, laryngitis, bronchitis, and consumption; it may locate in the pleura, producing dangerous pleuro-pneumonia; it may locate in the muscles, causing pains and aches only equalled by rheumatism, or it may locate in the small bronchial tubes or air-cells of the lungs, causing lobar pneumonia, the most to be dreaded of all results from a cold.

There is a right way to do everything, so there is a rational treatment for a cold, which must be cured promptly. The first result from a cold is the retardation of every secretive function in the body. Skin, lungs, kidney and bowels, severally, or all are affected. Therefore, the first thing to be done is to restore the functions of these organs. Because of its effect upon the skin, the old-fashioned "rum sweat" was an excellent method to restore the action of the pores of the skin. But it is a dangerous method to use, because so few people are willing to confine themselves to the house long enough to recover; and to expose one's self immediately after a sweat or warm bath, is risking your life.

In treating a cold among our active New England people, some method must be used that will admit of a person attending to their daily labor as usual.

Among such people, probably more colds, more cases of catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, cough, and hoarseness, have been cured by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment than any other remedy known. The large circular wrapper around each bottle, contains simple and plain directions for treating and curing all these complaints. The proprietors, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., will send to any address, free, a valuable pamphlet on the subject. Or for 35 cents, they will send one bottle of Johnson's Liniment. Six bottles for $2.00, express paid to any express office.

THE Venerable Father Louis Neyron, C.S.C., whose death occurring recently at Notre Dame University, Indiana, was mentioned in these columns, had a most remarkable career. He was a surgeon in the French Army at the Battle of Waterloo, taken prisoner, sentenced to be shot, pardoned, and escaped. Afterwards he studied for the priesthood, coming to this country with the late Bishop Brute of Vincennes. For years past he has taught anatomy at Notre Dame, and did so up to Christmas week. He was ninety-seven years of age.

SIXTEEN youths of Dromore have been sentenced to imprisonment for one week, with hard labor, for lighting bonfires, to celebrate the release of William O'Brien.

It is so seldom that cases of financial trouble occur to any extent in our Catholic community, that the occurrence which has occupied the attention of the community for the past week has caused a great deal of criticism. It may be well to say, that cases of this kind never lose anything by repeating, and that as "charity covers a multitude of sins," the more charity we have for any of our unfortunate brethren, the more God will look upon our own faults with leniency. "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone."

## REGULATIONS FOR LENT IN

### The Archdiocese of Boston.

1. All the days of Lent, which begins on the 15th of February, except Sundays, are fast days of obligation.

2. By an indult of the Holy See, granted Aug. 3, 1887, for ten years, the use of flesh meat is allowed, once a day only, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays—the second and last Saturdays ex epted. The use of meat on Sundays is not limited as to the number of times.

3. Besides lard, the fat rendered from any kind of meat may be used in preparing food on any day in Lent. This dispensation is also extended to the days of abstinence and fast days throughout the year.

4. At the evening collation, on account of long-existing custom, the Church tolerates the use of eggs, butter, cheese and milk.

5. The use of flesh meat and fish at the same meal is not allowed.

6. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: All under twenty-one years of age, and those of advanced age; the sick; those who cannot fast without grave injury to their health; women during pregnancy, or while nursing infants; and all those whose duties are of a very laborious or exhausting nature. Persons who are thus exempt from fasting may use flesh meat more than once on the days when it is allowed once only to those who are bound to fast; but they must abstain on Wednesdays, Fridays, and the second and last Saturdays, except in cases of sickness or the like.

During the holy season of Lent, which begins this year on Feb. 15, it is the Archbishop's desire that some special devotions, such as the Way of the Cross, or the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with an occasional sermon, should be provided for the faithful. Every means should be used to remind them that it is a time of penance and prayer, and that unless the heart is free from sin and the soul sanctified by the worthy reception of the Sacraments, it will profit them little to keep the fast of Lent.

By order of the Most Reverend Archbishop,

R. Neagle, *Chancellor and Secretary.*

### What a Unitarian Paper Says of Fulton.

The Boston Christian Review (Catholic Review): "We confess to our Catholic contemporary the deep sense of humiliation which Mr. Fulton's course awakens. We assure it that his blatant sensationalism, his arrant bigotry and his coarse attacks upon the Little Sisters of the Poor are as thoroughly distasteful to a very large number of Protestants as they can be to Catholics. Indeed there is no disgrace which Mr. Fulton can inflict upon Catholicism which is quite so bad as that which Protestantism must suffer from his advocacy."

### Opening of Parliament.

It was an anxious Parliament that opened on the 9th of February—the beginning of a long and fierce battle on the eternal Irish question, which may end in a change of ministry. The Queen's address, as the speech from the throne, declares that the government's policy in putting the Irish leaders in prison has proved eminently satisfactory, and no doubt Salisbury will continue it to show that he is master of the situation. This means fight. Before parliament opened the traditional official inspection of vaults was made to see if, by any possibility, dynamite had been stored there during the recess. The police precautions this session are more vigorous than ever.

### Death of Stephen J. Meany.

We regret to record the death of our old friend, at Waterbury, Conn., where he was employed as editor of the Evening Democrat of that place. Mr. Meany was born in the county Clare in 1825. He spent his life in the cause of Ireland, as journalist, author, and speaker. He made some seventy voyages across the Atlantic, mostly in the cause of Ireland. The old land had few nobler advocates.

### An Aged English Poetess.

DURING the days of the Pope's Jubilee many eminent persons were presented to His Holiness. Among them Mrs. Mary Howitt, whose death occurred recently, had one of the tiniest figures and one of the sweetest faces imaginable. She had lived at Rome for some time, and was converted to Roman Catholicism several years ago. She never was presented to the Pope, however, until the present year, when she expressed a great wish to see him during the year of his jubilee. The audience was arranged, but a friend suggested to Mrs. Howitt's daughter that it would be enormously difficult for her to reach the Pope's apartment, for His Holiness lives very high up. This was mentioned at the Vatican, and when the aged lady arrived there she was conveyed at once to the Pope's own private lift. On reaching the landing she was met by no less a personage than the Duke of Norfolk, who gave her his arm to lead her into the Pope's presence, and assisted her to kneel down with a kind and almost filial care. Leo XIII.'s reception of Mrs. Howitt was most kind, and, when the venerable lady took leave, he said to her, gently: "We shall meet again soon—in Paradise."

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### Holy Name Societies.

THERE are attached to nearly all our churches confraternities of the Holy Name. The festival occurs on the 15th of January and is yearly observed on that day. For the first time the Catholic Society publicly observed the day at the Vesper service.

There were delegates from various sister societies present. The church was crowded to the doors and there was a large representation of the clergy, including His Grace Archbishop Williams. Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of East Boston, preached the sermon, taking his text from Luke xxix. 21: "They called his name Jesus." We give a brief outline of the discourse:

"We have assembled to-day to offer our gratitude and love to him who bears the sacred and adorable name of Jesus. That name is of divine origin; a name which the Eternal Father selected for his son. His mission was to save us from our sins. We should, therefore, see the meaning, the significance, the grandeur of the holy name of Jesus. We should also understand with what veneration we should speak his name. The very name of Jesus proclaims his boundless charity, and so demands of us our greatest love. The very name of Jesus proclaims the all-sufficient mediation which he has affected for us with our God, and so demands our utmost confidence and respect. This great feast of the Holy Name was asked for by the Franciscans of Clement VII. He granted his permission, and later it was ordered that it should be observed on this day. Is it not sad to hear this sacred name profaned on all sides in the days in which we live? Blasphemy and curses are hurled forth from the lips of men, His creatures, almost without regard. Our very blood chills when we think of the sacrilegious manner in which this holy name is profaned. Do we stop to consider that the very tongue with which we blaspheme was given us as one of the richest of His manifold blessings? Well is it that this society was founded that we may proclaim His honor and His dignity; that we may remember and teach the boundless charity He has exercised towards us. Let us, whenever we hear the name of Jesus, bow our heads in veneration; whenever we hear this holy name let us meditate upon how much we owe Him who bears it; and when our grasp on earth is slipping, let us call with our whole hearts on the sacred name of Jesus, that we may enter into the joys of the kingdom everlasting."

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### Our Holy Father True to Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP MACEVILLY, at the opening of the annual retreat in the Tuam Cathedral, Feb. 7, declared that he had authority to deny the rumors that the Pope is opposed to the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people. Never, he said, had a fouler calumny been invented. Not in Ireland, nor in the world, was there a heart that beat with more friendship for the Irish than did Pope Leo's. The high position of His Holiness imposed reserve, but he had never turned against Ireland.

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O'CONNELL made the champion Irish Protection speech when he declared, in 1834, referring to the decline of Irish manufactures since the Union, that "England made Ireland pay for the knife with which Castlereagh cut his throat!"

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"We never ask a gentleman for money," said the proprietor of a certain paper to a friend. "Indeed! How then do you manage when they don't pay?"—"Why, then, after a certain time, we conclude he is not a gentleman and ask him."

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIX. BOSTON, APRIL, 1888. No. 4.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## Irish Books and German Scholars.

TWICE within historical times the Irishman and German have met: once, in the heart of Europe, in the rich valleys of the Teutonic Fatherland; and again, on the virgin plains of this new American continent. The first meeting was fraught with great consequences to European civilization, as the second very likely shall be to American progress. As the Irishman took a hand in the making of Germany in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries of our Era, so the German is now acting a part in the process of creating an Irish nation. The Irish monks, missionaries, and scholars, who brought Christianity, learning, and the rudiments of music and what we call "art" to the Teuton, acted on the Germanic races, as yeast does on dough, or as a natural does on an artificial magnet. It seems as if Ireland imparted too much of her magnetic force, so to speak, to Germany, and kept none for herself. Anyhow, it has come to pass, that while the children of Germany in our times surpass all mankind in the arts of peace and war, especially in economic industry, scholarship, the fine arts, and military science, the Irish, a more highly gifted race, on the whole, are the most unfortunate, miserable, and backward of civilized peoples. During the last two hundred years, Germany has made her greatest progress and done her greatest work. During these same two centuries Ireland has been going continually to destruction. When we come to search for the reasons, after making due and full allowances for circumstances, we must admit that the difference of character accounts for the difference of fortune. The Irish made the worst possible use of their great gifts as far as success in this life is concerned, and the Germans made the best of theirs. The history of Ireland is one weary record of the loss of everything but religion,— and there are signs that that is going to follow the rest,— loss of land, of language, of literature, of art, and latterly, of historical self-respect. This is a very severe charge, but a very just one. To fully understand how true this estimate is, look at the present condition of Ireland. She is commencing the last of a decade of successive

famine years. The noblest and ablest men of the nation are in jail, while the country is governed by a mean but exhausting despotism. There is no industry in the land so adapted by nature for industry and commerce; there is no scholarship where there is so much natural talent and so much leisure. Add to this, that the emigrants to this and other countries are so poorly prepared for commencing life in strange lands and under new conditions, that very many of them end in failure. This is due to pure negligence and inexcusable sloth on the part of those who should train and teach the people, and who are very well paid for so doing. The great native talents for the fine arts and music are utterly neglected, whereas they could be easily cultivated by a little care and no very great expense.

Now when a people with the finest mental and physical qualities, and in the noblest land in the world, have come to such a condition, they must have been lacking in something. Yes, they lacked most notoriously the valuable civic virtue of plain, practical wisdom, by some called common-sense.

It is time however to say something about "Irish Books and German scholars," and so avoid further comparisons, which are proverbially odious. It is generally known by all who have heard St. Patrick's Day sermons or speeches, that Ireland *was* once a nation of saints and scholars, and it might be added of contemporaneous thieves and cut-throats, called kings and chiefs, who, in the long run, destroyed most of the work of the saints and scholars. A look through the volumes of Gilbert's Fac-similes of the National MSS. of Ireland, will convince any one, that as far as handwriting and the illumination and ornamental illustration of books went, the old Irish are without rivals. Nine hundred years elapsed between the writing of the *Book of Kells* in Latin and the *Book of Ballymote* in Gaelic, and I don't think anything to equal the script in either of them was ever written, except by an Irishman in some other Irish books. In his own peculiar and most intricate sculpture, the ancient Irishman stands preëminent, while for excellence in gold and silversmith's work, he never has been equalled, not even by the Sicilian Greeks nor the modern Italians. This is the testimony of an English writer, and proof of the statement can be witnessed in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Atkinson says old Irish poetry is the most harmonious combination of sound in the world's literature; but the real old Irish poetry is in prose form — a most brilliant ornate and splendid prose, far more capacious and facile than any metrical style. Of this ancient Irish literature there are about one million octavo pages extant, that is, if the contents of the already printed books and unpublished and fac-similed MSS. were printed in octavo volumes. The subjects treated in this vast treasury of literature are very various. History, local and general, homiletic literature, translations from Greek, Latin, the Romanee and English languages, works on medicine, grammar, geography and astronomy, books of travel and adventure, books of proverbs and practical wisdom, vast legal treatises, and folk-lore, romance and epic literature, to the heart's content of the comparative mythologist. A pecularity of Gaelic literature

is the many and valuable glossarial tracts, and glosses on old words with which it abounds, which are most valuable to the philologist.

Much of this old literature is interesting, and some of it of real present importance. The Irish systems of holding land in common, of fosterage, of providing for widows and orphans, and of forcing the lazy to work for their living, are worth knowing. The Irish also had a school communism,—a workable and satisfactory plan of giving free teaching, free books, and free clothes, food, and lodging to the poor and to aliens. This is no fable, nor was it a happy accident sort of thing, but a real legalized system of education, provided for by the taxation of the people. To such of the great old Irish families as have any historical self-respect left, the ancient Gaelic Annals must be full of interest. Of course, the literature of a nation of missionaries must contain much of Church history and ritualistic material, as it really does. That old Irish literature is important and valuable to the historian, philologer, and legislator, there is no doubt; it is also a mine of undisguised Old World Celtic human nature, and as such should be sought by poet and romancer.

Now in this age of intellectual activity the strange thing is, that among the people who possess this literature in the heaps of MSS. in their libraries and museums, and of whom a considerable number still speak the language, nothing is being done to learn it themselves, and teach its wisdom to the world. To the question why this is so, I must give the brief reply, because of sloth. It may be well, however, to give a more detailed account of this awful intellectual death trance. About the time that a new constellation flashed through the skies in the shape of the starry flag of American freedom, the Catholics of Ireland began to see dawning light after the terrible night of the Penal Laws. They, multiplied apace and commenced to grow powerful, proud, and prosperous, and once more to give promise of a great Irish nation. They, as a body, spoke the Irish language, and needed nothing only to have Irish books printed, and Irish schools opened. If this were done, they would soon become as Irish as they were in the time of King Nial. The English politicians took in the situation at a glance. To keep Ireland from becoming once and forever an Irish nation the Irish language must be killed, and the English substituted among the Irish Catholics.

The French Revolution, that broke out about this time, shut the colleges of Continental Europe against Irish clerical students; besides, many of these institutions were catching the taint of Voltaire's infidelity. The bishops and Catholic leaders wanted a college at home, which the British government were most willing to give, and to endow it liberally for a consideration — that the bishops and Catholic leaders should destroy the ancient language of Ireland from among the people, and aid and assist the aforesaid British government in ruling Ireland — all of which was fully accomplished. This happened five or six years before the sale of the Irish Parliament in 1800. When the soul leaves a body they call it death; after a few days the body is buried. Only the corpse of the Irish nation was rendered up to the enemy in 1800, the soul had departed five years previous. It is only now we see the

full effects of that unfortunate barter. The bishops and clergy and Catholic leaders could have taken the education of the people into their own hands after the relaxation of the Penal Laws. If the people were educated in their own natural speech, and in that literature which was the outgrowth of the national genius and character, they would have produced a wonderful modern Catholic literature, combining the wide research and accurate scholarship of this age with the religious fervor of the ancient Ceile De. The influence of such a people as the Irish, fully trained in a literature, art, and music that fitted them like their skins, would be something not easy to conceive in this materialistic heathenish civilization of ours.

To take in hand the education of the people in the manner described, would require great labor, perseverance, and the sacrifice of much creature comfort, on the part of the ecclesiastics and lay leaders of the Catholics; on the other hand, the English government was ready to attend to the education of the people after its own fashion, and to that of the clergy as well, as far as it suited government interests. Then the English offered to let the clergy have the best time they could without fear of annoyance from civil authority. It should be remembered as an excusing reason that these prelates were educated in foreign countries, where the Religious were very subservient to kingly power; so they took their comforts and their government-pensioned college, let the English have their way, and let the language, traditions, literature, and national spirit of the Island of saints and sages go to the North Pole. This compromise ushered in a strange and shameful era in Irish history, that has only come to an end in our own day, and that the Tory government, the hereditary foe of Irish Catholics, is trying to have Rome renew. No power in the world can ever renew that ill-omened alliance, and it did evil sufficient in its day. One of its effects is the present indifference of Irishmen to the ancient learning of their nation.

The old Irish literature, however, is not uncultivated in our days of marvellous intellectual activity. Germany,—patient, laborious, deep-thinking Germany,—has taken the old Gaelic into her universities of victorious scholars. The first German scholar that made a study of Celtic, the glorious John Caspar Zeuss accomplished singled-handed the greatest enterprise of philology, the huge Grammatica Celtica. With the publication of Zeuss' work, in 1853, Germany began to study Irish. Since then she can boast of Zeuss himself, Ebel, Windisch, and Zimmer, stars of the first magnitude in the scholastic heavens, with scores of other able scholars and hundreds of pupils. In fact, the only good teaching of Irish done in Ireland in our generation has been by Profs. Siegfried and Geissler, while Zimmer went over and travelled Connaught and Munster to learn the vernacular of the people. What these great scholars have done in thirty years is truly wonderful. They have compiled two excellent grammars, and have edited, translated, and published several tracts, with accompanying glossaries, in which every word in the text is explained. They have collected, translated, explained, and published every word of Gaelic found in the MSS. of German libraries. They have corrected texts, amended readings, and discovered the laws

of Irish prosody as well as etymology. In the departments of scholarship, the German exercises the same qualities of labor, patience, and judgment, that have made him what he is in war and industry. The master's work is taken up by the pupil; and, like a sacred heirloom, or precious legacy, is carried on by successive generations, until it is accomplished forever. Thus, Ebel took up the work of Zeuss; when it fell from his hands, it was taken up by Windisch, Zimmer, and Thurneysen,— all worthy inheritors of the great master's laurels. Every day as the number of Celtic scholars in Germany increases, the field of labor is widening. They flock to Dublin and London to read the old MSS. and compare texts, and various copies; they also go among the people in Ireland and Scotland to pick up and note the tricks of idiom and peculiarities of pronunciation. These scholars are not rich,— they take their vacations in this way. They also most industriously collect Irish folk-lore, once so rich, but now, like everything else in Ireland, fast galloping to extinction. It is now assured that the Germans will not cease until they have fully mastered the secret of the old Celtic, and given it to the world. They love it for the sake of its beauty,— this sun-bright, spiritual Gaelic; and some day, surely, when they have interpreted, explained, and published the entire body of Irish literature, these noble German scholars will restore to Ireland, the mother of German civilization, the precious treasure, that in the days of her darkness and distress, unworthy children sold for a mess of pottage, and a life of ease and indolence.

If this be not done, all manner of "College Green Parliaments," and "Home Rules," or, "Repeals of the Union," shall be vain efforts to resuscitate an Irish nation. For the last three hundred years, what between attacks from Church and State, from Protestanism and compromise Catholicity, the beautiful, spiritual, joyful existence of the Irish Celt, once so full of the glorious exaltation of song and music, of family affection and love of country, has been reduced to the miserable condition of a galley slave, without music, song, feast, or permanent friendship. The constant aim of the English, as Mr. W. Blunt, now in jail for Ireland, testified, has been to drive the Catholic Irish out of the country. One of their methods of effecting this was to make the country an utterly miserable place to live in; so they killed off the harpers and pipers, wherever they could, and forbade dances and all pleasant assemblies of the people. In 1660, when the Irish were so miserable that their prelates might have allowed them the poor consolation of a good bout of crying at a funeral, and of fun at a wedding, we find provincial councils enacting laws against these time-honored customs. It was not said that these were abuses. The same policy has gone on ever since, until all Ireland is now like a graveyard in time of cholera, or some wretched prison isle in the sorrowful sea. The Irish have in no way become better or more pious by taking their song, music, dance, laughing, and *caoining* from them. They have become in every way the worse of the loss. It may be remarked here, that Irish music has shared the fate of Irish literature. Only a few fragments of it remain,

and the true and ancient method of playing these matchless melodies is now almost lost, and no Irishman has the genius, or will take the trouble of investigating and perpetuating the laws of Irish melody.

JAMES KEEGAN.

St. Louis, *Mo.*

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# Frederick Lucas: A Retrospect.*

## Part I.

On the 22d of Oct., 1855, at Staines, England, there passed away from this life, a valiant champion of the Church militant—Frederick Lucas.

He had fought a gallant fight for God and for Ireland, when few were found, combining ability with the will, to enlist in that uphill struggle. And now it seemed as if the inscrutable Providence of God, had willed that his efforts were to go as naught, and that there was no successor left to whom might devolve the herculean task, so nobly assumed by the indomitable Lucas.

He had fought the good fight under terrible disadvantages, and, to the outward seeming, with little avail. His name is seldom heard now, and those who denounce the London Tablet for its virulent opposition to Irish aspirations, scarcely ever advert to the era of its foundation by Lucas, when it deemed Irish interests and Catholic interests one and indivisible. And justly so.

His name is seldom heard nowadays, and it may seem as if his self-inflicted task, were Quixotic and impracticable, but anything that is commendable in recent English legislation for Ireland, is but the direct development of the lines upon which Lucas based his policy.

And when the day comes which shall witness the final disinthralment of faithful Ireland from the incubus of English Government, none of her unselfish workers shall deserve, and let us trust none shall receive, more grateful and affectionate remembrance than is due to the memory of Frederick Lucas.

In the history of his all-too-brief life, we find a wealth of true manliness, which the present generation of Catholics cannot, with profit or safety, afford to ignore. None worked harder than he to form the Irish representatives into a solid and compact body, which, independent alike of Whig and Tory, would seek the amelioration of Irish wrongs, first, last, and all the time; and though his efforts failed, chiefly because of the terrible abasement peculiar to the Catholic place-hunter of that dismal period, may we not well believe that his spirit rejoices in the unparalleled success achieved in that direction in our own day by Charles Stewart Parnell?

Who was Frederick Lucas, and what did he do? Let the following pages answer this question, and, if their exposition of his life and

* Adapted from life of F. Lucas: Burns and Oates, London and New York, 1886.

works could but come measurably near to the writer's respect, and admiration for the memory of this noblest of noble men, then, would there be little risk of his memory not receiving all the honor so justly due it. But this, alas! is unlikely.

Frederick Lucas, was born of Quaker parentage, at London, in the year 1812, and received his earliest education at school, under the auspices of the Friends. Later on he attended the University College of London, after which he applied himself to the study of law. As a notable illustration of the saying, that all roads lead to Rome, we find that the mind of Lucas was not attracted to the Catholic Church, till, in his twenty-fifth year, his attention was directed to an article in the Quarterly Review, on the subject of Cathedral Establishments; and, following the road thereby indicated to him, he entered the Church in 1839, and never faltered in his unwavering fidelity to Catholic Doctrine. "He was a devout Christian, one who, amidst the turmoil of a very busy life, practised the duties of his religion with rigid exactness. . . . His charity was very remarkable."

In 1840, he started the Tablet, to advocate the claims of the Catholic body in the British Isles, and few, I think, will be bold enough to question the crying need of such an organ as it became in the hands of Lucas. He was essentially a man of truth and honor, hence, we are not surprised that, although he had friends in plenty, his enemies were quite numerous, and naturally so. To the miserable *genus* of Catholic who thinks his religion good enough for the oratory, while in the world he does like unto the world, the plain speaking of Lucas, and his consistent, manly conduct, must have been terribly disconcerting.

Not parading it ostentatiously, and not striving to dilute it down to that point where it is scarcely distinguishable from Protestantism, the unaffected Catholicity of this zealous recruit could not fail to be a burning reproach to that class of Catholics, who, in our own day, are well described by United Ireland as saying (in effect) to John Bull, "Only give us leave to call ourselves Catholics, and we will be as Protestant as you please."

Lucas, while vehemently denouncing the policy of this wretched class of people, bore them no ill-will. He deeply regretted their malign influence, which paralyzed all effective action on the part of the grievously oppressed Catholic body in Great Britain and Ireland. "Having no personal ends to serve, he feared not the frowns of the great, and courted their smiles only so far as they themselves might be instrumental in furthering the interests of the Church, of justice, of the poor. . . . To the religious test he brought all questions of politics, of statemanship; . . . all questions of right and duty in the various conditions of public life. This was his peculiarity. Others are as high principled as he in private affairs."

The brief space at our disposal necessitates a rapid flight over many important topics which require to be read in the original to be fitly appreciated.

The biographer's sarcastic description of the political apathy of Catholics in those days would be amusing, were the fact commented

on less deplorable. "The Whig government was never to be embarrassed. The urging of the claims on which depended the salvation of the souls of paupers, criminals, soldiers, and sailors, was always to be conducted as if such salvation were of less importance than the convenience of the whig ministry. Had the stake at issue been less serious, the attitude would appear grotesque."

It is characteristic of his sterling honesty, that, although he had in the early days of the Tablet shown himself opposed to the demand for repeal, yet, when in 1843, he visited Ireland his opinions were revolutionized, and his retractation and apology for having even conditionally favored such an enormous injustice were enunciated with his accustomed vigor. And none were more outspoken than he, in denouncing the atrocities of the "hideous hellish thing which calls itself the government of Ireland." A little later on commenting on the efforts of the government to transform the Repeal movement into an insurrection which could be drowned in blood, he wrote in prophetic language which seems directly applicable to that wretched "minister" of our own days, Balfour — whose brutality and baseness are only equalled by his bloodguiltiness.

"Without provocation there will be no civil war; and if civil war is provoked and forced upon Ireland, we hope to live to see the day when the 'Minister of Massacres,' whoever he may be, from whose cowardly ferocity such a war alone can proceed, shall expiate his crimes upon a scaffold."

Where could we find a gibbet high enough for the ferocious coward whose torture chambers are in Tullamore?

In an article on Ancient and Modern Charity, Lucas, with his trenchant pen, demolishes the canting contention of the would-be dogmatists of the modern times, who, in their wealth of ignorance, babble their parrot-cry, that Christian, as distinguished from State, charity fostered laziness, and set a premium on imposture. In words of undying force, he says: —"We would ask these zealots for the fit distribution of rewards among the poor, whether they imagine the apostolic injunction applies only to the poor? or whether it has ever occurred to them, that it applies to the rich drone, who surfeits in luxury, and passes his hours from the earliest season of infancy to the last mental decrepitude of age, without doing so much as one honest day's work for the wages he receives from the Providence of the Almighty?"

He deserves our thanks, too, for his acknowledgment of what was as true then as now, though its truth was not then so apparent: "THE IRISH CATHOLICS OWE THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS NO POLITICAL GRATITUDE WHATEVER. . . . the coronet must stoop to the frieze, the English peer is debtor to the Irish peasant."

The trials and struggles of the Tablet were many and difficult. The outspoken consistency of Lucas were continually drawing down upon his devoted head, the ire of the go-as-you-please Catholics, who were so pestered by his uncompromising adherence to Catholic thought and traditions. Thus, when, in 1843, he placed at the head of his leading

columns an image of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Infant, with the motto:

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God."

One of his subscribers thought that devotion to the Blessed Virgin was quite legitimate in a prayer book, but in a newspaper (which knew no interest but Christianity and justice) it was "all fudge and hypocritical humbug." On the other hand, one priest declared that by so doing, Lucas had placed himself fifty years in advance of English Catholics. But Lucas was not the man to waver. In these days which are better for us, even if we are not better for them, it is scarcely possible to realize the difficulty of his position. The following description of the people by whom he was surrounded harmonizes wonderously well with what we hear of them in these days: — "The English Catholics are models to all the world of *passive* courage. They have borne a great deal of the bitterest persecution, they are in the daily habit of enduring, with the uncomplaining fortitude of martyrs, an unparalleled amount of abuse, insult, and positive injury. But they cannot endure responsibility. They will suffer children in workhouses, soldiers, sailors, the poor, and the prisoner, to be mulched of their dearest rights with the most heroic apathy, but they will never be able to endure the wasting agony of a bold and uncompromising advocacy of the rights of religion. . . ."

In the hubbub raised over this matter we find an unhappy illustration of the narrow, insular spirit, which, despite the lapse of nearly forty years, is not yet exorcised from some very pious Catholics in England. But Lucas smote their sophistries with the mighty sledge-hammer of common-sense; and told the hereditary Catholics what they should have known sooner,— "That it is not the Church that confines holy images to chapels and prayer-books; it is not the spirit of the Church to make a strict line between things eternal and the employment of time; on the contrary, she sets up the cross in every market-place, that men may even chaffer and bargain in the presence of the very agonies which purchased their redemption." And as a parting shot he asks them, ". . . are we to be told that a newspaper, of which holy virgins consecrated to God are neither afraid nor ashamed, is too unhallowed to be stamped with the image of the Mother and her Divine Son?"

His handling of the questions involved in the Tractarian Movement do not, after this lapse of time, call for any particular notice here; neither is it necessary to reproduce his truthful and highly sarcastic comments on the hybrid *Bishop* who was sent to Jerusalem, under a joint commission from the Lutheran Prussians and the usurper of the See of Canterbury.

Now we find the Tablet engaged in another battle for the poor, and denouncing those who would not "suffer little children" to know and serve God. Sir James Graham had introduced a Bill giving to the Anglican Establishment sole control over the education of factory children. "Every master of a school was to be required to teach the Protestant version of the Holy Scripture; no Catholic teacher could give a

certificate unless his school were under government inspection, and even then not to a child of Protestant parents, even though his parents preferred the Catholic school. Anglican teachers were entirely unrestricted by any parallel condition.

This project Lucas vehemently opposed, and denounced as *infernal*. The Protestant Dissenters were, of course, bitterly opposed to the Bill, as, in fact, was every one, except the friends of the Anglican Church; subject to a *fractional* exception, *the Catholic aristocracy favored the bill*. On the first reading the English Catholic members held their peace. William Smith O'Brien, Protestant, M. P. for Limerick, was the only one to speak for the Catholics, and at the second reading Mr. Ewart, an English Protestant, stated the Catholic case; that by the bill their children "were almost excluded from education, and, therefore, from work." But Lord Arundel and Surrey declared that "as a Catholic" he held that while there was a Church Establishment it should be Supreme in Educational matters. This is the sensitive Catholicity, which would put Archbishop Croke on trial before a Cockney jury for advising the Irish peasant to feed and clothe his children before paying an unreasonable rent. The Tablet denounced this desertion of the poor Catholics. The description of the English Catholic members was most felicitous. "He could not conceive of what possible use, in the order of Providence, such creatures might be, and what might be their 'final cause' in the order of animate or inanimate nature, unless it was to be kicked by the other professors of 'our common Christianity'." One would almost imagine that he was rebuking the Irish whigs who so recently vituperated our own gallant Biggar for not being "a gentleman first, and a patriot afterwards," or that he had in view the present DeLisle, M. P., who, ensconced under the wing of Orange Saunderson, snarls at the Irish party, like a puppy behind an area railing.

In the days when Society has come to be regarded as a sort of fetich, and when every person seems to lose his individuality under the centralizing tendency of the age, it is wholesome to recall the manner in which the Tablet regarded good society. "Good society owes us no gratitude, and we owe it no allegiance. On the contrary, we regard it as a corrupt heap of religious indifference, of half-faith, of cowardice, of selfishness, of unmanly impotence. . . ." The vigorous opposition of the Tablet to this *infernal* bill, stimulated the enthusiasm of the clergy, and the middle class of Catholics. Petitions in abundance were forwarded to Parliament, and finally the Dissenting opposition was too strong for the government, who withdrew the educational clauses of the bill.

During this controversy, one of the English Catholic members wrote to the Tablet that "he had the highest spiritual authority to be procured in England that the use of the Protestant Bible, as a reading lesson, need not be condemned." Lucas was quickly able to correct this misapprehension, and so it again befell him to defend Catholic practice against Catholics.

Scarcely was this question laid aside, when a certain Mr. Jerning-

ham published a pamphlet advocating less stringent rules for Catholics in regard to mixed marriages. The Tablet opposed this editorially, and saw in it another instance of the determination of "a large class among us to de-Catholicize Catholics" and he concluded by saying: "God pardon us if we ever give quarter to such abominable enterprises."

J. W. O'RYAN.

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# A Wonderful Man: Dom Bosco.

THIS wonderful man, the illustrious and venerable founder of the Salesian Order, during a visit to Rome some years ago, was recently interviewed by a reporter. The result is worthy a place in our MAGAZINE.

The visitor began by owning the curiosity he felt to know by what means Dom Bosco had been able to succeed in founding one hundred and sixty establishments in various and remote countries — France, Spain, Italy, South America, Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. The priest replied:

"I have indeed been successful in my projects beyond all hope; but if you ask me as to the way, I must answer that I do not know it myself, but that I have attempted the following explanation. The Church and especially the present generations of Christians have been particularly consecrated to the Holy Virgin by the Sovereign Pontiff. That Holy Virgin knows the necessities of our time, and she inspires those who are zealous for her name to contribute by their alms and gifts to the furtherance of the most indispensable of all works — that of education. I should never come to an end if I began to tell you how many proofs I have of this singular patronage. At the time our Church was building here in Rome, I happened to be at Turin. There I got a letter saying that my brothers wanted twenty thousand francs for the works, absolutely and imperatively within eight days. I had no money just then, and I was puzzled how to answer my correspondent. An idea struck me. I hid the letter down by my holy-water stoup. I sent up an ardent prayer to the Holy Virgin, and I went to bed leaving the matter in her hands. Next day came a letter from a person quite unknown to me, a letter of which this is about the substance: 'I had made a vow to the Blessed Virgin to offer twenty thousand francs to a work of charity, if she should grant me a special favor. That favor having been accorded, I place this sum at your disposal for one or other of your undertakings.'

"Another time, when I was staying in France, with one of my friends, I received notice that one of my institutions was at the point of breaking down and going altogether to ruin, for lack of seventy thousand francs. I was deeply moved by the news, all the more as it was then materially impossible for me to prevent this fatal failure; but I had recourse to prayer again. Towards ten o'clock that night I was thinking of bed when a knocking came at my door. I opened it. My host came in, holding in his hand a roll of papers, and saying, 'My

dear Dom Bosco, a long time ago I made my will, leaving a certain sum for your institutions. Now the thought has struck me to-day that it would be as well not to wait for death before I do good. So I have brought you the money. It is seventy thousand francs.' You can imagine my surprise. I showed him the letter which had troubled me so much, and he thought the coincidence had something of the miraculous about it."

The interviewer took the opportunity of insinuating a suggestion as to miracles of other kinds, but Dom Bosco evaded a direct answer. To a question as to the Father's system of education, the reply was frank:

"My system is simple enough. I leave to the children the liberty of doing what they best love to do. The great thing is to find the germs of good intentions and fair abilities, and to work at their development. As everyone likes doing what he does well, or knows he can do, and that alone, I apply my principle strictly to all; and my pupils all get to their studies not only with industry but with love and delight. I have been a teacher for forty-four years, and I have never inflicted a single punishment. Yes, I dare to take a pride in saying it—my pupils do love me dearly.

"As to the spread of my missions to remote places, that work was done by slow degrees. We progressed by moving on, as we were called, from one station to the next. My Fathers have, as it were, discovered Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. These are populous and rich countries; and there we have already baptized fifteen thousand savages. Everywhere affection and love surround and follow us, and the Argentine government gives us energetic protection. Soon these countries, which have a surface as large as that of Europe, will possess an Apostolic Vicariate."

To a question as to Dom Bosco's opinion on the condition of the Church in Europe, and especially as to her prospects in Italy, the Father replied with a smile:

"I am no prophet. You journalists dabble a little in that sort of thing, and I think I should be inclined to ask you about it. No; no one but God knows the future. Nevertheless, humanly speaking, that future may be a terrible one. A Latin poet once wrote of the uselessness of trying to turn back when one is on the slope of a precipice—one must get to the bottom first. . . . I foresee grave things, but I have no terrors. God will always save His Church, and the Holy Virgin, who visibly watches over the age, will have power to raise up helpers."

### Death of Dom Bosco.

IT is with deepest regret that we have to announce the death of the universally venerated servant of God, Dom Bosco. The accounts of his state of health have lately been so very much more favorable, that the news will come as a shock to the Catholics of all lands, by whom his person, his labors, and those of his spiritual children had long been recognized as one of the purest glories of the Church of these times. The venerable founder of the Salesians was struck by paralysis, and

never recovered consciousness. His death-bed was surrounded by many priests of his Congregation, among whom was Mgr. Cagliero, also of the Salesian Congregation, Vicar Apostolic of Northern Patagonia. Dom Bosco expired, after an agony of thirty-two hours, at the age of seventy-one. We can hardly add, "May he rest in peace," so general is the reputation of his sanctity.

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# The Catacombs.

## II.

IT would appear at first sight as if little of interest or importance could be added to the sum of human knowledge by researches among the multitude of tombs in the Roman catacombs. Nevertheless, out of the silence of these subterranean recesses, voices are speaking to us in tones tremulous with tearful regret, calm and unfaltering in the spirit of resignation which they breathe, and aglow with the triumphant expression of Christian faith and hope. Feelings of natural sorrow and affection for the dead find expression in epitaphs and inscriptions which throw considerable light on the mental state of the early Christians; while the mural paintings and bas-reliefs with which many of the tombs are decorated are of great value as an important link in the history of art.

The inscriptions above referred to have been arranged and classified, according to their subject matter, by the untiring industry of De Rossi, and are now to be seen in the museum of the Lateran palace. A few are of great antiquity, one in particular dating back to the year 71, in the reign of the emperor Vespasian. They treat of various subjects; some in the form of prayers offered up for the dead, or recording the date of certain martyrs' death; others illustrating the doctrines of the Church during that early period, or indicating the different grades of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, bishops, priests, deacons, subdeacons, exorcists, acolytes, lectors. In one of his controversial treatises against the Church, Calvin tauntingly asks: "What monument of Christian antiquity makes mention of your exorcists?" Had he been able to combine the insight of a prophet with the self-imposed functions of a reformer, he would hardly have asked the question. One of the inscriptions discovered in the Catacombs is as follows: *Paulus exorcista depositus martyr.*

Though not writing with a polemical purpose, it will not be out of place to set down here the following extract which sums up in general terms the testimony which the paintings and inscriptions of the Catacombs have borne to the nature of the religious belief and practice of the early Christians. Referring the reader for a more detailed answer, accompanied with proofs, to the larger work of De Rossi, the author remarks: "There the reader will find sufficient evidence to convince him of the truth of two main propositions, (1) that the religion of these

Christians was a *sacramental* religion; (2) that it was the reverse of puritanical; that is, that it disdained the use of no external helps which human art or skill could furnish in the effort to symbolize and enforce spiritual truth." *Cath. Dict. Art. Catacombs.* The evidence on which these two propositions rest may be gathered incidentally from what follows in the present series of articles.

Of the inscriptions in the Catacombs the oldest are written in Greek, which up to the third century was the official language of the Church. Among the epitaphs of the Popes which De Rossi has copied in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, one only, that of Pope Cornelius, A. D. 252, is in Latin. At a later period the Latin came to be exclusively used in these mortuary inscriptions. The change, however, would appear to have been only gradually effected; the writers seeming to cling with a sort of lingering affection to the language in which the feelings of their departed brethren had found expression. In some of the inscriptions the Latin words are written in Greek text; in others we find a curious admixture of both languages, as in the following: Julia Claudiane in pace et *ireae.*

Under the empire it was deemed a sign of distinction to be known by a number of names. Accordingly, it was the custom among the pagans to inscribe in full on the tombs the various titles which the deceased bore in life, the rank which he occupied, and the dignities with which he was honored. The Christian epitaphs of the period are in marked contrast to these, being one and all distinguished by a severe simplicity of character. For the most part only one of the names of the deceased is employed, while, written below, such expressions as these are common: Peace be with thee; May thy soul rest with the Lord; Sleep on in Christ. The age of the deceased or the date of his death is seldom recorded. Time being swallowed up in eternity, such "trivial, fond records" may have been regarded as out of place. Death had effaced the accidental distinctions of life; in the grave all met on the same dead level of equality. "Among us Christians," writes Lactantius, "is no difference between rich and poor, slave and freedman. We call each other brethren inasmuch as we believe that all are equal." Not that it was absolutely forbidden to make mention of the calling which the deceased followed in life — the words, "priest," "physician," "freedman," and the like being occasionally found after the name of the occupant of the tomb. It will be noted that some of the inscriptions given above are not merely pious exclamations or expressions of desire, but are also prayers addressed to God in behalf of the deceased. This other inscription written by one of the visitors on the tomb of a martyr indicates a belief in the invocation of saints: Pete pro Phebe et pro virginio ejus: Pray for Phebe and for her husband.

Christian art, in common with all forms of art in every age and country, derived its first inspiration from religion, and may be said to have been cradled in the grave. The tombs of the martyrs being held in high veneration, it was only natural that art should be called into requisition to beautify the abode in which the hallowed relics lay enshrined. Painting and sculpture had, indeed, been pressed into the

service of Paganism, but that was no reason why they should not be employed as handmaids of the true religion. Early Christianity was far from regarding with a puritanical scowl of hatred the gracious human instinct which impelled the living to decorate the last resting-places of the dead.

But Christian art, being only in its infancy, had no pre-existent types to copy after; it must first create the very forms which should serve to body forth its conceptions. Christianity was, in great measure, a proscribed religion, and its disciples shrank, with a natural reserve, from exposing to the public gaze of scoffing and unbelieving Pagans artistic representations of its doctrines or its history. They had recourse, accordingly, to certain symbolical signs which had a definite meaning only for the initiated. Clement, of Alexandria, tells us that the early Christians carried about with them on their persons rings graven with figures of a dove, a fish, a lyre, or an anchor. Representations of these objects are quite common in the Catacombs. But veiled symbols of this kind afforded no adequate scope for the expression of Christian thought and feeling. In the early stage the Christian artist did not hesitate to adopt the forms and methods of contemporary Pagan art, and avail himself of those classic types which, when divested of every thing that savored of immorality or superstition, might serve to typify the purity and winning attractiveness of the new religion.

These borrowed types of classic art were soon discarded. A religion which had a history of its own, doctrines and ceremonies peculiar to itself, and which operated as a great moral force in the mind and heart of the individual was sure, before long, to find modes of artistic expression within itself. The historical events recorded in Sacred Scripture furnished the subjects on which the artists of the Catacombs first exercised their pictorial skill. It is worthy of note how largely these early Christian artists were influenced in the selection and treatment of their subjects by the allegorical mode of interpreting Scriptural events which prevailed among the fathers of the Eastern Church. According to this method of interpretation, while the events recorded in the Old Testament were accepted in their historical sense the details of these narratives were often spiritualized. It should be the aim of the enlightened interpreter to penetrate through the envelope of the literal history to the higher spiritual sense which it involved. The literal meaning was a mere drapery covering broad spiritual truths, and carried us only to the elementary stage of Christian knowledge.

Thus it was that the artists of the Catacombs manifested a special predilection for such subjects as represented, under a veil of symbolism, the chief events in the life of Christ. The sacrifice of Isaac was typical of the death of Christ; the dove with the olive branch, entering the ark was intended to represent the soul which had finished its allotted course through life; the water gushing from the rock which Moses strikes is a type of the regenerating grace of baptism. As is well known, the letters composing the Greek word for 'fish' correspond to the initials of the words in Greek, "Jesus Christ, Saviour, Son of God." Accordingly, the picture of a fish on a table side by side with the con-

secrated bread was intended to represent the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

At a later period the Roman spirit with its firm grasp on the reality of things, its dislike of vague subtleties in which the imagination played too prominent a part, made itself felt in the art of the Catacombs. The allegorical method fell into disuse, and the plain, direct, historical treatment of the subject was employed in preference. The age of historical painting had begun, and we are enabled to note the earliest growth of this branch of the art in a remarkable picture described by De Rossi, which appears to be a representation of a contemporary fact. It represents a figure seated on a throne and clothed in the pretextus, a crown on his head, and addressing, with a grave, menacing look, a young man who stands before him. In the background is another figure likewise crowned, with his hand on his chin, who appears to be turning away with an air of disgust. The scene was common enough in times of persecution — a martyr put to the question. The crowned personage on the throne is, no doubt, the emperor; the young Christian, who stands in a firm but respectful attitude, appears to be making a profession of faith. There is a far-off look in his eyes, as if his mind were occupied with thoughts not of this world. The figure in the back-ground who is about to retire is that of a Pagan priest who has endeavored, in vain, to make the young martyr sacrifice to the gods. This is the first example on record of that style of historical painting which twelve centuries later reached its highest perfection among the masters of Italian art.

In many of the paintings discovered in the Catacombs much of the old classic grace of composition and beauty of drawing still survives, with a lingering tradition of Greek idealization. They range over a long space of time; some, such as those in the cemetery of Domitilla, dating back to the first and second centuries, while others are as late as the ninth. In these last, which are doubtless restorations of older paintings, we find the Byzantine element introduced, and the classic freedom of the ancients replaced by the stiff, conventional, hieratic types peculiar to the Byzantine style of art. If the principal characteristic of the renaissance was the employment of ancient forms to body forth modern ideas the renaissance may be said to have begun in the Catacombs.

Thus far we have written of the Catacombs in general, the appearance which they present to the visitors, and the paintings and inscriptions found within them. The conclusions reached by De Rossi are based on a multitude of facts accumulated with unflagging industry and zeal during a long series of years. To appreciate, at their true value, the results of his labors, it is necessary to understand the method of investigation which he followed in his researches.

A long established tradition pointed to a cemetery bearing the name of St. Calixtus (A. D. 219) as the one which contained the tombs of the Popes of the third century. It was known that this cemetery was situated somewhere on the Appian Way but its exact site was difficult to determine. At the time when De Rossi began his la-

bors a marble slab, dating back to the 16th century was affixed to the entrance of what is now known as the Catacombs of St. Sebastian. An inscription on the slab informed visitors that "they are now standing on the spot where St. Cœcilia was interred, and where more than thirty popes lie at rest." Had De Rossi attached any importance to this inscription, which was wholly misleading, the researches which he instituted for the purpose of discovering the burial-place of the Popes of the third century would have been altogether in vain. He preferred to rely for authentic information on documents reaching back to the time when the tombs were still visited, and the names of the martyrs buried within them perfectly well known.

To the modern tourist a guide-book, Murray's or Bedeker's is an indispensable requisite. The ancients, it appears, had their guide-books likewise — Itineraries they were called — which set forth in regular order the "wonders" of Rome, its palaces, theatres, baths, and public buildings. Two of these, dating back to the 6th, or 7th centuries, have been discovered in the library of Salzburg. From the information gleaned from these Itineraries, De Rossi was enabled to determine the exact site of the cemetery of St. Calixtus.

While the guide-books contained descriptions of the tombs most frequently visited by the pilgrims of the sixth century, it was difficult from the scanty indications afforded to distinguish the tombs held in highest veneration from the multitude of others in the Catacombs. But the rare acuteness of De Rossi enabled him to discern certain signs, or landmarks, which invariably pointed to the proximity of some important tomb.

It was known that when the storms of persecution passed over the Church in the time of Constantine and Theodosius set herself to the task of repairing the tombs which Pagan hatred had in great part destroyed. But so widespread had been the havoc that the Church was fain to rest content with building and decorating anew only the tombs of the principal martyrs. To this end, and for the convenience of visitors, larger entrances were formed, more commodious stair-cases constructed, and new shafts (*lucinaria*) let down for the admission of light and air.

The poet Prudentius, who saw the Catacombs in the reign of Theodosius, tells us of the crowds of pilgrims who came to visit them, of the slabs of marble and silver with which the tombs of the Saints were covered, of the disks of light alternating with vast interspaces of gloom, filling the soul with religious awe. "To these tombs the pilgrims flock in all directions on the feast of some celebrated martyr. The imperial city pours forth its flood of citizens. From the Sabine and Etrurian villages they come with their wives and children. The plains are not wide enough to contain the vast throng: the roads are blocked by the immense multitude. From early morning they press on to offer their devotions at the shrine of the Saint, coming and going until darkness settles down on the scene. They kiss the slabs of shining silver which cover the tomb, scattering flowers and perfumes, while tears of tender sorrow are falling from their eyes."

These pilgrims have left numerous records of their presence in the Catacombs. It was their custom to inscribe their names, together with a prayer, on the stair-cases and the entrances to the crypts. Time has not wholly effaced these inscriptions, nearly all of which have been copied by M. De Rossi. They are for the most part the spontaneous outpouring of simple and pious hearts, in some of which the writer asks the intercession of one of the martyrs for himself or others or for the repose of his dead kindred. At times the pilgrim merely subscribes his name, beseeching the prayers of those who may read his words: *Eustatius, humilis peccator; tu qui legis ora pro me, et habeas Dominum protectorem.* Following in the footsteps of the pilgrims, De Rossi noticed that their inscriptions increased in number and fervor of expression in the vicinity of tombs of more than ordinary distinction. By adhering steadily to this method of investigation, it was that De Rossi discovered in quick succession so large a number of important tombs.

For a long time his efforts to find the crypt which contained the remains of the popes of the third century were fruitless. At length his attention was directed to a mass of ruins near the Appian Way. On examination it proved to be one of the shafts (*lucinaria*) constructed in the time of Constantine. The workingmen employed in the excavations soon found themselves in an apartment of moderate size, which appeared to have been decorated with unusual magnificence. Spoilers had, however, been at work, and carried away the marble slabs with their inscriptions. But they could not remove the heaps of earth which filled the chamber; and to these De Rossi betook himself in the hope that some important discovery would reward his labors. Nor was he disappointed. The walls, as usual, were covered with the inscriptions of the visitors, in the form of prayers addressed to the martyrs buried there. But to whom were these prayers addressed? Happily one of the inscriptions gave the name: *Sancte Suste, libera; Sancte Suste in mente habeas.* It was the tomb of St. Xystus, one of the great popes of the third century, who had been put to death in this same cemetery for celebrating the divine mysteries, in opposition to the will of the emperor. Proofs still more decisive were forthcoming. Combining the shattered fragments of marble, De Rossi succeeded in forming anew the inscriptions once graven on the slabs. The epitaphs were remarkable for their simplicity — merely the names without eulogy of any kind or expression of regret: Auteros, Bishop: Eutychianus, Bishop. No further doubt was possible: it was indeed the papal crypt which had been discovered; and, on the 11th of May, 1854, Pius IX, attended by a company of cardinals and prelates came to visit the tomb of his distant predecessors.

Not far distant on the same occasion was discovered the tomb in which the body of St. Cecilia once reposed. It was recorded in the works of the ancient authors, that the saint had been buried by the hands of Pope Urban himself, (A. D. 224) in a tomb adjoining that in which his predecessors had been laid.

About the year 820, Pope Paschal had endeavored, without success, to find the body of the Saint. He desisted from his efforts only

after he had been assured that the remains had been carried away by the Lombards. Once, in a dream, so runs the legend, the form of a young woman appeared to him: "I am Cecilia," the vision said, "and you were at one time so near to me that I could have spoken with you face to face."

Relying on the dream, Pope Paschal caused new researches to be made, which resulted in the discovery of the body of the Saint. It was borne with great pomp to the church of the monastery called after her name, and which was built on the site of the house she once occupied. After seven centuries the tomb was opened and the body found in a state of perfect preservation.

Taking for granted the truth of the old tradition, De Rossi instituted a search of the chamber adjoining the papal crypt, and found, with little difficulty, the tomb which once contained the body of St. Cecilia. Its identity was established beyond question by a painting which represented a young woman, and near at hand, the portrait of the Pope, with the name Urban written beneath.

The name of Pope Damasus (366 A. D.), has come down to history as one who devoted a large part of his life to the restoration and adornment of the tombs of the martyrs. Many of the sepulchral inscriptions in verse over these tombs were written by the Pope himself. They are incised on the marble in ornamental letters specially invented by the artist whom the Pope employed for the purpose of inscribing the epitaphs in a suitable manner. In one of these which De Rossi succeeded in composing anew from the broken fragments of marble, the Pope expresses his desire to be laid by the side of his predecessors, but is fearful of disturbing the repose of the saints:—"*Hic fateor Damasus volui mea condere membra sed cineres timui sanctos vexare piorum.*"

J. C.

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# How Washington Spent Christmas Night.

In December, 1776, the American people and the officers and soldiers of the army were sadly depressed, and almost hopeless of success, owing to the defeats and disasters that they suffered.

On the 18th of December, 1776, Washington wrote to his brother: "If every nerve is not strained to recruit the army, with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty near up. . . . You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of evils, and less means to extricate himself from them."

He was not ready, however, to give up "the game" yet.

On Christmas night he crossed the Delaware to attack the Hessians at Trenton. The river was so full of ice that the Marblehead regiment, made up of Marblehead fishermen, found it very hard to manage the boats.

After crossing, the men marched nine miles, through a driving

storm of sleet, their snowy pathway being marked with blood from their wounded and shoeless feet.

As they drew near Trenton, Washington, who rode in front, asked a man chopping wood by the roadside: "Which way is the Hessian picket?"

"I do not know," was the surly answer.

"You may tell," said the officer at Washington's side, "for this is General Washington."

"God bless and prosper you," said the man instantly. "The picket is in that house, and the sentry stands near the tree."

Washington and his brave men surprised and defeated the Hessians, and captured over one thousand of them. Then, to avoid a superior force of the enemy close at hand, he immediately recrossed the Delaware.

This brilliant success at Trenton inspired the army and people with hope in their cause, and gave them greater faith in Washington, who, they now saw, knew how to be bold, as well as prudent.

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# The Weak Spot in our Public School System.

THE Detroit Evening News has these remarks upon our boasted Public School System:

"The genius of our Public School system, was well illustrated in Prof. Hutchins' address before the High School graduating class. The value of physical and intellectual education was dwelt upon, and the addition of artistic culture urgently pressed, but not a word was dropped in regard to moral and religious instruction — the very foundation of all true culture. Without doubt this is the weak spot in our Public School system. The fear of offending religious prejudices causes all religious and even moral instruction — which latter, to a great extent, is inseparable from religious — to be carefully excluded from the schools, so that while in all else the State undertakes the complete education of our children, in this, of all, the most important particular, they are left wholly uneducated. The result is seen in the generally prevailing skepticism and low tone of public morals and public honor and justice which every calm observer must admit exists. America is coming to be regarded the world over as an *irreligious* country. It is argued that our Sunday-schools supply the lack in the public schools, but this is a mistake. One hour in the week would be far from sufficient for a proper training, even if attendance were compulsory and not purely voluntary, as it is, and if the teachers were all experts, and not amateurs in instruction, as nine-tenths are. This is a great and serious question, and one which, sooner or later, the public mind must give consideration to."

# The Pope to the President.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

OH! offering bright from a Nation Grand —
The written law of a people brave —
Where peace and freedom march hand in hand —
Where the banners of law and religion wave.

Beautiful gift from beyond the tide —
It touches my heart with a tender spell —
From a land exultant in freedom's pride,
Where sixty millions of freemen dwell.

Land of light, where the Church is safe,
Glorious land, where the faith is free,
Where the President ruler — the tiniest waif —
Are all consecrated to liberty.

From every clime of this sun-bright world —
I honor the gift of the bond and free —
Where the flag of the Cross is in faith unfurled —
I welcome the message of Jubilee.

Pray tell your ruler that Papal tears
And prayers shall mingle for his fair land;
That the Pontiff, laden with cares and years,
Extends his blessing with outstretched hand.

Oh! whisper my blessing to that rich clime
Where the flow'rs of freedom spontaneous spring;
Where the bells of the true and faithful chime
The songs of hope which the angels sing.

Charles J. Beattie in Inter-Ocean.

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## AN INDULGENCED EJACULATION.

Fiat, laudetur atque in æternum superexaltetur, justissima, altissima et amabilissima voluntas Dei in omnibus.

May the most just, most high, and most amiable will of God be done in all things, be praised and magnified forever.

THE Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII., granted to all the faithful who, with at least contrite heart and devotion, shall say this ejaculation: An indulgence of one hundred days once a day.

A plenary indulgence, once a year, to all who shall have said it daily, on any day, when, being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray for some time for the intention of his Holiness.

A plenary indulgence, at the hour of death, to those who, having said it often during life, and being properly disposed, shall accept death with resignation from the hands of God.

# A Bostonian in New York.

## IV.

AFTER telling so much of what I saw in New York, it may be considered rather late at this time to tell how I got there. My experience on the boat was so peculiar in many respects that I thought it would not be out of place to jot it down here.

It was on "Labor Day" that I left Boston for New York. My experience on the boat was in some respects decidedly amusing. I went to the Fall River Line office in the Old State House, and, together with a friend, bought two first-class tickets. We were unable to secure state rooms at the office, the clerk informing us that what he did not sell up to a certain time were sent to the depot. We had arrived after the certain time for holding tickets had expired. We were told that we might be able to secure a state room on the boat, and were given tickets for a berth in case we were unsuccessful. On the train's arrival in Fall River my friend, at my suggestion, hurriedly darted for the boat for the purpose of getting a state room. A line had already been formed and he joined it. After his turn had come he returned to me and said, "No use, the're all gone." I had seen the official in the little office handing out tickets of some sort, and I asked him what they were. "They are for berths, and, of course, we do not need them as we received ours in the city." We then checked our baggage, and showing an elderly official, whose outward appearance told that he was an old sailor, our tickets for berths, asked in what part of the boat they were located. Looking at them closely he replied, "Oh, your berths are down stairs, but they are having supper there now and you will have to wait a few hours." "What, having supper in the berth?" said I to him in an astonished manner. "No, not in the berth, but the dining room occupies the centre of the floor and the tables are placed against the doors of the berths so that you cannot get in until they are through." Again did we turn back. Later on we visited the dining room not to sleep but to eat. We saw our berths, or rather the door which we could tell was ours by the numbers, but it was some time before we could see the interior. The waiters are gentlemen of color and as neat as are their brothers in Youngs'. A very nice table is served for which you have to pay a very nice price, besides, tipping the waiter who stands beside you like a watch dog. I imagine if we did not give him something, we would be treated quite coldly and shabbily when we came to breakfast. Another thought also occurred to me that I would have to get up early in the morning or be imprisoned in my berth until breakfast had been served as the centre of the floor would again be transformed into a restaurant. But this fear was not realized as subsequent events will show. We paced the deck till near midnight, listened to the orchestra on the boat, smoked, etc. Occasionally we would take a look to see if our sleeping apartments were accessible, and after a decidedly long while the place was fixed up and the tables were put in the middle of the floor, piled on top of each other. All was quiet as the grave, with the

exception of the throbbing of the engine. I opened the door and was just about to enter when, to my surprise, I saw three heads peer out from three shelves or berths. I did not stop for any explanation. We went to the little office again, and after tapping at the window succeeded in arousing the clerk. I told him that our berths were occupied, and handed him the tickets as a proof of my statement. I thought that a man who was mean enough to take another man's bed was mean enough to do anything, and I would have been delighted to see them hustled out. The clerk looked over the list and informed us that we bought our tickets in Boston, which we very well knew, but to our grief, that the clerk had not checked the numbers on the list, and he had sold tickets bearing the same numbers to the three persons possessing the three heads that peered out from the bed clothes when, as I thought, they were occupying my chamber. Of course no one on the boat was to blame — it was the fiend in the Boston office. We had blood in our eyes, and intended to make things lively, when we returned to the Hub, but we later concluded to let the matter drop as, after all, it was a pretty good joke.

The boat was crowded on that somewhat memorable night, and the only thing left for us to do was to sleep on the deck. Mattresses were placed close together on the cabin floor, with a pillow and a couple of sheets as a supplement. It was the best we could do though it was with much reluctance that we stretched out on them. Finally we did succumb, but, although my friend slept soundly, I did not, for the very good reason that I could not sleep at all. Morning soon set in and all was stirring. Passengers sat on stools and paced up and down the deck looking at the scenery and curious objects that are afforded in New York Harbor. N. B. When buying a ticket for New York, go for it several days in advance so as to be sure and secure a state room. Also ask the clerk if he has checked the number on his list. While lying on the mattress in my extensive stateroom I wondered what would have been the result if I had captured the berth first, but it was too hard for me to solve.

Arising early on a beautiful morning, the decks are black with people seated on stools, well muffled up, and in time to see the sun rising. This is always a beautiful sight, how much more beautiful when its rising is above the clear blue water. Ferry boats innumerable are carrying passengers to the small and busy towns and hamlets bordering the coast, while many are coming from these quiet nooks to the great city which is now in sight. They are of the laboring classes and most of them carried baskets and tin pails containing their dinners. Everything on either side is moving, and the work of the day is just commencing. Large buildings and church steeples loom up in their majestic heights in the distance, and we know that we are nearing our destination — the great metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. All kinds of steamers, yachts, boats, mudscows and other peculiar devices loaded with coal, lumber, etc., are standing or moving about. The sailors and deck-hands are up and as bright as the day, looking at the large and handsome boat in which we are riding, waving handkerchiefs,

hats and their hands as a humble welcome to their shores. Bells are heard tolling their dreary noises, announcing that great wheels in the mills and factories are ready for their days' toil. As it becomes lighter and lighter and day sets in more substantially, we are still moving onward and the passengers are asking questions, chatting, and frequently they are heard inquiring for the Brooklyn Bridge. That has become the great object for which visitors on their way to New York eagerly look. There is always somebody aboard the boat who is familiar with the scenes, and he generally engages in conversation with a party and points with his cane or umbrella, to the several objects and tells those around him what this and what that is. He is not hired by the company, indeed he is a stranger, but I have always noticed when taking a long trip that there is sure to be someone around who acts as a general encyclopedia to the delight of the inquisitive stranger. Presently on the banks of the shore several buildings are seen close to one another. This we learn is Blackwell's Island, and the different buildings are the insane asylum, workhouse, charity hospital and county prison. From the boat we see that the Island is very nicely laid out with fruits and vegetables, and gardens with neat paths. We could at first sight discern what appeared to be a long moving line which as we got closer we saw was composed of men of all ages, dressed in the same style, with a hand on the shoulder of the one in front. They were as the reader can now tell, prisoners, held for drunkenness and other offences, where only comparatively light sentences are served. I visited this Island and went through the different institutions while in New York and will have something to tell of it another time. "There's the bridge." "Where?" "There — don't you see it?"; "Oh, yes, come, come see the bridge." It is cries like this from the ladies that inform the passengers that the bridge is in view. All eyes are levelled in the direction pointed, and then all sorts of murmurs are heard expressive of delight and wonder. At first, like all great things in the distance, it seems very small, but gradually as the boat pushes onward it grows larger, larger, into gigantic proportions. We wonder if the boat can go under, but that thought is soon dispelled, for without the least difficulty it sails along, never minding the bridge in the least, and the bridge never interrupts the passage of the boat, for the highest mast on the largest ship cannot reach it. When the boat reached the other side of the bridge the passengers rushed to the rear of the boat, and once again are their eyes levelled on this stupendous and marvellous structure — the eighth wonder of the world. In a few more minutes the boat reached the pier. All are moving about again, getting their bags, baggage, etc. It is a few minutes later before the boat is finally lodged, and the first thing we hear is "New York papers, World, Sun, Herald, Times, Tribune, Star?" How the boys get aboard the boat so soon is more than I could make out, but there they are selling their papers in the hot cake's style. Most of the people called for the World, the Sun followed, with the Herald a good third. Then the boys say "Worlds all gone;" soon the Suns are all gone; then they get rid of the remainder, whatever papers so long as they contain any news.

In my first letter I gave a description of a traveller's landing in New York City, the way he is hauled and pushed about by the hack-drivers and boys who want to "carry your parcels?" so that I cannot now relate what would more properly fit in here.

A word for the boat before I forget it. A person reading my experience in the opening paragraph, might think the Fall River Line, a poor one to patronize. To the contrary I assure them, it is my honest opinion that there is no other line leaving Boston for New York near so good, certainly no better. I am not getting a "pass" for this, and I say it simply to allay all thoughts that might arise to the detriment of the above company through my amusing experience. The boat is really a floating palace. Every convenience is furnished, and nothing it would seem that money can supply is spared. The boat I sailed on was the *Providence*. There are several other large steamers that travel on this Line which are said to be the most magnificent in the world. Crossing the gang-plank the passenger finds himself on a broad deck surrounded by richly carved and gilded panellings and ornamentations. Here are seen the various offices for tickets, baggage, the small and pretty tonsorial parlor, where marble basins are arranged for the convenience of the passengers, such as are furnished at the best hotels, and where a barber finds plenty to do; the ladies' saloon and staterooms which are nicely arranged for ladies travelling alone and with children. One part of the deck is set aside for freight, and the other part, as mentioned, is provided for passengers. Sliding glass doors divide these sections so that the passengers are not annoyed in the least by the loading and distributing of the enormous freight which this Line handles. Grand stairways lead to the upper and lower saloons. These stairs with their brightly polished brass steps and richly carved balustrades, are prominent and stately. The lower saloon, as I have had occasion to mention before is used for the café. This cabin looks very home-like, laden with the finest dishes, and is not excelled in grandeur by the most fashionable hôtels. Ascending two broad staircases the main saloon is found, which runs nearly the whole length of the boat, with rows of staterooms on either side and over head like a balcony. There are several larger rooms which can be used by those desiring more luxurious apartments, good enough for instance for President Cleveland and party when travelling. Outside of the staterooms are wide guards and decks where the bracing air and objects of interest are taken in at their best. An apparatus is attached to the boiler so that a fire in any part of the boat can be smothered almost immediately. The steamer travels twenty miles an hour under favorable circumstances, and the machinery is the best and safest, and is managed by skilful engineers. Brass bands and orchestras accompany the steamer, furnishing music until a late hour, this being of course a pleasing feature of the trip. The cabins on the upper deck are as magnificently furnished, and everything around is so beautiful, that many a millionaire might envy the boat a parlor so much grander than his — for such it is in these steamers. The costliest and richest chairs, sofas of all kinds, shapes, and sizes, one handsomer than the other; the floors neatly carved and in other places

covered with velvet and Brussells carpetings; the ceilings and walls touched with the brush of the most artistic decorator and designer; large and expensive chandeliers bearing lighted tapers brighten the scene, and other objects of grandeur harmoniously blended together make the situation and location really a delightful and charming one. It is in one of these cabins that a bandstand is erected and the musical strains wafted from the orchestra make all happy and merry. Much more could be said of the *Providence*, which I am told cost about a million of dollars, but the best way to appreciate the beauty of this and other steamers of the Fall River Line is to take a trip on one of them, for it would indeed be difficult to adequately describe on paper the beauties and comforts they afford.

The first thoroughfare the traveller reaches on leaving the boat is West Street, long and wide, with water and piers on one side, and markets, liquor stores and numerous other business establishments on the opposite side. Liquor stores are always to be found, and without any trouble, in the close vicinity of any station where persons come and go. There are quantities of these places on West Street, where the weary passenger can enjoy a cock-tail or be braced up by some other beverage. The street is almost densely packed with carriages and teams, and it is by no means an easy job to get across. After passing from this to another long street leading into City Hall Park, a loud buzzing noise was heard as if a few houses were dancing on the side-walk, and bumping against their neighbor. In a few seconds the cause of this noise was discovered by the appearance of an engine followed by a few cars carrying passengers at a good height in the air. "By jove!" I exclaimed, "it is the elevated railroad." I was not in the city long before I was a passenger in one of these cars. It costs five cents to ride on them. After ascending a steep stair-case you find yourself on a platform where a little office is seen, and a man at the window selling the tickets. Not a word is said, you hand in your money, and get a ticket. Then you pass on, and at the entrance is a gate with a few sticks protruding. A person can get in and work himself beyond on the platform where the train goes by. The ticket by the way is placed in a box and an official sits beside and works a handle which opens a space, and the ticket goes way down out of the way of the receiver, who doesn't receive, for he is not allowed even to take a ticket from a person; he keeps his eyes opened and watches with a sharpness that would do credit to Inspector Byrnes and his army of detectives. The train comes, and the conductor by means of a break opens a little door and you get aboard the car; in a minute all are on, a whistle is blown, the gates are shut, and off go the cars. If a person is just about entering and the door is just then shutting, he must content himself by waiting. This is a rule that even the most particular could not wish to break, for if he did, he would be likely to smash some part of his anatomy, if not be killed. The wait during the whole day and most of the evening is not minded for one train is hardly out of the station before another one is right in its place. The platform where the train stops is quite wide, but just at the end there is nothing

but a single track with no room on either side for a person to walk, so that it will be seen from this that if a person runs after a moving train he would be very likely to miss and drop on the street below. On most streets there are tracks on either side, directly above the gutter, and about thirty feet from the surface. The cars go in opposite directions so that there is no fear of two trains trying to pass each other on the same track. The cars stop at every three or four blocks, where another little station is erected. In getting off of course the passenger must go out by the open door, for if he attempted trying to open the other door he would drop to the cold paving stones below. But this is well-guarded against, and there is little fear of it happening, although an accident something of this kind did occur quite recently, and several persons fell to the street, and were injured or killed.

Most of the streets where the elevated railroad is constructed, are wide and there is plenty of space left for the sun to get in its work. In some places however, the streets are narrow and the cars running so often on either side darken the places below, and in one part of the city I saw the lamps in the stores lighted early on a bright day, and to work in one of the stores thus affected, seemed to me as if it would be like working in a mine. The noise which was the first introduction I received to the elevated cars, is not heard, or at least not minded, when in the city long. It is very pleasant riding in the cars, looking below and seeing the people moving along, the horse cars and stores; into the windows of the houses and work-shops, etc. Indeed, I was never tired of riding in the cars, and have often gone a long distance looking out, and here and there see all sorts of things; women making beds, washing and ironing, tailors sewing, a fond parent walking up and down the floor with the baby, the mother nursing, and many other things which make the ride particularly pleasant and interesting. There have been many accidents of late on this road, but very few fatal ones. Accidents are bound to happen at times, and I think the elevated cars are as safe to travel on as anything else. The people of New York City are so used to them by this time that they do not mind them any more than we in Boston do the horse-cars. The elevated road is a great invention and I believe one of the blessings of the age. The day is not far distant when they will run through Boston and its suburbs, and the people of this city will then know better the happiness they will derive. They need not leave their house at one o'clock in order to reach a place near the city at two o'clock. Five or ten minutes will be sufficient to reach such a distance on the elevated cars. The people here, as in New York City, will become so accustomed to them that they will often wonder as I did when I first saw them—how did we ever get along without them.

William F. Donavan.

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## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

POPE PIUS IX. granted to all the faithful, every time that, with at least contrite heart, they shall make the sign of the cross, invoking at

the same time the blessed Trinity with the words: *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

An indulgence of fifty days.

He also granted to all the faithful, every time that, with at least contrite heart, they shall make the sign of the cross with holy water, pronouncing at the same time the above mentioned words: *In the name of the Father, etc.*

An indulgence of one hundred days.

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**The Rev. William P. Treacy, author of Irish Scholars highly honored.**

IN a recent letter to the Rev. P. A. Treacy, pastor of Burlington, N. J., the venerable and learned Archbishop Tobias Kirby writes: — "My dear Father Treacy: Your esteemed letter accompanied by the beautiful work on IRISH SCHOLARS, has come to hand. I thank you and your Rev. Brother for so valuable and useful a gift. It is full of most important and interesting information and reflects the highest credit on the mind and true Irish Catholic heart of the gifted author to whom I beg of you to present my sincere and grateful acknowledgments." The Rev. Charles P. Meehan, the distinguished Member of the Royal Irish Academy, has just written to the author:—"My dear Rev. Friend; I have gone through a good portion of your work; and every page, prose and verse, charmed me more than I can tell you. God grant you many years to adorn the priesthood of Ireland and America." Aubrey De Vere, an able historical scholar, and one of the most classic poets of this century, thus writes to Father Treacy: — "I heartily congratulate you on having turned to such good account the opportunities presented to you by your residence at many of the places you have so well illustrated, and think that you have conferred a great benefit on our fellow-countrymen both in Ireland and in America. I earnestly hope that they will turn their attention more and more to such subjects — I was much struck by the beauty and pathos of many of your poems. I forwarded to you yesterday a volume by my father* Mary Tudor. I have also to ask your acceptance of my latest volume of Poetry, Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire, which my publisher will send you." The Dublin Nation, edited by the charming "National Bard of Ireland," Lord Mayor Sullivan, devotes two entire columns to a highly appreciative review of Irish Scholars. Among other things it says that "it recalls the days when Thomas Davis, and his fellow-workers were rousing a slumbering nation to the knowledge of the heritage of the history of its sons," etc., etc.

*Sir Aubrey De Vere, who was pronounced by Wordsworth to be the most perfect sonneter of the age.

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Christian principles well engraven on the heart are infinitely stronger than that false honor of monarchies, the human virtue of republics, and the servile fears of despotic states.—*Montesquieu.*

# How American Generals Celebrated St. Patrick's Day.

A VERY interesting and curious old manuscript is in the possession of a citizen of St. Louis. It relates to the Revolution, and is no less than the original "military orders of the day" issued to the "Main Guard and Morristown Pickett" from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1780, while the American army, under General Washington, was stationed at Morristown, N. J. Though musty with age, and on that account in some places almost illegible, the manuscript, as a whole, is as clear as on the day it was written, and presents a photograph of the interior workings of that famous little American army, its morals, its soldierly discipline, the character of the common soldiers, the manner in which they were provided for, the kind of arms with which they were equipped, and other incidents, as even the very pastimes and amusements allowed the soldier — such as, perhaps, no historian of that period has ever presented to the world. At present only two extracts from the manuscript are given, and they are selected for the purpose of showing how this nation, in the throes of its birth, as heartily as it does now in the plentitude of its might and power, sympathized with the Irish people:

HEADQUARTERS, March 17, 1780. — Officers for duty to-morrow: Brig.-Gen. Clinton, Major Edwards, Brig.-Maj. Brice. The general congratulates the army on the very interesting proceedings of the parliament of Ireland and of the inhabitants of the country, which have been lately communicated. Not only do they appear calculated to remove the heavy and tyrannical oppressions on their trade, but to restore to a brave and generous people their ancient rights and privileges, and, in their operation to promote the cause of America. Desirous of impressing on the mind of the army transactions so important in their nature, the general directs that all fatigue and working parties cease for tomorrow, the 17th day, held in particular regard by the people of that nation. At the same time that he orders this, as a mark of pleasure he feels on the situation, he persuades himself that the celebration of the day will not be attended by the least rioting or disorder. The Officers to be at their quarters in camp, and the troops of each state are to be in their own encampment.

Division orders: Captain of the day to-morrow, brigadier-major from the Second Pennsylvania brigade.

Brigade orders: Captain of the day [name illegible].

Adjutant of the day to-morrow. Herbert ——

Following is another extract:

DIVISION ORDERS, March 17, 1780:—The commanding officer desires that the celebration of the day should not pass by without having a little rum issued to the troops, and has thought proper to direct the commissary to send for the hogshead which the colonel has purchased already in the vicinity of the camp. While the troops are celebrating the bravery of St. Patrick in innocent mirth and pastime, he hopes they will not forget their worthy friends in the kingdom of Ireland, who, with the greatest unanimity, have stepped in opposition to the tyrant, Great Britain, and who, like us, are determined to die or be free. The troops will conduct themselves with the greatest sobriety and good order.

The manuscript from which the above extracts are taken bears internal evidence of its genuineness, and is, besides, vouched for by a St. Louis lady, who holds it a precious heirloom from her grandfather, an officer of the Revolutionary War in the "Main Guard and Morristown Pickett."

# Evening.

From the German of Kinkell.

I.

The daylight wanes, the smiling vision
Of the spring bloom hath well nigh fled;
And like a dying old tradition
Fades in the west the evening—red.
The bird's head 'neath his wing is resting,
The hush of slumber is around;
The weary steed is homeward hasting,
All things their place of rest have found.

II.

Only afar the murmuring river
Glides onward o'er the darkling wold,
Its surface like a silver mirror,
Set in a frame of burnished gold;
The sails that o'er it gleam and quiver,
Kissed lightly by the evening wind,
Float to their destined haven ever,
And soon their place of rest shall find.

III.

A sound high over earth's dominions
Of birds in rapid flight is heard,
With rustling of unnumbered pinions
The solemn evening air is stirred;
From sunny southern climes returning,
To build by northern lakes their nest,
There, all the summer months sojourning,
Shall they now find their place of rest.

IV.

And thou, my heart! the bird resemblest,
Art like the bark that onward glides,
The longings, keen, with which thou tremblest,
Deep in thy inmost pulse abides.
Whether with swift, unceasing, motion
Thou like the bird dost journey on,
Or sailest like the bark life's ocean—
Thou, too, shalt rest when life is done.

Athens, Pa. Rev. John Costello.

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The highest degree of humility is not only to recognize but to love our abjection.

# St. Patrick Born in Scotland.

REV. SYLVESTER MALONE endeavored to prove that St. Patrick was born in Wales, in our last issue. Rev. Colin C. Grant shows that the Saint was born in Kilpatrick. He says in the January number of the Dublin Review: —

* * * * It has surely been abundantly proved how untenable and worthless this Caerleon theory is. Its author says that his "first study is to consult the interests of truth." Luckily for truth its throne is never set upon such unstable and tottering foundations. More pleasant work now remains to be done than the farther demolition of so fragile a fabric. In a previous article the earliest authorities were quoted, and it was shown how unanimously they all pointed to Kilpatrick as the Saint's birthplace. The present writer places all modern theories (Scotch as well as others) in the same category, that is, they are in plain conflict with what has been ever believed by the Church in Ireland and Scotland; and this not a bare belief, but a belief with concomitant practices of devotion. One very evident proof was unfortunately passed over. Other writers have not sufficiently noticed it, and manufacturers of theories always pass it by. It is well to have this opportunity to complete and perfect our proof. The authorities will speak for themselves: —

1. "But a church was built over the well in which he (Patrick) was baptized. And the well itself is beside the altar, being in the form of a cross, as those who know say."

2. The third Life has word for word as above.

3. "But the inhabitants of that place erected a church over the well, in which the blessed infant was baptized; and the well flowing beside the altar, as those who know that place tell, has the shape of the sacred cross."

4. "Now the fore-mentioned well . . . . pouring forth to this day its clear waters, bears the illustrious name of Patrick. It springs up near an inlet of the sea, and thereafter the people took pains to build an oratory over it, having an altar erected in the form of a cross."

"There is a stone near by, called by the people Patrick's stone (and miracles are related of it). St. Mel, the bishop, testifies that he himself had often witnessed them."

5. "Around that well a church was afterwards erected, in which, beside the altar, to the very great devotion of the people, that miraculous well is seen; and as a confirmation of the miracle, and in perpetual memory of the cross, by the sign and virtue of which it arose, it retains the form and shape thereof."

The Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh, or Tripartite, Lives in Colgan speak thus of a miraculous well where St. Patrick was baptized; of a miracle thereat (giving the name of the man cured, Gornias, who also baptized him); of a church built over the well, of the well being beside the altar and in the form of a cross (Joceline makes

the altar cruciform); of a miraculous stone close by. They all agree in these particulars. This church with its altar-well is very notable in connection with the birth-place of the Saint. Where St. Patrick, according to these Lives, was born, this church and this well, when they were written, existed; and as far back as the times of the Saint, Patrick's stone was near the church. When people had to be sworn, it was customary to take their oaths over the stone. If a false oath was given, the surface of the stone, it was said, became moist, as if weeping the perjury. Joceline, as we have seen, states that St. Mel testifies that he was a frequent witness of this miracle. St. Mel, Bishop of Ardagh, brings us back to the days of Patrick. The important point is, that Joceline, who, in the eleventh chapter of the sixth Life, positively names Dunbreatan, Mons Britonum, on the Clyde, as connected with the Saint's childhood, Nemtur in fact, gives the authority of St. Mel as to the circumstances of of Kilpatrick.

Now, all the theories fail here. They keep aloof from this circumstantial evidence as to place. No attempt is made to show this stone, this well, this church of St. Patrick at the fanciful localities of these modern theories. Kilpatrick alone had this stone, church and well, by the altar. The Reformation overthrew the church, and the public highway is driven through the site of the old ecclesiastical buildings. Had the church stood this storm, it would be the visible proof. But the well is quite at hand, answering to where we would expect to find it.

There is but one sole dedication to St. Patrick in all Wales, if it is our Patrick that is meant. Wales had two Patricks of its own. That dedication was at Menevia, not at Caerleon. There is surely a great perversity in fixing on a locality as his birthplace which has never been connected with the Saint in any way. Trace or vestige, record or tradition of him at Caerleon has yet to be found. This question of dedications is one that is carefully shunned. These dedications are stubborn facts. "Facts," they say with us, "are chiels that winna' ding." The castle chapel at Dumbarton, and the parish church in the town, that of Kilpatrick, of course, and four or five other churches of Strathclyde were dedicated to our Saint. In the schemes of inventive theorists this cannot be accounted for. The dedications go back to our earliest Christianity. The Strathclyde Britons, unless he had been also a saint of their own, would never consecrate their capital to the great saint of their enemies. To my mind this argument is of great force. Early dedications are even given by Protestant antiquaries as a sign of some personal contact of the saint named and the locality. This state of the case, even if the ancient writers had been less explicit as to names, would have directed any unbiassed mind to Kilpatrick. No other place has *of itself* any ancient sign or tradition of being the desired birthplace.

One thing is very worthy of notice in all the ancient Lives: they speak without hesitation. The birthplace was no mystery to them. They "most unquestionably" speak of it as if they did know where it was. They had amongst them those who saw it (periti). Whatever they re-

late as to its name or direction down to minor details, such as the prevalence of floods, abundance of snow and ice, the easy proximity of wolves, they relate as matters of course; and what is said suits in every particular our locality. If the remembrance of the birthplace h n any way been lost or obscured, something of the kind would have escaped from some Irish pen, but no such hint ever meets us. The true tradition remained unbroken on both sides of the Irish Sea until after the Reformation.

Then theory began to appear. Criticism, using queer methods, started up. An isolated sentence of one Life, budding forth from a fanciful foreign grafting of novel import, bears the only fruit worth plucking of all that was written. Names and portions of names were used with a liberty and license beyond all restraint. Bannavem, to which of old, no interpretation was given — which name may have made way for that of Kilpatrick — assumed at once whatever interpretation the theorist required of it. Nemtur and Campus Taberniae, names to which of old interpretation was given, must perforce yield up the old absurd for the new undoubted meaning. As theories thickened, the means of manufacturing them became more questionable. At last letters in a name were replaced by others, letters were dropped out, letters were inserted, names were inverted — heels first, head last, or united, or divided, added to, or curtailed, muddled anyhow, to suit a theory. If the evidence for the thousand and one things — relics, miracles, saints, writings — which we Catholics have to defend, was hostilely manipulated in this fashion, where would we be? Every theory — some more, some less — resorts to these methods. This, done "in the interests of truth," and with such certainity, as if the theorist had been present a thousand years ago, note-book and pencil in hand, when the ancient scribe made his mistake — this raises the matter, from the common place of theory to the dignity of comedy.

Contrast this with the plain, serious, convincing narrative of the other side. The scholiast on Fiacc, who, according to Professor O'Curry, wrote within sixty years of St. Patrick's death, says that Nemtur is Alclyde, and history furnishes us with but one Alclyde, which is Dumbarton. The Liber Hymnorum, written at latest one hundred and fifty years after Patrick, gives this gloss on Nemtur. In a secular poem on his hero, the ancient Welsh bard Taliesin places Nemtur on the Clyde. Joceline produces St. Mel, contemporary of Patrick, as a witness of miracles close by the church of the Saint on the Clyde, near Dumbarton. Later Lives infer Nemthur to be on the Clyde, as well as the Campus Tabernaculorum. The Fourth and Tripartite Life places the Saint's birth in Strathclyde at Nemthur. The Book of Lismore and an Homily of the twelfth century make him of the Britons of Strathclyde, born at Nemthur. Another scholiast on Fiacc brings him from Strathclyde across sea to be captured in Armorica. We have him called of the North Britons, Aclyde river Britons, Strathclyde Britons. His birthplace is said to be "not far from our sea," "the Irish sea," "bordering on the Irish Sea," "over against Ireland." The authors of five of the Lives give a church and well, existing from nearly his until their time,

where he was baptized. Three of them, directly or by inference, make this apply to Strathclyde, and to no place else has this been shown to apply. A document exists, proving that an endowment was provided to entertain pilgrims coming to Kilpatrick over six hundred years ago. Place this unvarnished statement beside any of the theories, and judge which has truth on its side, and do not forget where the dedications are. The truth does not require to alter, change, or manipulate letters or names. The catena of authorities, supplementing each other, but all in agreement, leads us with certainty to the birthplace of St. Patrick on the Clyde.

I do not pretend to understand the closing paragraph of Father Malone's article. I select for admiring notice one expression. "I am only testifying," he says, "to the tradition handed down by my predecessors since the days of St. Patrick." We have an enigma here! Whose tradition does he follow? He has not named a single predecessor who mentions Caerleon. He does not follow Cardinal Moran. He does not follow Shearman, nor Cashel Hoey, nor O'Curry, nor Lanigan, nor Colgan, nor Roderick O'Flaherty, nor Joceline, nor the writer of the Tripartite, nor any of the Lives (the Lives were corrupt according to him before 800), nor the scholiasts on Fiacc. He who the other day argued that *Bonn Avon Thabur Indecha* was the true reading, but now says that the same words should be read *Beneventa Burrii*, whom does he follow? What a statement to make! Like his countryman whose ancestor was not in the ark with Noah, but had a boat of his own, Father Malone has a tradition of his own!

From every contest the case of Kilpatrick issues clearer and stronger. To use the hackneyed phrase current, nothing else can "hold the field." The tradition of the Churches of Ireland and Scotland, derived from so many different sources, ought to have some sacred force. He is difficult to convince, who in an historical question would require stronger evidence than they here offer. Meantime, the church at Kilpatrick is unbuilt. When the time comes, which may God hasten, if it cannot be as of old over the well, it should be built near it, and the water brought inside and as near to the altar as may be allowed, those waters, "sweet to drink, wholesome to the taste," that flowed over St. Patrick when he was baptized by the aged Gornias at Old Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, on the Clyde.

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THE TERROR OF RICHES.—Statistics of suicide show that, after all, the poor man rarely commits suicide owing to poverty. Hundreds of good fellows, with rarely $50 ahead, and five or six in the family to clothe and feed, go on with more equanimity than men with good bank margins. They are generally looking for a job, and frequently have no work ahead for longer than one to six months. Tens of thousands of day laborers in the United States rarely know what their income is to be three months ahead, yet they are neither depressed or miserable.

They readily spend their last dollar; eat liberally, as long as food can be had, and economize when they must. The terror of poverty is not so overpowering as the terror of riches. The fear of losing is greater than the fear of not-getting.

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# "The End Justifies the Means."

THE falsehoods about Jesuit teaching are not new, nor are they confined to the English-speaking countries of Protestantism. The bigot, whose anti-Catholic zeal urges him to misrepresentation and slander, is to be found everywhere. In Germany, the birth-place of the "Reformation," they have never been wanting. From the day when the patient labor of the Jesuits under Faber, Canisius, and their disciples, first checked the spread of the new heresy, purged Southern Germany of its leaven, and drove it back to its northern home, anti-Jesuit calumny became the fashion, and lasted for hundreds of years, until about a century ago, when the Lutheran clergy became skeptics and infidels, and cared as little for Luther as they did for the successor of St. Peter.

After this lull, a revival of the no-Popery cry has revisited Germany, and the old, stale calumnies are republished as boldly as if they were new discoveries and had not been a thousand times triumphantly refuted. What gave the first impulse was the partial freedom gained by the Church after the events of 1848, which aroused the anger of those who had long enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her placed under State supervision, and who seemed to regard it as their own loss that she should emerge from the chains of bureaucratic tyranny.

### A SUCCESSFUL CHALLENGE.

To revenge their disappointment, the usual contrivance of attacking the Church through the Jesuits was resorted to. Their immoral principles, and, above all, the maxim, "The end justifies the means," were made the subject of unnumbered books and pamphlets. Of the bad faith and wicked motives of these writers there can be no question. It is enough to say that amongst the impugners of Jesuit morality, we find the name of that holy (!) man, the notorious Joannes Ronge, the "second Luther," as his flatterers loved to call him.

These calumnies, however, were not allowed to go uncontradicted. Father Zoh, a preacher of some eminence, at the close of a successful mission in Frankfort (1852), which Lutherans and infidels had tried to impair by disseminating in print the wicked maxim attributed to the Order, read from the pulpit a declaration, to which he begged his hearers, Catholic and Protestant, to give the widest circulation. The substance of it was this: If any witness could produce a Jesuit author who had uttered the maxim, "The end justifies the means," literally or in equivalent terms, he would pay him a thousand florins (Rhenish currency.)

The decision was to rest with the Protestant faculty of the University of Heidelberg, or with the mixed faculty of (Protestant and Catholic) of Bonn. This offer he repeated in the Protestant cities of Halle, in 1862, and Bremen, in 1863. Ten years and more had passed, and no one had accepted the challenge. At last a theologian, Maurer by name, took it up and published a pamphlet in which he claimed that he had proved his point and was entitled to the reward.

All he could allege was the passage of Busenbaum (about a condemned prisoner's right to escape): "*Cum finis est licitus*," etc. Of course, he furnished no contex, to explain how or why Busenbaum had used such language. The faculty of Heidelberg would not allow his claim. Nor will it ever be allowed by any honest Protestant. One of them, Buchmann, calls the maxim a perversion or distortion of propositions found in Jesuit moralists. The same is said by another, Wander, in his Lexicon of Proverbs. And a third, Herstlet, positively affirms that the Jesuits never held or taught such a maxim, and attributes the hold it has on the popular mind to knavish romancers, like Eugene Sue.

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# "And Immediately the American Eagle Screamed."

THIS suited the trans-Atlantic parsons* first-rate, but the Anglicans bluffed their brethren by reminding them that "the Hamerican Heagle didn't hexist in the hapostolic times," hence he couldn't scream on "the hoccasion halluded to." This put a damper on Bob Ingersoll's text, and that was thrown under the table.

The next document was from General Grant, who said he was so badly corked that he was not in any humor to touch on texts of scripture, but as he was a freeman of the City of London, he desired to accommodate his countrymen with his views on the important question. He added that no doubt the original translators were all wrong in their application of this text, for the reason that they did not have the enlightenment of the nineteenth century to guide them; that at the time alluded to the Jews were having a jolly good time, so the text alluded to a kind of mixed drink used by the Jerusalemites in their carousals and known as "cock-tails," and therefore the text should read:—

"And immediately the cock-tails flew."

This puzzled some of the Anglican parsons, but Dean Stanley told them that he had just returned from America where "cock-tails" were the fashionable beverage, and then General Grant was a good judge of "slings" although not an expert in scripture. "He is a man," said the Dean, "that although not eloquent of speech, yet he can drink

* Some of our Yankee parsons visited London nine years ago to attend a no-popery convention. The above account is applicable about this time, when the no-popery fellows are airing themselves, from Fulton down.

in every lingo in the world from Chinook to Chinese." So, out of respect for the Dean, General Grant's proposition was laid by for future reference by the committee.

The next letter opened was from Susan B. Anthony, who said she could clearly remember the occasion referred to by St. Matthew, as she was quite a young lady at the time, and she remembered having a conversation with the Jewish historian, Josephus, on this very text. Josephus assured her that there was no poultry whatever in Jerusalem until the year 201 of the Christian era, hence it must have been some horrible man who cackled on the occasion, or else a mere "Romish" invention. So she favored the omission of all texts having reference to the subject, and advised the parsons to inject something strong on women's rights in place of such obsolete and unhistorical fables.

This letter met with great uproar, as the Anglican parsons would not listen to advice from such an antiquated female, whilst the gallantry of the American preachers compelled them to uphold the character of the oldest woman in the world, and one who had helped them in their pulpits in times long past. Finally, however, her letter was placed on file for future reference.

The next letter was scarcely legible, but after a long delay it was deciphered as being the production of Gray, the historian of Oregon, who declared himself as a great admirer of the scriptures, having helped to print them in the Nez Perces language in 1776, a few years after he discovered the Jesuits and the Hudson Bay Company hiding in the woods of Oregon. His opinion was that the "rooster" alluded to in the text was a Jesuit in disguise, who imitated the crowing of a rooster so as to hide his presence on the occasion, and advised the revisory committee to make the text read: —

"And immediately the Jesuit crew."

This, he added, would greatly enhance the value of the book as every protestant would have that edition of the bible which exposed the tricks of the Jesuits. And if the committee could implicate the horrible Hudson Bay Company in any way with the denial of Peter, he could guarantee the sale of at least a thousand copies in Oregon alone. Regarding the antiquity of the word "rooster," he devoted 15 pages of a postscript regarding Rooster Rock in the Columbia River, which he claimed was known to descendants of Ham when they first visited Oregon after leaving the parental roof, but that they were driven out of Oregon because they refused to take the Jesuits' oath, which the committee could find in his history of Oregon, a copy of which he sent for their personal inspection.

This epistle took so long to decipher that the committee voted to adjourn *pro tem* so as to give themselves time to digest the different propositions sent in, and after a healthy collation of bread, beef, and beer, the Anglican American Revisory Committee adjourned, completely befogged as to what disposition they should make of this simple text

"And immediately the cock crew."

# A Legend of St. Patrick.*

Gleam'd the sunray, soft and mellow,
On the gentle plains of Meath,
Spring's low breezes fresh and mellow,
Through the woods scarce seemed to breathe,
And on Tara, proud and olden,
Circled round with radiance fair,
Deck'd in splendor bright and golden,
Sat the Court of Laoghaire.

Chieftain with the fleasg† of glory,
And the *coulin* flowing free;
Priest and Brehon, bent and hoary,
Soft-tongued and seanachie;
Silence filled the sunny ether,
Eager light in every eye,
As in banded rank together
Stranger forms approacheth nigh.

Tall and stately — white beards flowing
In bright streaks adown the breast —
Cheeks with summer beauty glowing,
Eyes of thoughtful, holy rest.
And in front their stately leader,
Patrick, walked with cross in hand;
Which from Arran to Ben Edar,
Soon rose high above the land.

Silence fill'd the sunny ether,
Eager light in ev'ry eye,
As he told how he came thither
With a message from on high;
How he came to quench the fire
Of a dark faith overthrown;
And to bow the sons of Eire
To the one true God alone.

And he spoke until the shadows
Shifted round from north to east,
Till the music on the meadows
Of the roving bees had ceased;
Till the breezes of the even
Wandered inland from the sea,
Still he told the laws of heaven
And the glories yet to be.

On the Druids' brows was looming
Heavily a thick'ning cloud,
While a wild and thrilling humming
Rose up from the startled crowd;
Rose up still the gathered voices
Through the pasture-scented air,
And the heavenly court rejoices
As down kneeleth Dubtach there.

Then the king arose with malice
In his face from ear to ear,
"I am bearded at my palace
By the band of strangers here!
By the kingly soul of Niall,
Now I swear my blade will smite
Him who now declines the trial
Which will prove whose *gods* are right!

As for me my path's before me,
'Tis the way our fathers trod —
Of the noble sire that bore me,
His brave god shall be my god;
*He*, the sun of war and glory,
Would *he* own a god of peace?
But ye've heard the stranger's story,
And those battling doubts must cease.

Open wide your low-roof'd dwelling —
One of each must enter in;
Fire the roof — the blaze upswelling,
Let it scorch the heart of sin,
He who cometh forth unharm'd,
To his god bend down the knee;"
Then the crowd with pulses warm'd,
Crieth forth, "So let it be!"

Like a maiden in her beauty
When her bridal dawn's awake,
"Father, let this be my duty,"
Thus the young Benignus spake;
"I have seen a loving vision,
I have heard low voices thrill —
Oh, it was the bright elysian
Shadow of the Almighty's will!"

"'Tis His call, my son, replieth
Patrick, with a holy smile;
Thou the demon host defieth,
All their arts and fiendish guile.
"Saviour," and he bent him lowly
"Give him strength and give him grace
Now to prove thy love is holy
To the boasting tempter's face."

On the rough beach of Ceanmara
Wildly rolls the Atlantic's swell,
So the breasts on princely Tara
Of the haughty priests of Bel —
"Change the white robes of the strangers
For the dress our priest has on;
Let no spell avert his danger."
Thus they cried; and it was done.

Back fell the door, and they enter'd in,
The child of God and the man of sin;
Up ran the flames in a dreamy cloud
Before the eyes of the shuddering crowd.

And higher and higher, brighter and higher
Than the rosy blaze of that burning pyre,
The prayers of His saints to God arose
To blast the hopes of his daring foes.

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*In the *Dirge of Ireland*, by Bishop O'Connell of Kerry, the fact on which this legend is written may be found.

†English collar; *coulin*. English, long hair.

Then the fire sank low in a gentle sleep,
And full in the midst of theblacken'd heap,
Benignus, untouched, stood smiling fair —
But where was the Druid? where? oh where?

A shout like thunder now swept the sky
"*Our God is Patrick's* — the God on high!"
'Twas echoed in heaven—a fiendish yell
Sent a dark response from the caves of hell.

Thus Erin was saved, and the faith of God
Like a sunlight flowed o'er her blushing sod;
Since then she has passed through storms of ill,
Yet that sunlight radiance is burning still!

JOHN K. CASEY (LEO).

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# Parochial Schools.

THE Rev. T. McLuskey preached at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on a recent Sunday. Among other remarks, he said that there was no question among good Catholics of the paramount necessity of schools, wherein religious as well as secular knowledge would be taught, and religious principles graven on the hearts and memories of our children. If the Faith is to be preserved in the children of this generation, it must be nourished in an atmosphere more congenial than a school wherein the soul is ignored, eternity forgotten, and only the world and the things of the world considered. We Catholics cannot approve of the present public school system, because it leaves out of its curriculum all training of the heart; it neglects the moral nature of the child, and the absence of religion makes its influence irreligious. We are taxed to support this system, and we pay these taxes. We are taxed to support a system of schools which we cannot conscientiously use. This certainly is taxation without representation. We are eight millions, and our rights are ignored. We are eight millions and our protest is not considered. We are taxed for what is no benefit to us. We will pay the taxes as long as the government of our country imposes them. While we pay these taxes to support a school system we consider wrong and dangerous, we are obliged also to support our own schools. This is indeed a grievous burden — but it is a most necessary one. Happily for us, we can manage to educate our children in the branches of secular education fully as well as the public schools could train them, and we can do this at an expense of less than one-half of what it costs the State. By the self-sacrifice of the religious men and women, who give us their skilled labor at the meagre and nominal price of about one dollar a day, we can educate our children for the small sum *per capita* it costs us.

Some day, not far distant, let us hope that the good sense and the business talent of our fellow-citizens may make them recognize our parochial schools as the public benefit they really are. Not, as our enemies would misrepresent them, as a menace to our American institutions, but as the source of most certain protection for our country and for our government, educating thousands in sound Christian Catholic principles, that are the surest protection of all legitimate government, and the best safeguard from all revolutionary and socialistic movements. And more than this, we will hope that our fellow-citizens

may do us the justice of paying us *pro rata* for the work we do for the State. If we can educate the children of the citizens for a less expense than the public schools, and educate as well in secular branches, is there any injustice if the State pays us for the work we do for the State? The fact that over and above the secular training we give a religious education in accordance with our conscientious views, in a country like ours where rights of conscience are so sacredly guaranteed, ought to be no hindrance to paying us for the work we do that is State work. When the day comes that the State will give us a share of our school taxes by paying us for the school work we do, then and not till then can we feel we have justice — then and not till then can we spare ourselves the effort and the extra expense that school associations now entail.

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# The Order of Monks that has Charge of the Napoleon Mausoleum.

THE mausoleum of the late Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Imperial at Farnborough, England, will be open to visitors every Tuesday and Thursday, from two to four o'clock. The other days, at the same hours, permission may be obtained, on application at the priory adjoining, from the White Canons of St. Norbert. This order was exiled from England by Henry VIII., and until it was expelled from France by the present republic, none of the members ever again sought for a home on British shores. At one time the Premonstratensians were extremely powerful and prosperous throughout Europe, possessing in the fourteenth century nearly 2,300 houses. From that date their decline began: First, the Hussites ruined their abbeys in Bohemia; then the so-called "Reformation" drove them from Northern Germany, Denmark, and Great Britain; and finally, the French revolution of 1793 struck at them and succeeded in reducing the number of their establishments to twenty. On their recent expulsion from France, five of the Canons took refuge in England, and founded a priory at Storrington, in a cottage lent by the Duke of Norfolk. From five, their number has increased to fifteen, and the Empress Eugenie, in entrusting to them the care of her beloved dead, has built for them a large red-brick monastery, quite close to the imperial mausoleum. There they celebrate mass (at which the public may attend) every Sunday at half-past ten.

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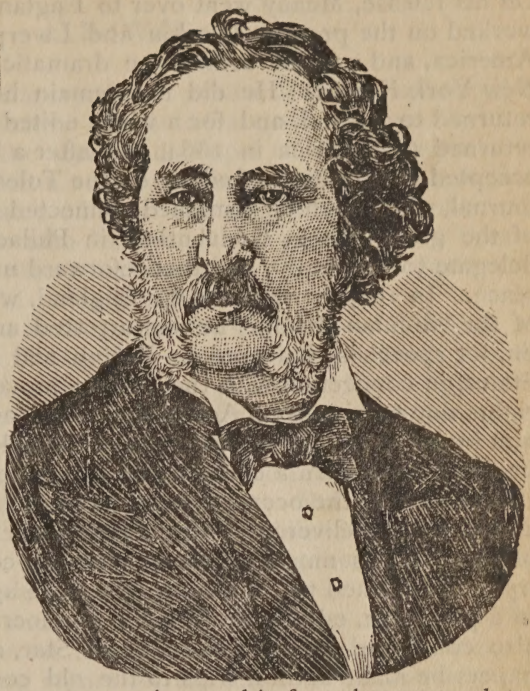
WE must, then, correct our poor heart gently and quietly, and not add to its trouble by the severity of our reprimands. "My heart, my friend," we should say, "in the name of God take courage; let us keep on, and be more watchful in future; let us turn to our Helper and our God." Alas! we must be charitable to our poor soul, and refrain from severity as long as we see that its offences are not deliberate.

# Death of Stephen J. Meany.



A LONG recognized figure in Irish affairs has passed away forever. Stephen Joseph Meany, one of the best known Irish journalists in this country, died on Wednesday, Feb. 8th, at Waterbury, Conn., where he had recently gone to take charge, as editor, of the Evening Democrat, a new daily paper. His health had long been broken down, and an accident he had met with last winter, when, in returning from a lecture he had given for one of the Branches of the National League, he fell and broke his leg, brought on complications that eventually led to his death. Weeks before his death, he underwent an operation on his foot that seemed to be successful; but erysipelas supervened, followed by an attack of bronchitis to which, after a few days' struggle, he succumbed.

Stephen J. Meany (who, at the time of his death was between sixty and seventy years of age,) was born at Newhall, near Ennis, county Clare, Ireland. His parents, who were good, religious people, in humble circumstances, gave him the best education his native town afforded, and he began life as a compositor on the Clare Journal, then the only newspaper published in the county. The proprietor, Mr. Knox, soon discovered that young Meany was a clever writer; and he was employed to report for the paper, which he did with success. He then became connected with the Limerick Chronicle, on which he served for some years. In 1842 he joined the staff of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, for which paper he reported throughout the heat of the Repeal agitation, accompanying O'Connell to all the "Monster Meetings," on the platforms of which his splendid figure and fine phisique attracted as much attention as, in "Emancipation" times, used to be bestowed on his fellow-countryman, O'Gorman Mahon. Meany himself was a fiery and effective speaker; and in the short-lived era of "Young Ireland" he was prominent among the "Clubmen." When the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act was rushed through Parliament, in 1848, and Smith O'Brien and his colleagues "took to the hills," in Tipperary, Meany, in company with the late Maurice R. Leyne, went down from Dublin to

Clare, to stir up the people in that section. They were recognized and arrested in Scariff, and suffered an imprisonment of some three months. On his release, Meany went over to England, where for some years he worked on the press in London and Liverpool. In 1858 he came to America, and was for some time dramatic critic and reporter on the New York Herald. He did not remain here long, however, when he returned to Ireland, and for a while edited the Drogheda Argus. He returned to America in 1864, and after a brief sojourn in New York, accepted the position of editor on the Toledo, Ohio, Advertiser, a daily journal, with which he remained connected until 1865, when at the time of the great Fenian Convention, in Philadelphia, he came East as a delegate to that body, and thenceforward made New York his abiding place. In 1867 he returned to England, where during the excitement of the "Fenian Rising," he was arrested and brought to trial in Dublin, for speeches delivered in Boston and other places in the United States, in connection with the Fenian movement. Meany claimed the rights due to him as an American citizen, and these having been denied him by the court he refused to make any defence, which he said would be vain before such a court, and a jury specially packed to convict him. His speech on the occasion was one of the most vigorous and memorable of those delivered by the State Prisoners. After suffering a couple of years' imprisonment, he was released on condition of leaving the country, and returned to New York, where he again resumed his avocation as a pressman, editing the Weekly Democrat for some time, and being also connected with the World and Star, as correspondent, for which papers he made several trips to the old country, on each of which he was favored with the special attentions of the English detectives, whom, on all occasions, he treated, as he used to say himself, "with most magnificent contempt." His last trip to Ireland was made for the purpose of paying a farewell visit to his venerable mother, who, now almost a centenarian, still survives in her native Clare. Mr. Meany was admitted to the bar, in 1860, but never practised the profession. He took a prominent part in the movement here of the Land and National Leagues, of both of which organizations he was an active member. Two daughters survive him in England. His final wish, after receiving the last rites of the Church, was that he might be buried in his native land, beneath the shadow of old Drumcliffe. Almost his last words were, "Tell them I was true to Ireland!" May his soul rest in peace.

The remains of the late Stephen J. Meany, which were brought from Waterbury, Conn., to New York on Feb. 11, were sent to Ireland under the auspices of the New York Press Club. The remains were shipped on the Guion line steamer Wyoming, which left New York on the 21st of February. On the morning of the day previous, the remains were taken to Father Hughes' Church of the Immaculate Conception, 137th Street and Alexander Avenue, where a Solemn Requim Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul. The deceased had for some time been a member of this congregation, and was an old friend of the pastor. It was the latter's earnest request that the body be taken there.

# J. D. Fulton and His Latest Book; In Answer.

ANY reasoning and unprejudiced mind will readily acknowledge that the irreverent Mr. Fulton has made a great mistake in his attempted warfare. And the style and temper of the weapons he has used will do the greatest harm only to himself. Sensational declarations mislead the uncultivated of heart and soul, and no others. He who truly loves his fellow man believes in the goodness that is manifested in their daily lives, rather than in the evil that is dragged out of the past; or imagined as of present existence.

We who live here, are dealing with the Catholics of America, and we have no concern with their belief, nor any right to attack it in any form. Religion is sacred to its followers, and should be respected as such by all of other creeds, and by those of no creed whatever.

With the moral example given by *any* people, we have every interest at stake. I leave the question of political preferments and other issues, to wiser if not older heads than mine. But on the subject of moral corruption, I most indignantly deny the slanderous accusations hurled against the Catholic priesthood! And I speak with the authority of my years, and the knowledge of experience.

From the example and teachings of the priests, the home-life of Catholics as a rule, is one of mutual love and fidelity, of concession and forbearance; of solemn regard for the sanctities of marriage, that is not diminished in the course of a lifetime. There is filial obedience, and reverence for Age; there is helpful charity for the poor and afflicted; there is the most supreme respect for the purity of woman. Is there more in other homes? When so loudly and vindictively opposed to the life of celibacy, did the unreasoning talker and unthinking writer remember the world's benefactors, who were single men and "old maid" helpers of humanity? And he need not seek for these out of our own day; the poet of Truth and Freedom, the white-souled Whittier, yet lives his spotless life among us. The great and good Dorothea Dix has but lately gone home to heaven; and that angel among women, Florence Nightingale, is with us still. Every true and honorable man revering motherhood in the person of his own loved mother; and believing in the purity of his own sweet maiden sisters, must bow in acknowledgment of woman's highest worthiness before the "SISTERS," those devoted ones so truly great, because so devoutly humble, who have laid all of Self upon the altar of humanity in service unto God.

And not in vain for *universal* good are the pure, upright self-abnegating lives of the Catholic Clergy. Upon them rest the heavy burden of the woes of the people; the grievous weight of other's sins. The great wrongs that afflict the multitude touch them to the inmost core; the evils that yet abound distress them as no personal sorrows can. Could these men be the advisers of the tempted and the erring, the guides of

the repentant, if they lived in secret lives of contaminating evil? Oh, saddest of all phases of lacking faith, is the distrust of purity in other's hearts. And cruelist of all inflictions of unreasoning bigotry and persecuting hatred, it is "to bear false witness against the neighbor." And this is done so easily, and there are many who swallow eagerly the baits of calumny, as they were sweet morsels to the moral palate. The envenomed shafts of envy, malice and detraction forever aim at goodly marks. The superior is their best loved target.

Though Mr. Fulton and some others of his stamp may not know it, as being out of the reach of their experience, they need to be informed that in the possession of a life of true chastity there is invincible and even strengthening power for good. To it are given the foregleams of the joys of immortal life; when affection shall be purified of all earthly dross; and love shall be the soul's divine realization of all things heavenly. In unwearied practise of the devotion that is more than mere lip-service; in the steadfast overcoming of self at *all* points of the character; in the aspiration of thought and the elevation of feeling beyond and above all earthly ties, there is incalculable power for good, and for good only. And that same exaltation of the life, renews itself in service to *this* world; in lowliest and highest duties to the daily needs. And calmly untroubled as the lake upon the mountain's summit, that reflects the light of heaven, is the chastely consecrated soul in which all the assailments of sense are overcome, until temptation exists no more, and the spirit is uplifted to the heights whereon no ill can come. Mr. Fulton may not understand, but those are living in the cloister, in the home, and in the world, who do most fully comprehend what language is imperfect to convey.

I, who write this as an act of simple justice, am not a member of the Church so grossly and wrongfully assailed. I am a target sometimes as yet, for some of the lingering bigotry embodied in the "Blue Laws" era; namely, *a Jewess*. But as a citizen of the United States (without the right to vote) for forty years, I love fair dealing, and I despise intolerance, and hate indecency, even when it wears a religious mask. And with the ample and sorrowful experiences of sixty-three years of life, I can speak with the knowledge of the Truth.

In place, therefore, of uncalled-for insult, the Catholic priests and people deserve the high regard of all their fellow-citizens for the good example they bestow, that gives no manner of sanction to immorality of *any* kind. The Catholic community have no use for the cheap and easy divorces that follow after the hasty marriages so much in vogue, unfortunately and generally. And permit me to say to those who do not know me, for to friends there is no need of apology, that I have written *from my heart*, and not to curry favor from the Catholic Clergy or Laity. I despise utterly the meanness of adulation; where *that* exists there is a low, sordid motive, that panders to some weakness, or caters to some vice. The basest of all spurious coin is flattery.

But I delight in paying some part of the sweet indebtedness of gratitude. For, in the long ago, in the first years of my orphanhood, in another land, the Catholics were the best friends of my lonely girl-

hood. And because I love peace, I have said my humble word of defence; for has not the world had enough of the cruelties of war? The greatest and most valiant hearts, the loftiest spirits that adorn humanity, the noblest among men, the sweetest and purest of women, do they not at this present time, advocate peace? And shall the true worshippers of the God who is our common Father, allow one unbalanced mind to sway the thoughtless and the prejudicial to thoughts of evil, that unchecked might lead to deeds of violence? Have we not yet outgrown the savage? Are we so blind that we cannot see through the veils of prejudice the beauty and holiness of others' lives? Has persecuted and martyred Israel sought the reprisals of revengeful power? Dare those call themselves Christians who arouse the dormant evil energies, and incite to hatred, not love of the neighbor? Can we not leave creed and Church obligation to the individual and collective choice of conscience, and still join hands fraternal for all the purposes of beneficence, for all of universal human good?

If the "peacemakers" are the "blessed" ones, surely he who incites to strife cannot be numbered among them. And if only "the pure in heart shall see God," there is small chance for J. D. Fulton of such insight and high spiritual honor. Perhaps the *ir*-reverent gentleman will turn his worsted powers into a tirade against the Jews next time. Well, *they* will be ready for him also. My best advice to him is to "keep silence in the churches" and elsewhere, unless he can do better than abuse his superiors.

CORA WILSON.

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Fulton's vile book is being exhibited in one or two places in Boston on sale, to the disgrace of the N. E. Society for the Suppression of Vice. We recently consulted a rising young member of the Boston Bar on the subject of the publication of this book, and the following is his answer.

BOSTON, Feb 27, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE:—

I have fully considered the subject referred to in your letter of the 21st inst., concerning a recent publication entitled "Why Priests Should Wed."

I am convinced that the book is being sold in violation of the criminal law, and that it is "obscene, indecent, and impure," in its language and prints, and "manifestly tends to the corruption of the morals of youth."

The fact that Mr. Anthony Comstock lends it the favor of his endorsement does not affect my judgment. The question is one of fact, and not of law, and your judgment and mine in such a matter are likely to be equally as well-balanced and clear as his. Besides, Mr. Comstock is extremely prejudiced and illiberal upon the subject of religion, a circumstance which ought not to be overlooked.

I am thoroughly convinced, however, that the wisest and best course for us to pursue, as Catholics, is to join with the rest of the community in treating the volume with silent contempt. Open opposition would be surely misinterpreted, and a most vile and disgusting work would be brought more prominently before the public than law-abiding citizens desire. The corrupting and immoral charges and insinuations which Mr. Fulton's most unreliable authorities (?) have fabricated against our priesthood, cannot influence the opinions of any reasonable and honorable men. It would be difficult to prevent the effect which such statements must necessarily have upon the narrow and perverted minds of ignorant men, like the writer of this indecent libel. I trust that you will unite with me in my conclusions, after a little reflection. I am, my dear sir,

Very respectfully yours, JOHN P. LEAHY.

# Cardinal Manning Endorsed by Archbishop Lynch.

THE following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, will be read with interest:

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, TORONTO, CAN., Feb. 3, 1888.

*To the Editor of the Times, Chicago:* *Sir*—I will answer your inquiry in a few words, being much pressed for time. In the first place, I indorse every word of the proposition laid down by His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and I am astonished that there can be any second opinion about it. A man is bound by the first law of nature to preserve his own life, and the man who prevents his saving his life "murders him"—I quote the words of St. Augustine. He murders him. A man in shipwreck grasps a plank belonging to another; the man who takes that plank from him (unless to save his own life) drowns him, for he grievously fails in charity, whose primary law is "as you would that men should do to you do you also to them in like manner." His sin is the same who snatches bread from the mouth of a starving man. The starving poor in Ireland during the famine would have been perfectly justified in seizing on the food which was being conveyed to other countries to be sold for the benefit of landlords. Archbishop McHale openly announced this primary law of nature. With respect to the maxim "Necessity has no law," I would say "Necessity has a law." That law is the first law of nature. The law which imposes on every man the obligation of saving his own life, if he can, and this law of necessity overrules all positive enactments. No law deserves the name of law which prevents a man's saving his own life.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
*Archbishop of Toronto.*

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# God in Politics.

IN his Lenten Pastoral, Bishop Durier, of Natchitoches, La., referring to worldly persons, writes: "Finally they say, 'In political matters, at least, we have no use for the sovereignty of God; in politics we are ourselves sovereigns.' Dear beloved American sovereigns, the sovereignty of an American citizen, we have no objection to admit, as a sovereign is a servant, and as the American people have the honor of being its own servant. But if you mean the higher prerogatives of sovereignty, mind that God is the sovereign even of an American sovereign citizen. Therefore, never act as citizens unmindful of God's sovereignty. Obey the law because God puts it a sacred duty on you. Sink it deep in soul and heart what the Catholic Church, 'the ground and pillar of truth,' authority and order, teaches all the world over,

namely, a bad Christian cannot be a good citizen. When you vote have in view the public good and not selfish considerations, because it is for the public good that God has awarded you your blessed sovereignty. The first Christians were considered the best citizens of their country; the readiest to share the public burden, to fight, bleed, and die for their country. Who are they who stand up first to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's? Those who stand up first to give to God the things that are God's?"

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## General Shields' Swords.

THE house military committee at Washington, has reported in favor of a bill to purchase of the widow and children of Gen. James Shields two swords, at their actual cost and value, not to exceed $10,000. The report of the committee says:—The swords referred to as having been presented to the late Gen. James Shields by the states of South Carolina and Illinois, for gallant and meritorious services in the Mexican War, are a part of the history of the country. Gen. Shields died a few years ago, leaving a widow and three minor children in destitute circumstances. The swords, while costly and of great value, cannot be divided, or held by the widow and children. Their value, whatever it may be, is needed for the support and education of his children. His unselfish services to his adopted country are too well known to need any additional statements from your committee. The swords would be an important and valuable addition to the military archives of the nation. They are now, and have been for many years, stored in the vaults of a bank in Carrollton, Carroll County, Mo., where the General is buried, and where his widow and children reside. We think it would be a just and proper recognition by the congress of the nation of the services and disinterested conduct of this great and good man to purchase the swords, and place them with the other military archives of the country, and we recommend the passage of the bill.

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## Diphtheria Can Be Cured.

A PRIEST who has had sad opportunities of witnessing the ravages of diphtheria requests us to publish, and to give as much prominence, as we can, the fact that the dread disease can easily be cured. He enclosed the following slip from a Victoria paper, in which a correspondent says: "Should you or any of your family be attacked with diphtheria, do not be alarmed, as it is easily and speedily cured without a doctor. When it was raging in England a few years ago, I accompanied Dr. Fields on his rounds to witness the so-called 'wonderful cures' he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid must be simple. All he took

with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He puts a tablespoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine glass of water, and stirred it with his finger, instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommends the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had sunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He has never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation, the patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with doors and windows shut. This mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma."

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# The Pope's Speech on Ireland.

THE following is the translation of the speech made by Leo XIII. to the Irish pilgrims:

We shall not detain you with many words, but we must give expression to the singular pleasure which, as is already known to yourselves, we derive both from your presence here and from the sentiments of your address. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of our priesthood is, as you assure us, an occasion of great joy to you and to all your fellow-countrymen. This expression of your good-will is most grateful to us; nor can you doubt that we, on our part, are animated by the like sentiments towards you. It is true, indeed, that from the very beginning of our Pontificate we turned towards Ireland with paternal care. We were moved by her many claims upon us, but, most of all, by the integrity of that Catholic Faith which, established by the labors and zeal of St. Patrick, was preserved by the unconquerable fortitude of your ancestors, and by them transmitted to you to be guarded as a sacred inheritance. And well, indeed, may you rest assured that our feelings of good-will towards you are unchanged; for, as is meet, we shall always hold in affection the children of Ireland, and perseveringly labor for their peace and prosperity, so that we shall ever be deemed to justify the confidence that you have reposed in us. To this feeling of affection we have recently given abundant expression in sending our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Damietta, with certain instructions bearing upon the present state of affairs that we may be aided by his report in ascertaining the actual condition of things, and the steps

that in your interest it may be desirable to take. But in the difficulties that beset you let what is contained in the letters addressed by us some years ago to the Archbishop of Dublin be taken as a safe and sure rule of action. This is demanded of you, not only by religion which has been the chief glory of the Irish race, but also by the public good, inasmuch as in no circumstances could the interest of the commonwealth be promoted if justice, which is the foundation of order and of all good things, were transgressed. Recently, as is known to you, the Catholics of Germany, acting with moderation and with regard for law, have, under our guidance and through our intervention, come safely out of a trying position. Why may not a like result, through God's mercy, be obtained in Ireland in a similiar way? We put the fullest trust, then, in the authority and wisdom of the Bishops of Ireland, and in the uprightness of the Irish people, whose reverence for the Holy See, and whose obedience to their Bishops have ever been the subject of praise. Strengthened by this hope, we pray that God, who is rich in mercy, may be propitious to you, and as an augury of heavenly gifts, and as a proof of our special good-will, we most lovingly bestow upon each of you here present, and upon all Ireland, our Apostolic Benediction.

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# A Shamrock Leaf

Respectfully inscribed to P. D.

ACCEPT this little shamrock leaf,
All withered though it be,
'Tis symbol of a people's love
As boundless as the sea;
'Twas sent me by a friendly hand
From Ireland far away,
To kindle flames again that lit
This heart on Patrick's day.

O, Friend! the years are flying fast—
The hopes we thought had set
For ever in our early youth,
Are shining o'er us yet—
And though those weak and trembling limbs
Have bowed before their sway,
One lovely passion lingers still,
Beneath thy crown of gray.

Though doomed before the shrine of Wrong
To pray to gods of stone,
And make our lives one craven song,
Beseeching for our own;
The ages witness, as they roll,
Upon our fathers' graves,
That, 'mid the terrors of despair,
They never found us slaves.

Nor deem that, when thy voice is still,
There's none to cheer us on;
Thy memory will make us brave,
When thou thyself art gone!
For, as the fading flower gives
Its seedlings to the wind,
So shall thy noble spirit leave
A thousand such behind.

And, when you scan this little leaf,
Above your silver hair,
A mother's blessing gently fix;
It well becometh there!
God bless the tears, the days, the years,
God bless the brain, the hand,
That have been offered, wasted, spent,
To raise a fallen land!

We have not fashioned freedom's shrine,
But we have paid the price!
And we have laid before the god
A worthy sacrifice;
And we have striven night and day,
And we will labor still,
Till Liberty have altars raised
On every Irish hill.

Denis B. Collins.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., March 17, 1888.

# Mother and Son.

TEXT : "Is not this the carpenter's son ? Is not His mother Mary ?"

After remarking that there were special festivals set apart in the Catholic Church in commemoration of the Mother of God, and others personal to Our Divine Redeemer, Card. Manning said there were also other festivals, as the Annunciation, Christmas Day, and the Presentation in the Temple, that were jointly in honor of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother. In these they rejoiced in Jesus and Mary together—mother and son. The words of the text were the words of the people, who wondered at the wisdom and the parables of the Lord. Just in the measure in which they did not know Him they wonder at his words. The outer world who knew Him not did not realize adequately the true mystery of the Incarnation. Catholics were told that surely the services which they offered to the Mother of our Lord were derogatory to Him, robbed Him of that which was due to Him, darkened and perverted the understandings of men, was displeasing in His sight, and hurtful to the soul. He would not that morning answer these objections. He should descend from the high level of faith if he were to answer them, and he should also feel that at the festival they were celebrating that morning he should strike a note of discord. He would, however, show that the love, veneration, devotion, or worship which they offered to Mary was not separable from the love and worship of her Son; nay, more, that it was an inevitable consequence of their faith, and that if they were not to pay it they would indeed displease her Son; that if they had it not in their hearts their hearts were barren. Therefore, if he were asked who it was who first introduced the devotion they paid to the Virgin Mother of God he would answer Our Lord Jesus Christ himself. If he were asked who spread and propagated it throughout the world, his answer was the Apostles, who were sent to teach all nations. The love and veneration which they bore to her sprang from the very substance of faith. The substance of faith taught us that when the Son of God was made man He became our brother, because He bore our humanity; and because the Son of God is our brother, God is our Father by adoption, and if His Father be our Father, was not His mother our mother? There was a consanguinity supernaturally introduced by the Incarnation, whereby one and the same act in our regeneration and baptism we were made the sons of God and the sons of Mary. So that, as a martyred saint of the Church had said, no man could have God for his Father who had not the Church for his mother, because no man could have God for his Father without being born again in holy baptism, and no man could be baptised except by the church to whom the command and commission to baptise men had been made. And so another saint of the Church, taking these very words, had said no man could have God for his father who had not Mary for his mother, because the same mystery of the Incarnation whereby we were made sons of God, made us also sons of that mother who bore Him. When on the cross Christ said to the beloved disciple, "Behold thy

Mother," and to his Mother, "Behold thy Son," He was not by a grant making a relation to exist which did not exist before, but revealing in that moment the relation which the Incarnation itself had accomplished, so that she was not the mother of the beloved disciple alone, but equally the Mother of us all. Was it possible for any one to believe adequately and fully the doctrine of the Incarnation without perceiving at once that he had entered into direct and intimate relation with the Mother of our Redeemer? There was in every Christian heart a greater love to those who were most like to our Redeemer. Who was there that God loved next after the incarnate Son if not the sinless mother who bore Him? What heart was there that loved God most above all creatures if it were not the immaculate heart of the Mother of the incarnate Word? By every title of affection she stood first above all creatures as the object of the love of Christians next after God himself. Was the light and example of Jesus Christ, the light and pattern for us to follow? Every man who believed in Christianity would say "Yes." He would then ask two questions — If that were so, how could we be like Him if we did not love her whom, next after God, He loved most? How could we be like Him, if we professed to love God and yet had not filial love to her? This veneration of Mary sprang from the very faith itself; it sprang from the charity that sprang from the faith. If we were without it, our Christian character were so far mutilated that we had not the sign and mark of Christ's full disciples. If we attempted to love Him fully without loving her, we attempted a spiritual impossibility. There was a time when England had a great name by which she was known in the Catholic world. That name she had no longer. The name of England in Catholic days was "Mary's Dower" — as it were, the inheritance of the Virgin. And why was this? Because from sea to sea her name was loved and venerated; because churches were reared in her name; there were to her memory erected great cathedrals; by the roadside were chapels of St. Mary; her festivals were kept all the year round by all Englishmen. The women set her before them as their example; the men were not ashamed to imitate her spotless purity and her tenderness. How was it now? There was one very impressive thought in reference to this subject. There was not a land in Christendom that had rejected the loving veneration of the Virgin Mother of God that had not at the same time lost its perfect faith in the Incarnation of her Son. Let them look at Germany and at Switzerland. And in our own land there were multitudes outside the Catholic Church in whom faith in the ever Blessed Trinity had perished. The Christian faith had been mutilated where the name and honor of Mary had been rejected; but throughout the Christian world there was not a land where honor was given to her and where her festivals were kept, but faith in the Trinity remained.

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WHEN a certain cross is given to you alone it is of more value, and it should be dearer to you because of its rarity.

# A Soul's Ransom.

I WAS a girl of nineteen, just orphaned, when I went to live at my brother's house. He and his wife gave me a warm welcome, and I fell in love at once with their two little boys and baby Lizzie. Harry, the elder boy, was even in those days a perfect little gentleman; so serious and bright, and polite, always ready to drag you a chair — he was only five years old — or run for your spool or thimble, and to pick up scraps from the floor. He played with his baby sister, and if she cried, as indeed she often did, he petted and kissed her back to good humor.

Even then, these two began to be devoted to each other more than to Charley, the younger brother, four years old. He was a quiet child, as far as talk was concerned, but he was the fruitful source of much annoyance in the house. He was of an investigating turn of mind, and destroyed every object he touched. Harry's drums, baby's crying dolls, mamma's bonnet, father's pipe, my fine new accordion, to which I was much attached — all fell victims to his desire of seeing "what was inside." He would not cry when punished, only look at you with a surprised expression in his big blue eyes, and then go and climb up on a chair. In a short time afterwards the buttons of that chair were off, or, if it were cane, the holes were larger than the maker intended. His mother would sigh sometimes, as if his case were hopeless; and then Harry, careful, polite little Harry, would kiss her, and she would give him a quick hug, and it was easy to see he was her dearest child. Their father fairly worshipped the children. He always found excuses for Charley's faults, saying: "Charley will be a skilful mechanic some day." "Harry will be a great man yet." And, as for Lizzie, cross, vexing Lizzie, it was simply astonishing the talent that year old baby showed! Poor father!

My brother worked hard all the week; but on Sunday, when we wanted him to lie down for rest, he would refuse; he wanted to take the boys to see the sights. We used to laugh at him, and at the little fellows, so proud and happy in their Sunday suits. Every night they said their prayers at his knee. Charley always prayed as if he were not sure of his words. Baby Lizzie could bless herself, but her prayers as yet were "music without words." But Harry — I never saw anyone in prayer as recollected as he. He did not seem earthly, and, indeed, I often feared we should never see him grow up; for they say that such children are not for this world.

So a few years passed, and my nephews were school-boys, and in a short time they were permitted to join the altar-boys. The two little brothers were the youngest, and what an awful pleasure — that was just the feeling — it was for us to see them in the sanctuary. Sometimes, in church, I used to watch my brother's face, and it seemed transfigured with reverence and emotion. Their mother made their altar suits with her own hands. I remember she would not let me help even to sew on the lace.

As the years passed, Harry continued the same in disposition.

Charley was quiet as ever, but his desire "to see the inside" had developed into a love for mechanics. He could do much with his little carpenter's tools. When he was out of school he was always busy making fences around his flowers, digging in his little plot, called "Charley's garden," making coops for his chickens, cages for his white mice, and so on. He would clean the knives for us, and rock the baby — no longer little Lizzie who was now almost big enough to go to school herself — but baby Joseph, a very little creature, full of life and mischief. Lizzie was still Harry's pet. Charley seemed to care more for baby. Lizzie was almost a "crank," as the modern term has it. She had a fretful temper, that took offence at everything; and she was a sore trial to us, until Harry came in, when he would soon re-establish good temper all round. No one said it, but Harry was still the favorite with us grown folks, as well as with Lizzie. As he grew in strength and beauty — for he was beautiful — he grew in delicacy of manner. We often wondered at him, he was so polite and attentive to everyone. He was not as bright as Charley in school; at least they were always found in the same class.

Finally, one glorious Feast of Corpus Christi, Harry, ten years, and Charley nine years old, knelt together on the altar steps, in their acolyte suits, and received their First Communion. It was a lovely June day, and after breakfast we all went out to the park and dined there. We came back in time for Vespers, and our young altar-boys received Our Blessed Mother's scapular, and led the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, while we prayed from the depths of our hearts that they might remain faithful to the end.

My brother, unfortunately, sometimes used to "indulge," as it is called, on pay day; and this worried little Harry a great deal. On the day of his First Communion, I believe he asked the grace of sobriety for his father; or else the grace of that day won it for him. Any how, my brother never relapsed on this point again.

Soon after the boy's First Communion I left my brother's house to govern a home of my own. Ten years passed ere I saw him again. My husband and little girl were dead, and I came back to the only relatives I knew — my brother and his family.

I found Harry a tall, merry-faced fellow, fond of baseball, of rowing, of skating, of singing; he was also a member of several social clubs. He was a shipping-clerk in a wholesale grocery house, and his work and play kept him busy enough. Any mother might well be proud of him. But I was not long at my brother's before I discovered that the Harry I had known and loved was gone as completely as if he had died in his childhood. This Harry never attended to a religious duty, and — shall I say it? — business was often neglected for a carousal with boon companions; but as yet his position was not lost. His parents pleaded, commanded, scolded, and prayed in vain. He was amiable to them, and seemed touched by what they said, but he kept on. Many a time the father was tempted to turn him out when he came home late and noisy; but the old tenderness prevailed, and he was patient. Then Harry would behave for a week or two. When

such habits are formed at twenty, what can we expect in the same person at middle-age? These thoughts were on the parents, and they were sadly changed.

Charley was taller than Harry, quiet, steady at work (he was an assistant bookkeeper in a wholesale dry goods house), and simply, practically pious. He gave no trouble. He was not as polished as his brother, but he was at home every night, always ready to go errands for his mother or sister, or to help Joseph with his arithmetic or grammar.

Lizzie had grown to be a tall, slim girl, well advanced in her classes, a fair piano-player, and good-tempered — a wonderful improvement in her since her childhood. She was a little mother to her brothers; she helped to mend her clothes, made their cravats, ran errands for them, and was a comfort in the house; but she worshipped Harry. The old baby-preference for him had grown stronger with her growth. She was pious, too, and many a prayer and Holy Communion she offered for her favorite brother. She would talk to him and plead with him, often, alas! now, getting a rude answer; and, whenever he came home late, she was waiting for him, and would try to prevent the scoldings her parents were forced to give.

As time wore on, it was evident that Harry was not improving. Some of our acquaintances knew this fact, though we never spoke about it to people outside, or even among ourselves. Complaints came from the store that Harry was not faithful to work, and finally he was discharged. The blow nearly crushed his father. He, poor man, worked faithfully and soberly every day; and he had such great hopes for the time when the boy would be of age. And this was the fulfilment!

No one bore this trial as well as Lizzie, and still I believe she felt it the most. She went to school every day; said little, but, I am sure, prayed much. There was one young girl of her acquaintance in whom she felt great confidence. (I did not learn until long afterwards the circumstances I am about to relate.) One afternoon Lizzie went to see her friend Mary. Mary was having a dress fitted, so Lizzie sat in the parlor waiting until the fitting was over. She was full of the thought of Harry. There must come a crisis soon. What if he should be arrested and sent to jail! The thought was intolerable. She reached to the table for a book that would distract her thoughts. It was the Life of Mother Barat. Lizzie had never seen a Sacred Heart Nun. She looked at Madame Barat's picture a minute, and then opened the pages at random. Her eyes rested on these words, one of Mother Barat's favorite maxims: "*Are you bent on winning a soul that you love? Suffer for it.*"

Was this an answer to her thoughts? Lizzie felt a deep thrill that nearly took her breath away. She had prayed and suffered, but she had made no sacrifice. She slipped on her knees and offered up her whole self for this brother's conversion. She did not word her prayer; it was as if a sudden light had shown her all she could and would bear, and she had given all undoubtingly for the one purpose.

The door opened and Mary came in. They talked of Harry, but Lizzie felt she could not tell her friend her late experience. The young girls agreed to begin a Novena for him, and then took leave of each other.

That night Lizzie was cheerful and busy. She played checkers with Joseph, and helped him with his task. Charley and the father were out; about ten o'clock they brought Harry home with them. He relapsed only a few times after this. His mother would sometimes give way to her grief, and cry long and bitterly; then Lizzie would kiss her, and the very grace of consolation was on her lips. One day she said: "Mamma, suppose you tell Our Lord you'll give Him anything He wants if He changes Harry?" The mother bowed her head and made her sacrifice.

The world laughs at these statements, and says: "Where is your answered prayer?" But the pleader sometimes gets his answer in a manner so clear that he can stand up boldly and say: "Behold! God *has* heard me. Behold the answer!"

Christmas was near, and the family hoped Harry would join them at Holy Communion; but to all their pleadings he answered, "No; Communion is not for me."

"You did not say that when you were an altar boy," his mother said.

He jumped up and left the house, and we said no more. A few days later he got a new position, this time in a shoe-store. His wages were small, but he seemed more cheerful, and did not drink.

So the winter passed, and we were looking forward to Easter. I noted, but I thought no one else did, that Charley was not looking as well as usual, and that he had a slight cough. Perhaps it was my fancy. But Harry was not looking well either. I suppose he fretted some, and perhaps missed his old companions. He did not go to parties, or care for games; he was polite as he used to be. He went to Mass on Sunday, because his mother had cried so over his neglect; but to Confession — never.

As the spring advanced, I was sure he was changed; he certainly was thinner. His parents noted it, too, and in their anxiety about him, they almost overlooked Charley, who never complained. And so the Feast of Corpus Christi came. It was a rainy day, and Harry had a pain in his chest. He remained at home all day, and seemed moody. The day after, he asked Lizzie to go with him to the doctor's. They went, and the doctor told him he had a severe cold on his chest, but it was nothing serious. Whatever impressed Lizzie, she went alone to the doctor's the next day, and asked him to tell her the truth about her brother, promising to tell no one his opinion. "He has but a few months to live; he is in consumption." When I think of it now (it was the doctor who told me about this interview with Lizzie), I regard her as a Christian heroine to bear this cross as she did in silence.

Harry worked off and on till the fifteenth of August, and Lizzie prayed and sacrificed for her one intention. That day, which happened to be a Saturday, she asked Charley, who was home early, to go with her to the doctor's; she did not feel well. In reality she wanted the

doctor's opinion on Charley himself, who did not complain, but who was thin and weak. The doctor was deeply touched when she asked him, and hesitated to give his opinion. Finally, he said:

"Your brother Charley will not last long after Harry; perhaps not as long; he, too, has consumption." She came home with her brother, and he was in ignorance of what she had learned, as were we all.

That evening Harry wanted to go out; but it was cloudy, and his mother objected; so he sat down to a game of cards with Lizzie. Charley was engrossed in a book, and the father and Joseph were at church. The mother and I left the room to see some household affairs. By-and-by, Charley lay on the lounge and fell asleep, while Harry and Lizzie continued the game. Harry was moody, and Lizzie was praying deep down in her heart. She did want a chance to speak to Harry, and she so seldom saw him alone. After awhile Harry noted Charley asleep, and he laid down his cards, and said:

"Don't let us play any more; I want to speak to you."

Lizzie was all attention.

"I don't want you to speak of what I am going to say. I know you are good at keeping a secret."

A silence.

"Lizzie, what did the doctor say, honestly, about my case."

"Why, Harry dear, that you have a severe cold."

"Oh, I know that; but what has this cold come for?"

"Come for? Come *from*, you mean. Exposure, I suppose."

"Do you know, sis"—lowering his voice—"something has been saying to me all day: 'you will not get well;' and I want to know whether it is true. I won't make a fuss: you may tell me the truth."

Then, while her heart beat violently, and her very lips grew white, Lizzie said:

"Harry, I've never told you a lie. I think you are really ill; and, my dear, dear brother, it's so hard — but I don't believe you'll get better and the doctor doesn't either."

Harry sat looking at her in silence, his face very white. If she could only tell him how she longed for his return to God!

"Harry, my dear brother — you won't be angry — if you were only prepared — if we were only prepared, death is not fearful."

Harry stood up.

"Lizzie, I want to be alone. I'm going to my room. Don't speak of this;" and he retired.

Lizzie could not kneel down — some one might see her there; but how her whole soul now called for help, for grace, for this loved brother.

Her mother came in.

"Lizzie, Harry is in his room, sobbing and crying. What is the matter? Why, you are crying, too."

"Mamma, dear, let him alone. He must be feeling sick, or low-spirited. A cry will do him good."

"But you've been crying."

"No, dear mamma; I was only praying. I wanted something so badly."

"Lizzie," said her mother, "you don't think Harry will get better? Tell me the truth."

"No, mamma, I don't think he'll get better. And we must offer up all our pain in silence for him."

Lizzie became calm now; but the mother was crying.

Charley woke up, and looked in surprise; then came over and said:

"Mother, dear, don't cry. God does everything well; Harry will be all right."

His mother kissed her boy, and, I believe, from that moment she realized the trial before her, and God gave her strength.

Soon after, the father and Joseph came in, and I finished my arrangements, and came back also to the sitting-room; but Harry was not there.

"He is tired, and gone to bed early," his mother said.

Before they retired that night, the parents and myself talked about the children. Their mother was very calm — the strong one of the family. She told her husband and me her firm conviction, that both her boys were about to be taken. "We must only pray that they be prepared." Poor father! He sat silent and crushed; but I saw through my ears that he, too, had been praying and sacrificing for the salvation of his first-born.

We agreed to say nothing to the family of our conviction; and so we bore our burden in silence, only the mother never left the children when they were in the house. Lizzie did not dare to speak again to Harry. He seemed wearied and fretted, and her looks told him more than words, all her longing, all her love. He must have suffered an intense inner struggle with himself, but grace won; and in the Octave of the Assumption of her to whose care he had been so often given. Harry went alone to his pastor and made his Confession; and on the morning of August the 20th, Feast of the great St. Bernard, who has left us the *Memorare* — the prayer that has been offered so often by Lizzie and her mother for our poor boy — on this morning we all knelt joyously together in our parish church — the church of the children's baptism and First Communion, and received from the hand of God's priest, the Bread of Life.

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# Little Phil.

A "great cry and little wool" has been raised throughout the country about running Gen. Sheridan for the Presidency, the place where he was born, &c. Fortunately, there is not the remotest chance that Gen. Sheridan will leave his fitting place — that of a soldier. As a fighter, he possesses all the attributes of his race. As a statesman, or ruler, under civil law, he would be as much out of place as a war-horse under a plough, observes a contemporary.

**Brief Biographical Sketch.**

The mother of Gen. Phil. Sheridan still resides at Somerset, Ohio.

Mrs. Sheridan is in her eighty-seventh year. In reply to the question as to where the general was born, she said: "He was born in Somerset, Ohio, on the 6th day of March, 1831. We had lived in Somerset a little over a year before he was born, coming here in the latter part of 1829. In the latter part of 1843 he procured a clerkship in John Talbot's hardware store, but remained but a short time, when he secured a position in the dry goods store of Fink & Dittoe, where he remained until he received the appointment as a cadet at West Point. No one recommended him. There being a vacancy, after several applicants had failed to pass an examination, he wrote to Gen. Thomas Ritchey, then Congressman from this district, who secured the appointment for him. This was about the first of March, 1848. He entered West Point three months later. This was all the time he had to prepare himself and he was but seventeen years of age. He graduated in 1863, being in his twenty-third year." The house in which Gen. Sheridan was born is a one-story frame, on an almost vacant street, known as West South. The building contains three rooms, with low ceilings not over eight feet in height, and is in a dilapidated condition, owing to which it is seldom occupied. It is entered by a flight of sandstone steps to the only door in the front of the building, which is built on the side of a hill. This door enters into the main room, the other two rooms being smaller. The entire building covers a space probably of twenty feet square. An addition of one room was built to the house about the year 1847, so that the entire structure contains 20 by 30 feet. The present home of Mrs. Sheridan is a neat cottage in the suburbs of Somerset, surrounded by forest and other trees, where the venerable old lady and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John L. Sheridan, reside.

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# Lent.

EVERY year the holy season of Lent is becoming better known. The press, too, is inculcating its observance. Not many years ago it was "superstition" to observe the fast; but now our separated brethren, if they do not fast, they abstain from amusements and turn their thoughts to God. It is a good omen for the Church. The Boston Sunday Globe, a paper not given much to devotional thoughts, has this article in its issue of the 19th of February: —

### On the Subject of Lent.

OF course it is not a borrowed subject, to begin with. As to "keeping" Lent, there are theories enough in circulation to satisfy the most exacting choice. But there are some few people, possessed of the rough-diamond style of sense, who think that the true way to infuse much religious significance into the season is to reduce it to a practical system. The two leading features about Lent are abstinence and charity. There could be none better. Only carry out such rules for

forty days as these two features would exclusively enjoin, then stop at joyous Easter and note, each for himself, where he comes out.

Abstinence applied as a governing rule for a stated term, ought to include abstention from every kind of mere indulgence of the senses. It should literally be total. In this way self-restraint helps greatly to put the spiritual above the physical, which, as we get further along in the experience mapped out for us, will be found to be the natural order and not the reverse. To that higher condition the lives of all of us inevitably tend. Then comes the practice of charity — not merely the giving of alms, but the giving of ourselves to others. Lent is the very season for the cultivation of genuine altruism. Now we may teach ourselves the simple but profound lesson that if we would get we must give. Our forty days are passing away.

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# Cathedral Echoes.

THE peal of the "South End Chimes" seemed to infuse the real Sabbath spirit into the second Sunday of Lent.

People streamed as usual in opposite and diverging directions on their way to different shrines of worship.

My own and only "shrine" for the day was "Holy Cross."

The sunlight shot over its sombre tower, and there were birds about, chirping in a "bob o' link" sort of way, that gave one a thought of springtime.

It was the ending of the "Forty Hours Devotion" there.

As one crossed the portals, the interior seemed a blending of music, color and lights. The white marble altar of intricately chaste workmanship, and background of subdued frescoings, blazed with myriad twinkling tapers. No sound came from the orchestra as yet; it was the sanctuary boys who were sending up the soft soaring crescendoes, culminating at the very summit of sound in a rocket of dulcet notes, as it were, that scattered their sparkling sweetness on the vast congregation.

There were long and solemn services at the altar, and powerful chorus singing in the orchestra, the organ seemed to scream its peals of triumph, and then for a while there was silence. The chanting of a litany broke the pause; after which, two by two down the main aisle, and up the side, followed the most solemn, most impressive procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The altar boys first, ranging from diminutive "tots" to manly acolytes; next, those forming the "stamina," as it were, of the sanctuary choir, all in white surplices, and carrying lights; next, officiating priests, followed by the archbishop, who, with his brow bent reverently forward to the Sacred Host, moved on under the silken canopy.

Whenever or wherever observed, the faithful Catholic takes advantage of this devotion, so expressive of the Faith to "go apart" from

the distractions of earth, offer reparation for sin, and militate, as it were, before the "Real Presence," with prayer for the conversion of sinners.

The devotion was originated in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Gabriel, Paleotte, Archbishop of Bologna.

SEPPERLE.

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# Collins Let the Cat Out.

IT may be remembered that at the time when Fulton was vomiting his foul and filthy calumnies against the Catholic Church in this city, one of his agents invited the British-American Association to attend his lectures, offering the members free passes thereto, which were declined on the ground that the British-American Society did not wish to be mixed up in a religious warfare, a statement which the Republic then asserted was too diaphanous to deceive anybody.

The tone of more than one of the Anti-Home Rule articles contributed to last Saturday's Record shows that the British-Americans, by representatives of which class these articles were written, are mainly opposed to Ireland's legislative independence on bigoted grounds. Especially manifest is that fact made by the contribution of Mr. John Collins, who, after repeating that often-exploded assertion that St. Patrick was never a Catholic, and harping on a Papal bull that never existed, declares that "the Pope and Mr. Gladstone are with the secessionists to dismember the British empire," and winds up with the declaration that "England and the United States are the two great protestant nations that Romanism hates."

It would be a waste of words and space to reply to Mr. Collins' silly statements. It may not be out of place, however, to say here that the sentiments he ascribes to Mr. Parnell in a speech at Cincinnati, in 1880, have been time and again repudiated by the Irish leader, who declared that he never used the words Mr. Collins puts in his mouth. Likewise it may not be amiss to assert that Mr. Parnell and other Irish leaders have frequently declared, the former no later than two years ago, that the Irish World, some of whose rabid dynamite ranting Mr. Collins quotes, was one of the bitterest enemies of their policy. In full answer to Mr. Collins' silly statements that the Pope and Mr. Gladstone are conspiring together for Ireland's sake, it can be said that, whereas Mr. Gladstone never, when he was in power or since he espoused the cause of home rule, asked Rome to come to his aid, the "Unionists" have, on more than one occasion, sent delegates to Rome to sue for Papal assistance, and it is not Salisbury's fault if today there exists no alliance between the Pope and the British tories.

We are content to let Mr. Collins' article stand, however. It is full proof that the British-American Association is nothing more or less than Orangeism under another name, actuated by the same motives as the Ulster organization, and, like that, owing its existence to the hatred its members bear towards their Catholic fellow-citizens.

# Pyne Beats the Law.

(DOUGLAS PYNE, M. P., an English Protestant Home Ruler, on being summoned to be tried for urging Irish tenants to resist unjus- evictions, retired with two of his sons, and six months' provisions, to Lisfinny Castle, an old baronial fortress on his estate. Fortified here, the constabulary are unable to execute the warrant issued for his arrest.)

A sturdy English gentleman,
Is Douglas Pyne, M. P.,
In Erin's present Home Rule cause
No braver knight than he,
Across his path the British wrath
Has fallen once again,
Because he dare his thoughts to share
With honest Irishmen.
A warrant now awaits his bow,
But does he bow to it?
A castle old, is his stronghold—
A very clever hit!
With rations dear, and sons to cheer,
Within Lisfinny's walls,
He holds at bay, by night and day,
All summons, warrants, calls.
Hip, hip, hurrah!
Pyne beats the law.

About the base the peelers sit,
But can no further go;
While from the castle's window slit,
Pyne treats the crowd below
To sage advice, in phrases nice,
On landlord, law, and rent.
And blank dismay has come to stay
With those the Crown has sent.
He thus has scored for Waterford
A never dying name;
And Balfour's court can but report
Coercions force as lame.
Hip, hip, hurrah!
Pyne beats the law.

W. CARNEY.

San Diego, Cal. Dec. 27, 1888.

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# How John Beeton Took The Pledge.

"MARGARET, Margaret!" cried a voice in urgent rising tones.

But it was between one and two o'clock in the morning, and Margaret was fast asleep and dreaming that she was sailing on a dark lake, of which she could not find the shore.

"Margaret! Margaret!" called the voice again in a louder key, and this time Margaret awoke. Awoke to find her mother standing by her bedside with a candle in her hand and an anxious, frightened look upon her face.

"Quick, my child; your father is very ill."

"Oh! what is the matter?" exclaimed the girl, thoroughly aroused by the words.

"Some sort of a fit; but waste no time, slip on your clothes and send one of the servants, or run yourself, to Beeton's cottage, and tell him to go as fast as possible for Dr. Wayborne."

"I'll call Beeton myself, it will be quicker."

Swift as thought Margaret Fielding dressed, and unfastening the great hall door, ran up the drive to the coachman's house and knocked at the door. In response to her knocking, a light shone in the upper floor, and the next moment the window was thrown open and a woman's head thrust out.

"Who is there?"

"Come down, Mrs. Beeton."

"La, Miss Fielding, is it you? Is suthin' wrong? Wait a minute and I'll come down and undo the door."

The light flickered, then disappeared from the window; but very soon shone upon Margaret from the open doorway.

"What's the matter, Miss; can I do suthin'?

"No—yes; my father has been taken very ill, call your husband, he is to go and fetch the doctor as fast as he can," said the girl breathlessly. "Stay! if Dr. Wayborne should not be at home, he must bring some one else; he's not to return without a doctor."

"I'm afeard he can't do it, miss."

Margaret stared, "He must go, Mrs. Beeton; my father's life depends upon it."

The woman wrung her hands, and tremblingly repeated her words. "I'm afeard he can't do it. He came home from the Barley Mow the worse for liquor an hour or two agone; he's asleep now."

"Oh; go and rouse him, give him something, and when you tell him about my father it will sober him."

With a heavy sigh the woman mounted the narrow staircase; there was an interval of quiet, and then she could be heard tramping down again.

"It's no use, miss, he's dead-drunk, you might as well try one o' the pigs in the yard."

Back to the house went the girl, and told her mother,

"Oh, it is cruel, cruel," murmured the poor wife. Then together for a while they watched the husband and father struggling with death because of the drunkenness of the man who should have been ready to have served them in their necessity.

"We must get a doctor somehow," said Margaret, at last. "I will go again and see what can be done."

Once more the girl ran us the avenue, but on this occasion she had no need to knock, for the poor anxious woman sitting up in the kitchen had heard her footsteps breaking the stillness of the night, and had the door opened by the time Margaret reached the threshold.

"Can you do anything with Beeton?"

"No, miss; I wish I could; he must sleep the drink off; you might as well try one o' the pigs in the yard, as I told you, miss, or one o' the logs in the shed, you'd stir them as easy."

"Where is the stable key?"

The woman reached the key from its nail in the wall, but asked a troubled question.

"What are you going to do, miss? Your're never going to get a horse yourself."

"Yes I am; and you are going to help me," said Margaret, her courage and spirits rising as she saw her course. "Get the lantern, now give me the matches."

The horses in their boxes turned their patient heads round wonderingly at this invasion of their midnight peace, but knowing Margaret, showed no uneasiness; and the young girl, with the woman holding the light for her, passed through to the harness-room. There she met

with a check, for Beeton had the single harness all abroad after cleaning, but Margaret knew every buckle and strap, and was not long in getting the horse harnessed. Well was it for her and for that night's work that she was so accustomed to pet and handle the horses! To roll back the great coach-house doors was the hardest task, but she managed it, put the horse to, and drove off; leaving Mrs. Beeton with the lantern on the flags, loudly bemoaning her husband's condition and the distance at which the other men lived.

Earlier in the night the weather had been wet, but by this time the rain had ceased, and a young moon shed its faint light over the scene.

How quiet the night was! Not a sound but that made by her horses' hoofs. Not a sound: presently she had to get down to open a gate, and she was startled by a noise close at hand. Hark! what was it? Margaret caught her breath, and listened. Was it the fall of a stealthy footstep? Nay; the next moment she discovered it to be nothing but the dropping of water in the wet hedge. But what was that fresh sound? The whisper of near voices? Nay, it was but the rustling of the leaves, but to her fancy the tree seemed to shiver mournfully as though it hid a ghost within its branches. She strained ner ears in listening; she strained her eyes to gaze into the dark shadow yonder in her path, wherein some evil thing or person seemed to lurk; to her excited fancy the air was growing thick with evil shapes and sounds, and she was almost tempted to abandon her journey, but dismissing the cowardly thought and making the sign of the Cross, she climbed back into the dog-cart, and no more drew rein or hesitated.

When she reached the town, however, Margaret was dismayed to find it was past four o'clock, and took the blame to herself for tardiness. More time had been lost in going to and from house and stables and considering what could be done than she had realized; moreover, the task of preparing the carriage had been a slow process to her unaccustomed hands, and so the precious hours which might mean life to her beloved father had flown by. The doctor was much astonished when he found who it was that claimed his services at that unseasonable hour, but conquering his amazement and curiosity he was quickly ready, and in another three-quarters of an hour they pulled up at the house.

Margaret had roused the servants before leaving, and one of them now came forward, in whose charge Margaret left the horse while she herself conducted the doctor to the sick chamber'

Giving but a brief greeting to Mrs. Fielding in passing, Dr. Wayborne bent over and examined his patient. His face was very grave as he stood erect again and questioned the anxious wife. She gave him a short history of the night and the remedies she had applied.

"Well, well; you did your best. 'Twas a pity I wasn't here sooner."

"We are only too glad that you are here now, under the circumstances," said Mrs. Fielding, giving a little faint smile through her tears.

The doctor looked at her aghast. "I am of no use; it's too late to do anything;" he shot out.

"Oh! what—what do you mean?" asked the poor lady, her tongue faltering.

"You are prepared for ill news," said the doctor in brief preface; "I thought you could see the truth, Mr. Fielding is sinking fast."

"It can't be, it can't be," wailed the unfortunate wife. "Try all your skill, doctor; he was a hale and hearty man a few hours ago."

"My dear madam, nothing can save him, no one could help him now; life has almost gone, his extremities are quite cold. Miss Margaret, you were very plucky to drive over at all; but as you came, couldn't you have fetched me a bit earlier?"

The reproach, for it seemed to her a reproach, quite broke down the poor girl, and she hid her face in her hands, sobbing. The doctor regarded her with compassion for a moment or two; he was not a hard-hearted man, but he was so used to sad scenes and to speak the fiat of death that he took all in a business-like spirit.

"Come, come, Miss Margaret, don't take it to heart; and listen to me now, this is no place for you who are but young. Go you down-stairs and send one of the older maids to stay beside your mother."

"No, no, let me stop," pleaded the girl.

"Very well, as you like," said the doctor, pulling forward a chair for himself and sitting down.

The afflicted mother and daughter sank on their knees one on each side of the bed, and sometimes prayed and sometimes watched the sick man lying there, all unconsciously breathing forth in long, slow gasps, his little remnant of life.

In another half hour or so all was over. The doctor rose to his feet, kind in attention but brief and practical as ever in speech.

"Go and rest awhile, my dear madam, and have some food. I will send a person up from the town to do what is necessary."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

About seven o'clock in the morning Mrs. Beeton tramped up once more to her husband's beside, carrying in her hand a large cup of steaming tea. He was still sleeping heavily, but at last she succeeded in rousing him.

"A fine night's work there's been here," cried Mary Beeton, wrathfully; "and you too drunk to help."

"What's up now?" asked her husband in sullen resentment, while he took up the cup of tea.

"The master's dead."

"Dead! what d'you mean!"

"He's dead; and dead, as I understan' it, because the doctor couldn't be got here soon enough."

"You're joking," said Beeton, trying to put the dreadful thought away, but frightened as he suddenly caught sight of his wife's face, red and swollen from much weeping; "you're trying to frighten me because I'd a drop too much last night."

"I'm not; it's gospel-truth I'm speaking, it's as true as that you

and I be here. Miss Margaret came to the house last night—leastways this morning 'twas, of course—a bit past one, knocking at the door for you to take the dog-cart to fetch Dr. Wayborne, and you too dead-drunk to move, God forgive you! And by-and-by back she comes and begs me to get you up; and then at last she gets the dog-cart herself; but when she brought the doctor, 'twas too late, they said."

The man stared at his wife almost incredulous for a moment or two, then he set down the empty cup on a chair beside his bed, and uttering a groan of horror, sank back on the pillows.

"And now what d'you think of yourself and your 'glass of beer?'" cried Mrs. Beeton.

"Let me be, woman, let me be!"

Mrs. Beeton was frightened at the tone of his voice, and rushed down the steep staircase out of his sight.

All was very quiet upstairs for half an hour or so, and then Mary could hear her husband moving about and dressing himself. In due course Beeton came downstairs and went about his work, feeding his horses and directing the young man who assisted him in the stables, all seeming much as usual,—only he himself felt as though he were in a dream; only he himself knew the agony of remorse and sorrow that had fastened upon his heart!

So the day passed, a busy day; messengers had to be sent into town, there was much stir and business under the awestruck quiet and silence. In the evening Beeton neither went to the Barley Mow, where he had spent too many nights, nor sat at home; he made excuse of his work to be shut up, and spent the hours alone in the harness-room with only his despairing thoughts for company.

Early the next morning word was brought to him that his mistress wanted to see him. Mechanically at the appointed hour he washed his hands and face and made himself tidy, and at the appointed hour presented himself at the house. He was bidden to walk into the morning-room where his mistress was already seated.

"Beeton," began Mrs. Fielding, as soon as the door was closed and they were alone, "I sent for you; you know there has been trouble here."

The man gave one glance at his mistress, and her black gown and her worn and sorrowful countenance were more than he could bear. He turned about quickly and, laying hasty hands upon the knob of the door, tried to escape from her presence.

"Stay, Beeton."

The clear commanding tones were not to be resisted; he dropped his hold of the lock and went back to his place.

"You have heard that there is trouble in the house; and you have heard, I suppose, that the doctor ought to have been here sooner, and he might have been here quickly but for your being in the state you were that night."

"I know, I know, Ma'am; kill me, 'tis what I deserve; 'tis I ought to be dead instead of him."

"That would do no good; I forgive you, and *he* would have for-

given you, but let it be an awful lesson to you. My husband's death" — brave as the poor lady was, her voice broke, but after a moment's pause she went on again in steady accents — "the death of my good husband is a great price to pay for your sobriety; still, if it make you a sober and a better man, bringing up your children in sobriety and the fear of God, he will not have died quite in vain."

There was no answer, and the man's face was turned away, so she could not see what impression was made upon him.

"You must promise me now," she resumed, seeing that he was not going to speak; "that you will never again drink one drop of any intoxicating liquor."

"I couldn't," cried the man sharply; "d'you think I could arter what has happened? I couldn't touch it more'n I could touch a snake."

"That is not enough. . . . Come with me," added she after a moment's interval, struck by a sudden thought.

Beeton wondered where she was taking him, then by the flash of inward light he guessed the truth. Mrs. Fielding glanced once over her shoulder, as she ascended the stairs to make sure the man was following, then went straight on through the corridor to a distant door. Lingering a moment for him to come up to her, she turned the key in the lock and, flinging wide the door, motioned Beeton to enter.

He was right; his instinct had been true. One glance at the room draped with white linen, at the table where stood candles and crucifix and vessel of holy water with its palm-twig, and he knew that he stood in the chamber of death. At the bed he was afraid to glance and at last felt more than saw the figure, narrow and straight and still, outlined through the white sheets.

Mrs. Fielding stepped forward and laid her hand on the napkin that covered the face.

"Don't!" cried Beeton; "I couldn't bear the sight; as it is, I shall be a wretched haunted man to my dying day."

"Very well, as you will; but give me your promise that you will not from this time forth use any strong drink."

"I promise, I promise, before — *him* and before God. God help me; oh! my master, my dear master, you often told me I should get drunk once too often; your words have come true, but I little thought and ye little thought this would be the way of it. My trouble's more than I can bear, God help me, God help me," cried he, and he fell on his knees by the bedside and, though his hands covered his face, his tears ran and soaked the white couch.

Presently his mistress touched him on the shoulder and he rose.

"Remember your promise, and pray for his soul. You can go."

They were only plain words of dismissal; but they were so softly spoken that they sounded almost as a benison, and they fell like balm on the wounded suffering soul of the stricken man who moved silently away from her presence — to bear forever a burden of remorse and pain.

# Dies Iræ.

THE day of wrath! Upon that day
The heavens and earth shall melt away,
Vouch David's psalm and Sibil's lay.

What fears and terrors will accrue,
When Christ the judge shall come anew,
To weigh the world in balance true!

The trump shall sound with shrilling tone,
Through every tomb from zone to zone,
Compelling all before the throne.

Nature and death shall stare aghast,
As man the creature wakes at last,
His Judge to answer for the past.

There comes in view, at judgment call,
A written book containing all,
Whereby each man shall stand or fall.

Then whilst the Judge sits throned in light,
All hidden things appear in sight,
Nor aught escapes his venging might.

What, then, shall I poor culprit say?
To what good patron shall I pray,
When even saints are in dismay?

Great King of awful majesty,
That savest free who saved shall be,
Oh, fount of mercy, save Thou me!

Remember, Jesus dear, I pray,
That I have caused thy toilsome way;
Forbid I perish on that day.

Thou wearied sat while I was sought;
Thou on the cross my ransom wrought:
Let not such labor count for naught.

Just Judge, the right belongs to Thee
Of vengeance or remission free:
Before the trial pardon me.

Like culprit doomed I sigh and moan;
With blushing brow my guilt I own:
Oh! spare me Lord a suppliant lone.

By shriving Magdalen in grief,
And showing mercy to the thief,
Thou bringest hope to my relief.

My prayers to worth dare not aspire;
Yet, gracious Lord, deal not in ire;
Nor let me burn in quenchless fire.

Among the sheep, at thy right hand,
Assign a place where I may stand,
Sequestered from the wicked band.

And when the curséd put to shame,
Are given to the angry flame,
Then with the blessed call my name.

Bent low in prayer, I suppliant cry,
My heart consumed like cinder dry:
Forsake me not when death is nigh.

Oh mournful day! Oh day of gloom!
When guilty man shall from the tomb
Again arise to meet his doom.

Then spare me Lord, in mercy spare:
Do thou, good Jesus, hear my prayer,
And bid the dead to rest repair. Amen.

J. S. F.

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# Father Mathew's Pledge.

IT is the intention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, to have a general observance of the fiftieth anniversary of Father Mathew taking the pledge, and Rev. T. J. Conaty of Worcester, Mass., the president of the union, has sent out the following letter:

To the members of the C. T. A. U. of A.:

April 10, 1838, is memorable in total abstinence annals as the day when Father Mathew signed the pledge in the little school-house on Cool Street, Cork. This act of Christian self-denial marks an event which should not be forgotten. By it Father Mathew consecrated himself to a work of humanity and religion, which has ranked him as an emancipator of human kind, winning for him the love and gratitude, not only of his race and creed, but of all men who hate vice and bondage, and esteem virtue and freedom. Fifty years have passed since then, and who can estimate the good done, the suffering relieved, the poverty banished, the vice diminished, the souls saved by the pledge administered by Father Mathew. Our total abstinence societies are the outgrowth of this work. We would be false to the gratitude due him did we fail to commemorate his pledge day in an appropriate manner. It is suggested that each society of our national

union, in its hall on April 10 next, recall to the consideration of its members the principal events in Father Mathew's temperance work, and thus renew interest in this cause to which we, by Father Mathew's pledge, have consecrated ourselves. May his memory ever find a cherished place in the traditions of our union, and may the religious spirit which prompted the act of April 10, 1838, urge us on to more earnest and determined work against the great vice of drunkenness, and thus save our fellow-men for home society and God."

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To shame the few churls who wish to deprive us
Of a share in the charter by Washington won;
Let us all do our best and leave sons to survive us,
Who'll be native Americans when they're all gone.
And if any should blight your fame or your right,
Or run from the blaze of the battle array;
The standard of green, in front would be seen.
O, my life on your faith, were you summoned this minute,
You'd throw every bitter resentment away,
And show what the arm of old Ireland has in it,
For the star-spangled banner on Patrick's Day.

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# The Medical Profession.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson delivered the annual address at the commencement of the Columbus Medical College. He opened by remarking that in some of the old universities in Continental Europe, it was the custom to present to the candidate for degrees a ring, a birette, and an open book on the day of his admission. The ring denoted the espousal of the graduate to the profession; the cap was a token of his priestly devotion to his calling; the open book was indicative of the boundless extent of the knowledge to be acquired. He wished the young gentlemen before him abundant success in their ministrations. The realities of life were about to open before them. Difficulties were to be met with and subdued. The profession was over crowded; and each one might ask himself, where shall I find room in the profession? The happy remark of the great Daniel Webster was referred to that "there was always room enough at the top." There was always room enough on the heights of true excellence. This was illustrated by referring to the careers of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and a number of eminent physicians. There was no need to be discouraged or hampered if they but aim to reach a high standard. Study, and an earnest devotion to their work would win the crown. It is a question with these young men just starting out in their career, whether they will be crowded for room, or hampered.

The Bishop then dwelt very eloquently and with especial force on the benevolent feature of the medical profession. There was something higher than mere pecuniary success to strive for. The science of medicine is eminently a science of benevolence. That was its worthiest and noblest aspect. The physician could and ought to be a practical

philanthropist. This was happily illustrated by referring to the great boon to humanity of the persevering efforts and final discovery of one man, the illustrious Dr. Jenner, in his having given to the profession the benefits of vaccination. He deserves to be almost canonized in history. The importance of the science of surgery and the immense strides achieved by the profession in alleviating the sufferings of its patients were dwelt upon and their benefits. Chloroform and other anæsthetics are now widely known and used. He briefly alluded to craniology as the one operation that ought to be abandoned for the honor of the profession. It was both unlawful and unnecessary.

The Bishop remarked, at the close, that we read in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxxviii: "Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him; for the Most High hath created him. For all healing is from God, and He shall receive gifts of the King. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be praised."

The address was well received, being listened to with close attention, and the eloquent speaker greeted with a round of applause when he concluded.

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# Fiftieth Anniversary — Cardinal Gibbons.

THE fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's Parish, Dudley Street, Boston Highlands, was celebrated at the church on Sunday, March 11, with great brilliancy and much ceremony. Rev. Fr. Joseph H. Gallagher, the parish priest, and his assistants, made ample accommodations for the crowd that participated in the celebration. The great attraction was the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The admission was by ticket. The morning services closed with the Te Deum. The evening ceremonies were in keeping with the elaborateness of the occasion. There was solemn pontifical vespers at 7.30. The celebrant was Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., bishop of Providence. The ceremonies throughout the day were grand and imposing, and made an impression which will not be forgotten by the participants for a long time.

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### LINE UPON LINE FOR LENT.

LENT at first meant the spring — the time when life springs forth again from the death of winter. So the Lenten fast is a time when the soul should become alive, rising up from sin to new life in Christ — *if by any means I may attain to the resurrection which is from the dead.*

In Lent the March winds blow. Thinking on past sins with repentance, because they have offended Christ's love — confession with contrition — are winds that purify the soul. *Arise, O north wind, and come, O south wind, and blow through my garden.*

March is the month of St. Joseph. To repent and confess and begin a new life pleasing to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, we need the encouragement and protection of Christ's dearest friends.

St. Joseph is the patron of the universal Church. Lent is the season of seasons for the Church; for then, if ever, her wayward children look into their hearts and think seriously.

Thinking seriously leads to penance — that is, to disapproval and detestation of sin against our loving God, and the wish sin had not been committed; to displeasure and sorrow over the sin which is past and can never be changed, though our Lord's forgiveness may blot it out; to amendment for the future, with present satisfaction by humble confession and penance.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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## A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

NEW YORK, February 26.—Probably one of the most remarkable women, now in New York, is Flora Schlamm, the mother of Louis Schlamm, who is a clerk in Judge Browne's City Court. Mrs. Schlamm is older than the century. She to-day celebrated her one hundred and second birthday, and it was made the occasion of a great gathering of her decendants, friends and well-wishers, to offer their congratulations. She was born on February 25, 1786, in Prussia, and came to this country in 1847. Mrs. Schlamm had thirteen children, of whom only two are now alive. She has had fifty-four grandchildren, but only twenty-one of them are now alive. She has thirty-two great-grandchildren alive, and three great-great-grandchildren. Her vitality is great. She is in almost unimpaired possession of all her faculties. She has an almost inexhaustible store of reminiscences, and is especially fond of telling how she saw Napoleon Bonaparte at Posen in 1805, just before he invaded Russia. The battle of Waterloo is fresh in her recollection, and indeed the stirring events of the earlier part of the century seem to be more firmly impressed on her memory than the tamer events of the late half. She is not the only instance of extraordinary longevity in her family, as her great-grandfather died at the age of one hundred and twenty, and she has a brother now living in Germany who is over ninety years old. She attributes her hale old age to temperance in eating and drinking and regularity of life.

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## RECEPTION INTO THE CHURCH.

THE reception into the Church of the well-known author, the Rev. H. Morden Bennett, of Bournemouth, took place at St. Patrick's, Soho-Square, London, the Rev. Father Richardson, of Ventor, officiating. The new convert is the son of the celebrated Vicar of Bournemouth, who built St. Peter's and several other churches near, and brother to the present Vicar. He is the author of the Preacher's Vade Mecum, The King of Glory, The Foot of the Cross, several books of meditation, and other works. The violence of the Church Times shocked Mr. Bennett's instincts as a scholar and a gentleman, and a recent correspondence in the Church Review, in which the editor allowed three Catholic priests to join until forced to silence them, opened Mr. Bennett's eyes to the necessity of studying antiquity and the Fathers at their

source, and not in such text books as Plain Reasons. The result was the illumination of the Holy Ghost and the conversion of the heart to God. Mrs. Bennett's conversion was quite independent of that of her husband, and she was not less surprised than delighted, when she discovered that he, also, had come to the same conclusion as herself. The happy converts received their First Communion and Confirmation from the hands of his Eminence Cardinal Manning.

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# T. D. Sullivan's Poetry.

MR. SULLIVAN, Ireland's poet-patriot, is out of prison, and, to all appearance, little the worse for two months' sojourn in the gloomy jail at Tullamore. He told a correspondent quite cheerfully that he will probably be in jail again soon, for, of course, he does not intend to cease publishing in his newspaper reports of so-called suppressed branches of the National League. That was the heinous crime for which he was sentenced, and he is going to commit it every week that he is out of prison, or until Balfour shall summon the courage to seize Mr. Sullivan's printing plant, and suppress his newspaper altogether, *a la Russe.*

Mr. Sullivan, after the manner of poets, passed a part of the weary time in prison composing verse, which he will publish in a week or two, under the title of Lays of Tullamore. The title page of the little volume will be ornamented with pictures of prison bars and manacles, and at the end will be an engraving of the prison card which was fastened to the door of Sullivan's cell, and bore upon its face a description of his person, the offence for which he had been imprisoned, and other particulars dear to jailers.

Among the contents will be a comic ballad entitled "Tullamore Tweed." There will be a stirring poem of the Plan of Campaign, and among other subjects of the poet's muse are the "Clattering of Bolts and Bars in Prison," and the "Letters of Sympathy and gifts sent to the Prisoner by an English Friend." The pieces which perhaps will most commend themselves to popular taste are "The Brogue" and "A Vision." In the former the poet scornfully deals with the sneer against the Irish brogue in Parliament, in which Lord Salisbury indulged in his speech at Oxford last November. A copy of the book will doubtless find its way into the library at Hatfield, and perhaps his lordship will ponder on this question put by the patriotic poet:—

> I ask again on many a dreadful day
> When England's fortunes hung upon the fray,
> By leaguered walls or on the open plain,
> With Gough in India, Wellington in Spain,
> How would have turned the battles' wavering tide
> Had some high captain, puffed with foolish pride,
> Told the brogue speakers they might stand aside?

Mr. Sullivan must have been in high phenomenal spirits for a prisoner when he wrote "A Vision," the reading of which by every man,

Tory, or Liberal, who is familiar with Balfour's personal appearance and peculiarities, will be a delightful treat. Here it is: —

A VISION RENDERED INTO POETRY.

Once within my little study, while the firelight gleaming ruddy
Threw fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,
I was thinking of two nations that for many generations
Had known nought but deadly hatred and contentions sad and sore,
Nought but deadly strife and hatred and contentions sad and sore
Going on forevermore.

And I thought all this is blameful, 'tis not only sad but shameful,
All this plundering and oppressing and this spilling lakes of gore,
'Tis the nation that is stronger that has been the other's wronger;
Let her play this part no longer, but this cruelty give o'er—
Turn to ways of love and kindness, and this cruelty give o'er,
And have peace forevermore.

While unto myself thus speaking, on the stairs I heard a creaking
As of someone softly sneaking up to listen at the door.
Then said I, "You need not fear me; you can just come in and hear me;
Take a seat or stand anear me; let us talk this matter o'er—
'Tis a grave and serious subject; let us talk it calmly o'er,"
Then I opened wide the door.

Then a being thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky,
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshly clinked and jangled,
And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—
When it fell he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before.
This he did, and nothing more.

"Now," said I, the shape addressing, "don't you think 'twould be a blessing,
If this Anglo-Irish conflict coming down from days of yore—
If this age-long woe and sadness could be changed to peace and gladness,
And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore.
And no words but words of kindness pass across from shore to shore?"
Quoth the lank one, "Tullamore."

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come unduly,
As a misplaced exhibition of his geographic lore;
So, my thread of thought resuming, I said: "There are dangers looming
Over England's wide dominion that 'tis useless to ignore;
What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battle thunders roar?"
Answer made he: "Tullamore!"

Then said I: Across the waters Erin's faithful sons and daughters
Now have fierce and bitter memories burning in each bosom's core:
Think what peace and joy would fill them and what happiness would thrill them
If but England yielded freedom to the land that they adore—
If she spoke the word of freedom to the land their souls adore,"
But his word was "Tullamore."

"Think," said I, "of England's masses every day that o'er them passes
Hears their murmurings and complainings swelling louder than before;
They object — and 'tis no wonder — to the rule of force and plunder
That so long has kept them under, squeezing blood from every pore.
Have you any word of comfort that their patience may restore?"
His reply was "Tullamore."

From my vision quick he glided; in my heart It hen decided
That if this was England's message by this popinjay brought o'er,
She had missed a chance of glory that would brighten all her story—
But I said that lanky Tory was a humbug and a bore.
These words from both the peooples soon will ring from shore to shore—
"We are friends forevermore!"

## MAINE RELAPSING TO HEATHENISM.

THE Lewiston, (Me.) Journal finds, as the result of an elaborate investigation, that one-third of the churches in Maine are closed on account of lack of support and that one-half the people of the state are non-church-goers. The returns show that out of 1,362 churches in the state 417 are vacant. Out of the vast collection of excuses it is found that spite and personal differences are the foundation for much of the absenteeism. Some said that they had no time to go to church, others needed better clothes; some said there was too much formality, others thought that there was not enough. The following figures show how the different denominations are effected: Union Church, 115 with pastors and 17 vacancies; Congregational, 156 with pastors and 76 vacancies; Baptist, 121 with pastors and 98 vacancies; Free Baptist, 159 with pastors and 81 vacancies; Methodists, 279 with pastors and only 38 vacancies; Universalists, 35 with pastors and 56 vacancies; Quaker, 8 churches open and 4 churches closed; Christian, 43 churches open and 12 closed; Episcopalian, 29 open and 8 closed; Catholic, 48 open and 8 closed; Advent, 15 open and 16 closed; Unitarian, 15 churches open and 3 closed. Besides these there are 1 Lutheran, 1 Free church, 1 Christ's Faith, 2 Jewish synagogues, 2 Christ's Disciple, 3 Presbyterian, 1 New Jerusalemite church and 2 Shaker churches open.

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## EXPEDIENCY.

EXPEDIENCY delayed Catholic Emancipation until it was hardly received as a boon. Lord Hartington says that the enfranchised Irishmen are misusing their privilege because they are demanding equal rights; forgetting that before the majority had these rights, the small body of voters, on the evidence of Archdeacon French, "were driven to the polls like cattle, by a man with a large whip, riding on a mule; and that the old forty-shilling freeholders were practically nothing more than a part of the live stock of the estate."

We never legislate for Ireland except under the influence of fear. Fenianism disestablished the Irish Church. Whiteboyism effected tithe reform. Is it not time that Lord Hartington began to study the crimes of expediency, and to put in its place right and justice? It will be a great reformation, no doubt; for all that, let reformation be done. Grattan was wise when he said, on this expediency legislation, "Those whom you trample on in Ireland will sting you in America;" and the sting will come. The millions who have gone to America leave us in despair, and, if they return, return as enemies.—*Westminster Review.*

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THE Church Progress, published at Marshall, Ill., has been merged in the Catholic World of St. Louis, Mo. The Progress has been ably edited in the past. Its consolidation with the World, must be beneficial to both papers. In future all communications should be addressed, Catholic Publishing Co., 8th and Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## The Working Boys' Home — Rev. Father Roche's Successor.

REV. JOHN F. FORD.

Entering upon his new field, Father Ford does so as a novice, so far as experience with such youths as he will meet is concerned. Yet the business part of his administration will carefully be looked after, as he has shown his aptitude as a successful manager in his work in Marlboro, where he was assistant priest for three years. Notwithstanding the fact that he has no experience in the government and care of youths he looks forward, as he states, with pleasure, to the time when he will fully understand his mission, as he feels a deep interest in the class that the home was established to aid.

In the new superintendent the boys will find a man who can and wil be in full sympathy with them — who has a most kindly and cheerful bearing; one in whose hands the little fellows can rest assured they will fare well. Father Ford is a man of broad intellectual capacity, and, with his qualities of head and heart, he will be a worthy successor of Father Roche, with whose name the home is indissolubly connected. He states that he has mapped out no line of policy or action, as he is not sufficiently conversant with the institution and the method of conducting it to know just what might be desired, but presumed there will be no special departure from the ways and means of his predecessor.

Rev. Father Ford has issued the following card:

I have assumed the heavy responsibility of superintendent of the Working Boys' Home. I appreciate all the dangers, difficulties and trials of the position. I trust also I do not forget the reward, for, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." In that spirit I have entered upon this work. I beg, then, of those who have hitherto interested themselves in the home, to kindly strengthen my hands by continuing their efforts, whether in their official relations, or in efforts which, if not official, are also no less friendly. In trying situations we have all learned, doubtless, the worth of the sympathetic word, even without the practical proof, which, in the case of the home, has ever accompanied it. How many proofs of that practical sympathy have been given in the past to this philanthropic institution — a home for all waifs as it is — I have had ample opportunity of discovering by looking over the records of the house. Their name is truly legion of those who have given generously, yet unostentatiously;

names written not only in the official records kept, but, I trust, also in the Book of Life. To all, whether of the laity or clergy, I extend, in behalf of the home, thanks for proofs already given us of their active sympathy and support, and in God's name, and for His little ones, I set myself to the work.

Prior to Father Ford's departure from Marlboro, the Catholic Lyceum, presented to the retiring curate a purse of money and a gold-headed cane, the latter suitably inscribed.

The new superintendent of the Working Boys' Home, is a native of Weymouth, is in his thirty-fourth year, is a graduate of Boston College, and was an ecclesiastical student at Rome, where he was ordained five years ago.

**Father Ford at the Home.**

A meeting of friends of the Working Boys' Home was held on Sunday, March 4, a goodly number of those interested in the institution being present. Father H. P. Smith of Roxbury, after stating the object of the meeting, introduced Father John F. Ford, the new superintendent, to the ladies and gentlemen. Father Ford cordially welcomed all interested in the home, and expressed his earnest desire that their assistance should be extended to the institution. A large number of tickets for the St. Patrick's Day concert, and a lecture by Rev. Thomas Conaty of Worcester on "Ireland, a Free and Independent Nation," were then distributed, and the meeting then adjourned.

**The Late Superintendent.**

A testimonial concert was given to Father Roche on Sunday evening, March 4. The audience present completely filled the hall, aisles, anteroom. Father Roche was present and was heartily welcomed. The reverend gentleman was evidently moved by so earnest an expression of good-will, but his attention was immediately attracted by a bright-faced youngster, Master Timothy Collins of Charlestown, who stepped forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: We are assembled to present to Rev. Father Roche a purse in the name of the Ladies' Aid Society and of their many friends. We beg him to receive it as a slight mark of the great love we bear for him." At the conclusion of his speech, the lad handed to Father Roche two bags of silver coin and scrip. For a moment the father hesitated, but recovering himself he proceeded to thank the kind friends who had so generously remembered him. He spoke of the Working Boys' Home with which he had so long been connected, and urged that the new superintendent should receive, in the same measure, that assistance which so many friends had, in the past, been willing to extend.

Father Roche referred to the fact that he was soon to travel far from Boston, but that he hoped to return ere long and renew the friendships existing here. As Father Roche stepped from the platform and passed to the anteroom he was heartily applauded.

The sum realized by the concert is understood to be a handsome one. The committee who had the affair in charge, desire to extend their thanks to the Messrs. Steinert, and also to the artists who assisted. Father Roche goes to Chicago shortly, and afterward expects to travel in Canada for his health. He takes with him the best wishes of a host of friends.

## MY MASTER.

OF all the fine gentlemen who walked abroad, my master, I think, was the finest. He was remarkable for his shrewdness, and none could compare with him in cunning. I was, I thought, justly proud of being his faithful servant. Some were envious enough to call him "a dog;" but I knew that he came from the noble and distinguished family of Fox.

When my master allowed me to place upon his graceful shoulders his best fur coat, and then started for a walk, he was really worthy of my admiration. There was not a dog in the neighborhood but acknowledged his superiority, and I will relate to you a few of the many evidences of this that occurred in our rambles about town.

One busy day, when the shops looked gay, and porters were busy carrying parcels home, my master started for a stroll, and, as he said, to purchase gifts for a few friends. He was feeling his best, and looking quite complacent. We met several of my humble friends who were loaded with the purchases of their wealthy masters. Such was the glance of my master's eye, such his air, that one of my simple friends, in stepping back to give him all the walk, tripped, lost his balance, and all the pies and cakes he was carrying fell to the ground. My master, in a most gracious tone, said, "Poor fellow! you are very awkward; but I forgive you, for I see you are overcome with awe."

Shortly after we met a good, honest laborer with his spade over his shoulder, when he too, was confounded, and made a sorry figure, much to my master's amusement.

One young friend of mine, who was smartly dressed in livery, and was hastening home with a basketful of "goodies," so far forgot the dignity due to his buttons, that he actually sat down on the roadside, stupidly gaped at us, and waggishly hung his basket on his tail, and took notes, I am sure, of our elegant deportment, for future imitation.

Fair little Miss Poodle, who was out seeking finery for a ball, looked at us with marked delight; but her particular admirer, a gentleman's valet, had the impertinence to place his glass to his eye and gaze rudely as we passed.

Master, with his usual urbane manner, merely said, "Puppy."

"Not so, sir." I replied; "he is really an *old* dog. I have observed that those who have little brains seem to require a glass to see what is passing around them, and they ape a defect, thinking it a mark of gentility."

"Pass on, Carlo; you wag your tongue too much," said my master.

A slight tremor of my tail was the only sign of the emotion I felt under his august rebuke.

When next I met my friends, I was loud in the praise of my master's superior qualities.

My friend the watch-dog, in his gruff way, remarked, "Your master may be all you say; but, tell me, is he remarkable for charity?

Did he ever think of anyone besides himself? Did he ever carry some delicious bone to some forlorn cur? Did he delight some young puppy with a tender wing of a chicken, and make him ever after associate chickens with kindness? *You* seem to think that fine clothes and grand airs make the gentleman. I fear that in dwelling upon the gentility of your master you are but striving to raise yourself in the estimation of your humble comrades. Remember, my friend, 'Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better.'"

I must confess I was a little vexed with my honest friend; still, I saw the truth of his remarks, and I soon had occasion to observe that those who showed such deference to my master's wealth and position were not his real friends.

As he grew old they fell off; and the last I saw of him he belonged to a travelling show, looking, I must admit, rather "foxy."

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## ST. ALOYSIUS.

THE beautiful and glorious saint, the model of youthful innocence, the patron of young students, the faithful, loving, devoted Aloysius, when he was about four years old was taken by his uncle, who was the general of the army in Castal, Italy, into the camp. His father bought him a little uniform, and a cap with a cockade and feather, and a little sword and gun, with all of which he was, of course, mightily pleased; and he used to strut about like a little military hero, to the great delight of his father, who was afraid his pious son would take a fancy to become a religious. His father was a very good man for a man of the world, but he was not very devout; and he did not want his little son to be too pious. He had a great deal rather he would be a soldier and love glory, and seek the honors of this world. So when he saw him strutting about in his uniform, playing the soldier, ordering the men about, and even daring to fire off a little cannon, though it was against the law, and made a great commotion in the camp, the fond father was very much pleased, and thought surely his little Aloysius would some day be a soldier.

Now, you know some soldiers are sometimes very profane, and it happened that these soldiers used a great deal of profane language in Aloysius's hearing. The little fellow really did not know that it was wicked, and on his return home, his dear mother, who was a very pious and devout woman, heard him, to her great astonishment, repeating some of the bad language which he had heard in his uncle's camp. We do not know what the expressions were, but they must have been pretty bad, for the mother was shocked beyond expression, and exclaimed, "My dear son, what are you saying?"

"Why, dear mother?" he replied; "are those bad words? I did not know they were bad; the soldiers used them."

"Oh, my dear child!" she said, "the soldiers use very wicked words sometimes, and those you have just used are some of them."

"Oh, mother!" he said, "I am so sorry! I would not have said

those words if I had known they were bad, for all the world; indeed, I would not! I hope God will forgive me! Do you think He will forgive me, dear mother?"

"Yes, my dear child, I am sure that He will. Our dear Lord knows you would not willingly offend him. I am very sure you never would have used those words if you had known they were bad."

"Indeed, dear mother, I would not. If God will forgive me this time, I will never say any more bad words as long as I live — no, *never!* NEVER!"

And he never forgot it, and never forgave himself, though his confessor said he really was not guilty of any sin, because he did not know the meaning of the words he used; yet he mourned over the sin, as he called it, and wept and prayed God to forgive him all his life long.

Dear children, what a beautiful example for you to follow! You know very well what are bad words, yet I am afraid some of you use them. Dear St. Aloysius would not have done this. Why will you not imitate his example and resolve, as he did, *never*, NEVER to use any more bad words? Oh! it *is* a dreadful thing to offend Almighty God by using profane language!

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## SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND THE POTATO.

Is it possible that a hundred years ago people did not eat potatoes? Yes, not only is this true, but it was a very difficult thing to get them to eat them.

Sir Walter Raleigh first brought the potato plant to England and tried to induce the people to plant it. He told them that when the corn harvest failed, which it often used to do, people need not starve if they had plenty of potatoes. But no one would plant them, or eat them, so Queen Elizabeth had them served up at her own table, and the grand people who dined with her Majesty were obliged to eat them. But they went away and spread a report that the potato was poisonous. In spite of all that Queen Elizabeth could do, no one would eat potatoes, and they were left for the pigs.

For many years after this the poor potato was despised and forgotten. But in the reign of Louis XVI., King of France, there lived a man who was very clever in growing plants for food. His name was Parmentier. He felt sure he could make the potato a great blessing, and he set about trying. At first people laughed at him, and would not take any notice of what he said; but he went on growing the potato till he had brought it to perfection. Even then no one would have eaten it if the king had not taken its part. He had large pieces of ground planted with potatoes, and he went about with the flower of the potato in his button-hole. No one dare laugh at the king; and when he said potatoes were to be eaten, people began to find out how good and wholesome they were, and by degrees the potato was more and more liked.

In these days there is no vegetable that is so highly thought of, and we could not do without it.

## BABY.

"MONNIE! Monnie! run and find the baby! I left him sitting on the grass to play and now he is not there."

"Oh, dear! I wish there were no babies!" muttered Monnie, who was called from her interesting book to look for little Vivian. "I don't see the use of babies; they are always getting into mischief; they *will* cry when you don't want them to, and how they act at night, when every one wants to sleep! Why can't they keep still and be good, and do nothing but grow? Baby, dear little pet, where are you? Come to your Monnie, darling. Where *is* he? Oh, perhaps he has crept to the brook and fallen in. Oh, little brother, where are you? I don't see him anywhere, mamma. Babies are a trouble; but he is not like most babies, he is different, some way—so clever! He *only* cries when he doesn't get what he wants, and he always goes to sleep when he can't keep awake. I didn't mean you, little boy, when I scolded about babies. To be sure he gets into mischief, but he doesn't know any better, and has nothing else to do; and he pulls my curls—but then I let him do so.

"Baby, where are you? Oh, dear! he may be lost. Oh, I hear him now, chirping like a bird; he is not far off—but where?

"There he is, the little fellow! Mamma, come and see him; he has crept under the briar-bush! It is a wonder that he is not scratched all over. He looks so innocent as he watches the clouds float by, never dreaming how he has frightened me!

"Oh, baby! oh, darling, I *do* love you! When you nestle in my arms, I forget everything but *you*. Mamma says I ought not to scold about babies, for our dear Lord was once a Babe in Bethlehem, and even then suffered for us, and He loves little children.

"What would we do, my baby, if you were not in the house? How still and lonely it would be! Do not grow too fast, baby, into a great noisy boy; we love you as you are.

"There he goes, even while I am talking to him, straight for the pool of water! I must take him into the house, or no one can tell what he will do next. Little brother, you are a care, but a very pleasant one, and keep us busy till your brown eyes are closed in sleep."

NOT FOR HER.—"Madame," he began, as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on etiquette and deportment." "Oh, you are!" she responded. "Go down there on the grass, and clean the mud off your feet."—"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am I am sell"——"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."—"Yes'm. Now, then as I was saying"——"Take your hands out of your pockets! No gentleman ever carries his hands there."—"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on eti"——"Throw out your cud! If a gentleman uses tobacco, he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."—Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable"——"Wait! Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and

use less grease on your hair. Now you look half way decent. You have a book on etiquette and deportment? Very well. I don't want it. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning, and I think she needs something of the kind."

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ONE GOOD DINNER ANYWAY.—A mother took her little boy with her when she went for a day's visit to a lady friend. At dinner Jimmy passed his plate for the third time, and his mother severely remarked: "Now, see here, Jimmy, I cannot allow you to gorge yourself in this way. Mercy on us, Mrs. M—— will think you a perfect pig. You never eat this way at home."—"Good reason why."—"What do you mean, sir?"—"Don't never have any dinners like this ere one at our house."

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### AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO ROBERT EMMET.

SO long as the human heart has room for an appreciation of what is heroic and grand, the name of Robert Emmet, the young Irish patriot and martyr, the story of whose life flashes through history like the stormy splendor of a meteor in the midnight sky, shall awake the admiration of mankind in every generation. The tragedy of his brief existence was bounded by few and bitter years, and has been immortalized in both song and story by Moore, Irving, and many other bards and writers. History has ever had its heroes, but there are few in all the flashing names that appear upon heroic roll-calls that present so many claims on the love and pity of mankind as does that of Robert Emmet. The story of Chatterton is infinitely sad in its terrible realism of suffering; that of young Nigel Bruce has started many a tear from reluctant eye-lids, and the page of history is darkened all over with many passages of pain unrelieved by any brightening of hope; but none are more pathetic or sooner start the fountain of a strong man's tenderest emotions than the account of Robert Emmet, his purpose, his love and his doom.

Chicago Journal.

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### MASS OF THE PRESANCTIFIED.

EACH Sunday during Lent, a priest of the Eastern Rite consecrates six Hosts, only one of which is consumed by him at the Sunday Mass; the five others are kept for the following days of the week, when they go through the ceremonies of the Mass without consecrating again till the next Sunday, taking the Host during the week-days as a simple communion.

In the Latin Rite, we have that ceremony once each year, on Good Friday, when there is no Mass in the true sense, as no consecration takes place, only the Host consecrated the day before is consumed by the celebrant.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1888.

# NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### The O'Connell Memorial Church.

THE Rev. T. Canon Brosnan gives the following details of this church. The walls all round are now eighteen feet over floor level, while the nave and chancel columns will soon be in process of erection. His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, as the Holy Father's deputy, will lay the Roman corner stone on August 6th next. As has been announced, this historic stone, which is from the house of St. Clement, Pope and martyr, and which has been presented by his Holiness Leo XIII., is to be laid in a recess provided for it in the corner of the tower porch. The building is being carried out strictly in accordance with the designs of the architect, Mr. G. C. Ashlin. All the stone material used in the whole building will be Irish granite. The walls and other portions not requiring dressed stone work are composed internally of concrete, and externally of stone masonry in twelve inch courses. This style of church building, however original, has been found, on severe tests applied on the spot, to be of the most binding and stable character. In fact, the whole structuue, from base to outer roof, will be as of one solid stone. The cost thus far, including various preliminaries, purchase of site and buildings, foundations, &c., is but little over £5,000. The whole amount, almost, has come from our countrymen abroad—from America, Australia, New Zealand, England, and India.

### Desecrating The Cross.

ON January 28, as the illuminations were being carried out in the town of Arva, Ireland, in honor of the release of Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., a party of Orangemen broke into the grounds of the Catholic church, demolished a new mission cross lately erected there, and had it carried out of the yard and thrown on the street. An indignation meeting was held next day, at which Protestants attended, and a reward of £50 was offered for such information as would lead to the arrest of the offenders. No being except an Orangeman would do this. Not even a cannibal. Unfortunate Orangeman!

### Population of The Celestial Empire.

THE present population of China no man knows. Orientals do not care for statistics. No census has ever been taken. The vaguest guesses are indulged in. The guide books and encyclopedias give apparently the exact figures, but these are obtained by taking seven estimates in round figures by the seven different men who have travelled there and dividing the total by seven, which, of course, will give odd figures. It is generally supposed that China has about 300,000,000 people—that is to say, about ninety-five to the square mile.

THE wedding of Mr. Charles Harris and Miss Annie Emmet took place on the morning of the 8th of February in St. Steven's Church, New York. Miss Emmet is a daughter of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Mr. Harris is a cousin of Miss Emmet. They were married by a special dispensation—very rarely given. The Archbishop blessed the marriage.

### New Irish Bishops.

Dr. O'Donnell, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment Maynooth College, has been chosen by the Pope for the vacant See of Raphoe. Rev. Dr. Lyster is appointed to the Bishopric of Achonry. Dr. Lyster is, like the newly appointed Bishop of Raphoe, quite a young man. His career in Maynooth was most distinguished, particularly in his theological and scriptural classes.

His personal amiability has always won for him the love of those with whom he came in contact. In his own diocese of Elphin, says the Freeman's Journal, his loss will be deeply felt, while in the diocese which he enters to preside over as Bishop he will be greeted by the priests with the affection and respect which his character commands. We cordially and respectfully congratulate Bishop Lyster The college which he conducted with such ability and the people amongst whom as pastor he labored so zealously, while grieving for his departure, are sharers in the honor done him, and will take pride in his success in his exalted position, in which we wish him *ad multos annos*.

### Catholicity in the Province of Quebec.

IT is thought that the province of Quebec is the most Catholic portion of the globe. Out of a total population of 1,549,000, it is shown that there are 1,485,000 people professing the Catholic faith, directed by one cardinal, two archbishops, seven bishops, one apostolic prefect and 1,546 priests and religieuses. There are 957 churches, 28 seminaries and colleges, 232 convents and 69 hospitals. The different ecclesiastical districts into which the province is divided, are peopled as follows by Catholics: Quebec, 729,000; Montreal, 619,000; Ottawa, 137,000. In the diocese of Quebec there are 666 priests, 411 churches, 108 convents, 18 seminaries and colleges, 25 hospitals and 1,927 schools.

### Forgetting Their Own Language.

THE Germans of St. Louis find it very difficult to prevent their children, born in this country and educated in English public schools, from forgetting their own language. In a great many German families the children are forbidden to speak English, in the house and are punished if they do. My father, for instance, has a system of fines and punishments for speaking anything but German in the house, which he applies to all the members of his family. All the older sons and daughters, who are either given an allowance of money or are making money for themselves, are fined five cents for every English word they utter in the house, and the smaller children are punished in various ways. If they are sitting at the table when the forbidden word is spoken, they are sent away without their meals. In this way all of our family have preserved their fluency in German speaking, but they speak English by choice.

### Exercises at the Old South Church.

THE exercises at this venerable building on the 22nd of February, were interesting. Before the exhibition began, the prizes for the Old South essays for the year, presented by the liberality of Mrs. Hemmenway, were announced as follows: First prize, $40, to Francis Walker, a graduate of the English High school, 1887; second, $25, to Miss Elenora R. Clare, graduate of the girls' High school, 1887. Miss Clare is a native of the county Galway, Ireland, and came to Boston some twelve years ago. She is still pursuing her studies, and bids fair to become one of our best writers as an essayist. We congratulate Miss Clare on her success.

### A Good Retort.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a good story of an Irishman which, for there is nothing new under the sun, may lack novelty. But its wit will redeem any staleness that may attach to it. Pat was at sea, on board a liner, on an abstinence day, and at dinner declined roast beef, but helped himself largely to fish and melted butter. "Sir, why do you refuse to partake of the cow yet eat of the substance of the same animal?" asked a guest, thinking to embarrass Pat in his Catholic practices. "This seems absurd." Pat in no wise discountenanced, replied quietly, with a merry twinkle in his eyes: "Faith, it is no more absurd for me to eat of the substance of the cow than it was of you to eat of the substance of your mother and not to eat your mother." And continued his meal, amid the laughter of all present against his tormentor.

Subscriber: "Why is my magazine so damp every issue?" Editor: "Because there is so much due on it."

IT is estimated that 117,000 Catholic children attend parochial schools in the United States.

### Another Catholic Mayor.

MARTIN J. CONDON, the recently elected mayor of Knoxville, Tenn., is a devout Catholic. He is a young man of about thirty years of age, and is highly esteemed for his enterprise and noble qualities of mind and heart. Mrs. Condon (nee McMillan) is a convert to our holy faith, and was received into the Church last August by one of the Passionist fathers, and received her first Holy Communion from the hands of another. When we reflect

that Knoxville has a population of some thirty thousand, and out of this number there are only about two thousand Catholics, all told, we are happy to admit that Knoxville does not allow itself to be influenced by bigotry, but gives a man credit for what he is worth.

### Catholic *vs.* Protestant Missionaries.

THE Protestant world, says the Southwestern Methodist, is contributing over $6,000,000 a year to missions, which is five times the amount raised for that purpose by the Roman Catholic Propaganda. Yes; but there are, according to Werner's Atlas of the Missions, the most authentic work on the subject extant, 9,234,026 Catholics in Asia, which is fifty times as many as all the Protestant churches have together. There are 2,655,920 in Africa, which is a hundred times as many as all the shades of Protestants can claim.

### A Thing that Cures.

THE simplest and most powerful recommendation of Loring & Co.'s Electric Ring for the cure of Rheumatism is a ring worn by almost every man and woman in Boston. They get them at 37 Winter St., Boston. It cures you. That's the reason they wear them.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in his article on "Christianity and Modern Science," in the American Catholic Quarterly, asks, "Is it not a remarkable fact, which shows the special supervision of God over His Church, that, in her long history, she has never formally interpreted a single text of Scripture which was afterward contradicted by an authenticated discovery of science?"

### Doomed!

"THE IRISH LANDLORDS are going on "Friday to see the Prime Minister. They "have been to see him before, and they "will come away as they have come away "before, with very cold comfort." These are Mr. John Morley's words at the Leinster Hall on Thursday week, and they have been verified to the letter. A most betitled and aristocratic deputation, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, was received by the Prime Minister on Friday week at the foreign office. They presented to him a very elaborate and portentous statement of their wrongs and their remedies. Long as it was, they added that it is incomplete, for it does not touch on the Sale and Purchase of Land. Lord Salisbury shirked the discussion of the matter with them altogether. He pleaded inability at the present moment, and suggested that his nephew, Mr. Balfour, who was present, knew more about it than he did. But Mr. Balfour was also dumb.

### The Scapular.

THE following is of the greatest importance to those who wear the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. By a decision of the Holy Father, given on April 27, 1887, in reference to the obligation of inscribing the names of the faithful who receive the Scapular of Mt. Carmel in the Register of the Confraternity. Up to April 27, 1887, the faithful, by a special privilege of Pope Gregory XIII., were released from that obligation. But since that date, in order to gain the indulgences attached to the Scapular of Mt. Carmel, it is necessary that the names of the recipients of that scapular must be enrolled on the Register of the Confraternity. As this is the scapular most commonly desired and received by the faithful, it is evident that the decision is of great practical importance.

### Two More New Bishops.

THE Holy Father has appointed Rev. James Ryan, of Ottawa, Ill., Bishop of Alton, and Very Rev. J. Janssen, Bishop of Belleville. Father Ryan is a priest of the diocese of Louisville, who sought adoption into that of Peoria, after the elevation of Bishop Spalding to that See. He labored in the diocese of Louisville six years, and was for some time professor in Preston Park Theological Seminary. After going to Peoria, he served a short time in Knox County, where he was appointed to the important parish of Danville. A few years ago he was transferred to Ottawa, to succeed Dean Terry, which place he now leaves to become bishop of Alton. Father Ryan is very much respected by the priests of the Peoria diocese, and, in fact, by all who know him. He is a man of untiring activity, and, withal, a close student. He was born in Thurles, county Tipperary, Ireland. He is 45 years of age, and, therefore, in the very prime of life.

Father Janssen is a priest long known in the West. For the past two years he has been administrator of Alton, and for nearly ten years he has had the government of that diocese practically in his hands. He is a very retiring man, most devoted to his sacred calling, and much given to prayer and works of asceticism.

The priests of Alton diocese all speak in terms of boundless respect of Father Janssen, and the people of the Episcopal city fairly idolize him. He will make an excellent bishop, as he has made a devoted priest.

### Holy Face.

FATHER TOLTON, the colored priest, stationed at Quincy, Ill., has placed a Vera Effigies in the confessional, and he claims that it has been the instrument of many graces to souls. He has a colored one, richly framed, over the altar, and draped after the manner of the original at Rome. On a pillar at the communion rail he has a large card with the Act of Praise beautifully printed on it, so that persons who come to kneel at the Holy Face altar are enabled to recite the prayer with greater facility.

### Clubs.

LAKESHORE VISITOR:—In many of the large cities and in several of the smaller ones, where time and money will permit it, gentlemen get together and form, what they are pleased to name, a club. They do not play base ball nor do they wear any particular or special uniforms at the outset. They need no particular or special qualifications to become a member. Money will answer the purpose of a pass and temperance is not required. They rent rooms which they designate club-rooms, and they meet once or twice a week, or perhaps oftener. The meetings are supposed to be only social gatherings, meetings at which are discussed the topics of the day. As a rule, such topics cannot be intelligently discussed without an occasional indulge in wine, or beer, or perhaps something stronger. The discussion after a while grows tiresome, and the monotony is broken by a game of cards. That game would not be of interest unless something was at stake, and money is the stake. The club-room thus becomes very often something else than a place of meeting for innocent amusement. Heavy bets are the result, perhaps, of small beginnings and, in not a few instances, men of means find that they have lost heavily. Gambling has grown into a kind of passion with many of the members, and the home, once a place of pleasant resort, finds him but seldom there in the evenings. He has too much business at the club, and the amusement he there enjoys is far more pleasant than that which he could enjoy at home. In the meantime, the disposition and even complexion of the club member changes, and he is not what he formerly was. He has made a step forward and got in with high society, that's all.

MISS KATHERINE O'KEEFFE, of Lawrence, Mass., has been invited to deliver her charming and popular illustrated lecture on "A Tour in Ireland" three nights in succession, — Lawrence, March 16, Pittsfield, March 17, and Newburyport, March 18. Miss O'Keeffe is daily growing in popularity as a lecturer. She has a strong, sweet, sonorous voice, which can be distinctly heard in all parts of a large hall. There is an old prejudice against women lecturers, but all who hear Miss O'Keeffe leave the hall blessing her that this prejudice has not deterred her from entering the public platform, for which she is so well qualified. Miss O'Keeffe is perfectly at home on the stage. Her charming presence and pretty figure immediately gains the hearts of her audience. When she begins to speak, her hearers are absorbed in the closest attention. She now moves them to tears and, presently, with a well-managed anecdote, or a clever display of rich brogue, convulses them in laughter. The people of Fitchburg, in which she recently lectured, are sending her flattering proposals to come back to Fitchburg, and the press of that city assure her an immense audience if she will repeat her lecture there.

### A Model Catholic Club.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop of New York has appointed the Very Rev. Arthur J. Donnelly, Moderator of the Catholic Club, formerly the Xavier Union in the place of the Rev. P. F. Dealy, S. J., who has been called to Boston. The building committee of the club is inspecting sites for the proposed new club house. One will be selected soon, and building will be begun in the spring. The club has among its members Eugene Kelly, Augustin Daly, Morgan J. O'Brien, James S. Coleman, Joseph J. O'Donohue, and Judge O'Gorman. Its present quarters, 20 West Twenty-seventh Street, have become too cramped for its membership of 400, and its library of 17,000 volumes. The proposed club-house and site will not cost less than $250,000. The plans are for an elegant five story structure of freestone and terra cotta, 75 feet by 100. There will be a club-house proper and a connected building containing a theatre or lecture hall, and bowling alleys. The library room will have a capacity of 30,000 volumes.

W. W. CORCORAN, the widely known philanthropist, died at Washington, D. C., 24th of Feb. The man who gave millions of dollars for purposes of charity and philanthropy, and who said in his ripe old age, "Of all my money, that which I have given away is all that is truly mine," was born near the city with whose interests his long and honorable career was identified. His father, Thomas Corcoran, emigrated from Ireland in 1783, and settled at Georgetown, D. C., where he carried on the business of a shoemaker. The industrious Irishman in later years became mayor of the town, and afterwards postmaster, under President Madison. It was in Georgetown that the future great banker, and still greater philanthropist, was born, on the 27th of December, 1798. He gave $5,000 to Ireland the year of the great famine, in 1847.

### The Food Question.

THE subject of food has never yet received a common sense consideration. There is no doubt but a vast amount of wholesome food products are yet overlooked. During the grasshopper invasion it was proved by Professor Riley and some of our normal school teachers that such creatures may serve as an excellent article of food, yet the people preferred semi-starvation to even tasting them. Snails are luxuries in France. It was long before frogs found a market in this country. Mr. Wallace tells us eggs are never eaten by Pacific Islanders. Strawberries are rejected by some of the tropical races. Esquimaux reject all vegetable food. The people of New Guinea pronounce bread a detestable affair. Milk is used very little in some of our southern states, as it is seldom tasted by tribes in Africa that keep large herds. One tribe in New Guinea abhors sugar, but devours salt. Snakes are an article of diet quite largely in Asia.

### The Emigration from Ireland.

to the United States, during the coming spring, promises to eclipse that of previous years. Already, a large number of emigrants have secured passage on the various transatlantic liners; and to meet the exigences of the busy season two new Atlantic companies, named the Huntington Line and the Beaver Line, have announced their intention of sending a fleet of steamers to call at Queenstown, from Liverpool, to embark passengers for America, on and after the 26th of next month, when no less than ten transatlantic steamships will sail each week from Queenstown for the United States, namely: Cunard for New York, Cunard for Boston, White Star for New York, Inman and International for New York, Guion for New York, National for New York, Anchor for New York, American for Philadelphia, Beaver for New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and Huntington for Newport News.

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ST. LOUIS is selected for the meeting of the Democratic convention to nominate a President. It will take place on the 5th of June.

### A Good Fami'y.

MERCY, relict of John Redman, born 20th of March, 1817, died 30th Dec., in London. Her coffin was followed to the grave by the Rev. Dr. Redman, and the Rev. John Redman, S. J., the two elder sons of the deceased, the youngest (Rev. Charles Ignatius Redman, S. J.,) being absent in Malta. Next came the two daughters of the deceased, who are Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

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MICHAEL DAVITT is a thorough-going free-trader. Speaking in Dublin, on February 6th, he said that he was not a protectionist, and that he looked forward to the time when free-trade would be adopted and it would be advantageous for every free country in the world.

### Baby-Hatching.

OF modern inventions not the least curious is the baby-hatching machine, which has lately been introduced into some Paris hospitals. The object of this is to preserve the life of those feeble infants who would die under ordinary circumstances. The machine is in two compartments, one filled with warm water, the other containing a basket lined with wadding, in which the baby is deposited. In the lid of this compartment is a glass pane, to enable the nurse under whose charge the child is placed to watch the development of the incubation, and report its progress to the doctor. It is said, incredible as it sounds, that infants of only half the average weight of new-born children, and otherwise deficient in vitality, who have been reared to maturity in these incubators, have come out of them strong and healthy, and it seems likely that the machines will be generally adopted.

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MARCH is the month of ST. JOSEPH and ST. PATRICK.

### Suffrage in Rhode Island.

THE Suffrage Amendment bill, which is the outgrowth of the rival movements of Democrats and Republicans looking to constitutional reform, inaugurated with great flourish at the starting in of the General Assembly in May, has passed the House in concurrence. Having been sanctioned by two assemblies, it will now be submitted to the people at the State election, April 4. It places the foreign-born citizen on the same footing as the native-born, so far as permitting him to vote after two years' residence in the State on a personal property tax is concerned. The ownership of real estate and the registry tax are abolished, and a poll tax has been substituted

A three-fifths vote by the people will be necessary to the adoption of the measure.

### Colored Doctors.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, so zealous for the moral and intellectual progress of his flock, has reason to be proud of the young Africans he sends to the Catholic University at Lille to finish their studies. Two of them, Felix-Kadour-Ben-Mohammed and Lin-Abd-El-Kader, have just successfully passed their examination for a doctorship in medicine before the State Faculty. This encouraging result is a great incentive and a well-earned reward to the good missionaries of Algiers, the White Fathers, as they are called, who labor incessantly among the Arabs.

### The Holy See and Germany.

THE fact that the crown prince invited to dinner at St. Remo two Catholic prelates shows, says an exchange, how cordial the relations between Germany and the Holy See are. Negotiations are now pending between Bismarck and the cardinal secretary of State about the 16,000,000 marks of which the German bishops were deprived during the Kulturkampf, and it is expected that an arrangement satisfactory to the Holy See will be made. The triumph of the Pope over Bismarck is the glory of the pontificate of Leo XIII. Germany sees that the Church is the only power able to save society from socialism and anarchy.

### The Devil vs. Balfour.

THE other day in Dublin, so the gossip runs, at a dinner party which Chief Secretary Balfour graced with his presence, the guests included a Catholic clergyman, whose brilliant wit has enlivened many Viceregal and Chief Secretarial gatherings. During the course of the dinner, Balfour — so the story goes — turned the conversation on the contemptuous criticisms of which he has been the subject in the Irish National Press and in public speeches. Addressing his clerical neighbor in the most lackadaisical tones, he asked, "Do you think, Father ——, that the people really believe I am everything that I am represented to be by their leaders and by the press?" "Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Balfour," was the reply, "if the Irish people only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my vocation would be gone!" Then that man named Balfour smiled a sad, sickly, wearied smile, and seemed as though he had inadvertently helped himself to too much mustard.

### No Nativism During the War.

WE (Irish-American) are unalterably opposed to Phil. Sheridan for President, but we can nevertheless heartily join with the Chicago Herald in reminding the hide-bound bigots all over the country, that: "The question as to Phil. Sheridan's birthplace never came up while he was fighting in the field. Several persons, about that time, were too busy wishing he had never been born at all, to care whether he was born in Ireland, New York, or Ohio."

### Senator Blair's Crankiness

SENATOR BLAIR'S charge that the opposition to the "Bill to Promote Mendicancy" comes from Rome incurs deserved ridicule everywhere. The Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal (Dem.) says of it: "When Senator Blair ventures to attribute the opposition to his Federal Aid Bill to the Roman Catholic Church, he goes beyond the privileges of a crank."

### German Catholic Press.

THERE was a presentation to the Pope on the occasion of his golden sacerdotal jubilee of the offering of the editors and publishers of the German Catholic newspapers of the United States. It consisted of an elaborately illuminated address, done by Grafton of Cincinnati, placed in a massive gold frame, and bearing the signature of each editor and publisher. Along with this was an elegantly bound volume in morocco and guilt, containing a copy of every newspaper represented in the address, presenting at a glance the status of the German Catholic press of the United

States. When the gift was presented by Cardinal Melchers, His Holiness expressed great gratification in warm terms, and sent to all interested his apostolic blessing.

### The Funeral of Don Bosco.

THE funeral of the illustrious and venerated Don Bosco was celebrated at Turin. The Mass of Requiem was sung by Mgr. Cagliero, Vicar Apostolic of Northern Patagonia, one of his spiritual sons, in the small and ancient church of Sta Maria Ausiliatrice, in which the Salesian Congregation was originally established, and close to which stands the large church which Don Bosco raised under the same invocation. The body of the holy priest, clad in sacerdotal vestments, was exposed after the Mass to the veneration of a vast assemblage, who crowded around to touch his bier with their rosaries and crucifixes, and manifested their conviction, which is common to all who have been acquainted with the prodigies of his life, that in Don Bosco they had a new protector in heaven. His successor in the government of the Salesian Congregation, Don Michele Rua, has issued a circular letter in which he reminds the Salesians that Don Bosco, having heard some expressions of a similar opinion from those who were attached to him, had often, as did also their glorious patron, St. Francis of Sales, manifested a fear that after his death he might be left in purgatory, through a belief that he had no need of suffrages. The Superior therefore calls on the Congregation to offer fervent prayers for their venerated and beloved Founder, knowing that those prayers will be applied otherwise if the hopes concerning Don Bosco are already realised. Permission was asked for the interment of the Founder in the church of the Salesian. and the application was supported by the local authorities of Tnrin, and by the personal request of Princess Clotilde to the King. It was, however, refused.

### A New Organization

OF the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick was held at the Parker House, on the evening of February 28. Col. Roger F. Scannell presided, with Thomas O'Flynn acting as scribe. The gathering, which was well attended, was to perfect a permanent organization to be known as the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. The gentlemen in attendance at the meeting, were enthusiastic for organizing. The preamble adopted is in effect that the objects of the society, are to aid and assist needy Irish immigrants at this port, and to foster the best interests of the Irish race in this Commonwealth. A committee of five was appointed to nominate a list of officers, with instructions to report at the next meeting. A committee of five was also appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. Many letters commending the principles and objects of the organization were read, after which the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman.

THE Chinese translation of the word "Protestant" amounts in effect to "contradictory." So that the Protestant Episcopal Church becomes the "Church of the Contradictory Bishops."

### Liberation of Slaves in Brazil.

AMONG the offerings on the occasion of the Holy Father's Jubilee, one which must have been very dear to his heart is the celebration of it in Brazil by the liberation of so many slaves. The Brazilian Bishops have made earnest appeals to their flocks, which have been largely responded to by the slave owners. In the province of Alagoas, where five years ago there were twelve thousand slaves, there are now only seven thousand, and in the province of Bahia the number of the free cnltivators now exceeds three hundred thousand. In the province of Saö Paulo there are still one hundred thousand slaves, but the Bishop of that province is making earnest efforts for their emancipation. In support of the movement for the total abolition of slavery in Brazil, the Holy Father, as he announced the other day to the Brazilian pilgrims, is about to issue an Encyclical to that Empire.

CINCINNATI Ohio, February, 22.— Mrs. Sheridan, mother of General Phil Sheridan, says the certificate of his birth was burned a number of years ago. She says her son was born March 6, 1831, and was baptized by the Rev. Dominick Young, deceased, on March 17, 1831.

We (St. Louis Western Watchman) hope we may be called on as a witness. We shall propose that every member of congress go to confession, and see for himself; and after that the reformation will be so perceptible that an amendment to the Constitution will be adopted requiring every member of congress to make a retreat within a month after his election.

In the city of Cork, on April 10, 1838, Father Theobald Mathew himself signed the total abstinence pledge and began his crusade against intemperance. The semi-centenary of this occurrence will be celebrated by many T. A. B. Societies in Ireland and America.

### Something About Easter.

This year Easter will fall on the first of April — nine days earlier than last year. The earliest possible day is the 22d of March, and it fell on that day in 1818 — for the last time in about two hundred years. One object in arranging the calendar moon was that Easter might never fall on the same day as the Jewish Passover. They did occur, however, in 1805 on the 14th day of April, in 1825 on the 3d day of April, and will do so again in 1923 on the 1st of April, in 1927 on the 17th of April, and in 1981 on the 18th of April. Last year Easter and the Passover were separated by but a single night. The Jewish festival usually occurs in Passion week, in Lent, and never before the 29th of March or after the 25th of April. On the other hand, the Christian festival is never before the 22d of March as it was in 1845 and in 1856. The latest Easter occurred in 1886, the 25th of April, and it will not fall on that date again until 1943.

"A petition has been largely signed in Boston asking Congress to "investigate the practice of auricular confession and decide whether it is calculated to pollute the morals of the people."

### Love for Our Adopted Country.

Chicago Citizen: — There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that an Irish-American's love for Ireland weakens his attachment to America. On the contrary it strengthens it. This country is the home of more than twice as many people of Irish birth and descent as now inhabit Ireland. Irishmen admire their adopted country so much that they wish to give the benefit of her institutions to Ireland. They could pay America no higher compliment. An Irishman, continued the Citizen, doesn't need a brass band, six judges and a dozen clerks to make him an American citizen. From the moment he begins to know anything, he declares his intention of becoming an American citizen. The humblest peasant in Kerry or Connemara, in Donegal or in Wicklow to-day is, at heart, an American. If Americans only knew how Irishmen love this country, they would have much more practical sympathy for the cause of Irish liberty.

Death of an old Catholic Resident.—The older members of the Cathedral congregation, and the parishioners, and his many friends and associates of Holy Trinity Church, will read with deep regret of the death of Mr. Matthias Arnold, which took place at his late residence, Athens St., South Boston, February 13, at the age of seventy-nine. Mr. Arnold was, with the probable exception of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the oldest Catholic resident of the city. Many years ago he was a member of the congregation of the old Cathedral on Franklin St. and was also one of the original founders of the German Catholic Congregation of the Holy Trinity on Shawmut Avenue. For over fifty years he had watched the wonderful development of Catholicity in this country, and his many reminiscences of his earlier years in Boston were always of great interest to his more youthful Catholic friends His funeral took place at the Holy Trinity Church, Wednesday morning, February 15. May he rest in peace!

There are many Catholics in Boston, longer here and older than Mr. Donahoe. There is Abram Fitton, for instance, brother of the late Father Fitton, who was born in Roxbury, Mass., seventy-five years ago, was an altar boy in old Holy Cross sixty-three years ago, and is still living in the Highlands, hale and hearly. He can be seen at the church of the Immaculate Conception every Sunday, rain or shine.

Reviewing the probable success of Protestant missionaries in preaching their gospel of "Opinions" in South America and Mexico, taking entirely away the faith of these mixed Indian races, the New York Independent has to admit that the job is destined to be a tough one. It says: There is no harder field on earth than among the South American Catholics. The missionary can easily secure a more unprejudiced hearing among the cannibals of New Britain or New Guinea for the pure Gospel than among the South American Catholics.

### Dies Irae.

We give elsewhere a new translation of the famous hymn, so appropriate to the holy season of Lent. Over two hundred different authors have attempted the translation. Let the critics decide which is the best.

### A Model Colored Catholic Parish.

THE annual report of St. Augustine's Church for colored Catholics, Washington, D. C., of which Rev. M. J. Walsh is rector, shows that during the past year there were 191 baptisms—66 being adults and 125 infants; first communions, 70—29 adults and 41 children; burials, 97—68 adults and 29 children; marriages, 33—18 of these being mixed marriages. In the day schools there are 233 children—101 boys and 132 girls. A very large number of the congregation go to holy communion at the early mass every Sunday. A large number of men go to communion once every month. There are 500 children in the Sunday school, with 30 teachers. The people are poor, not more than 100 families in the parish being in a position to contribute any thing to the church, but they are generous. The magnificent music, which attracts every Sunday a crowd of strangers, costs but $567—$400 being the organist's salary, $167 the price of sheet music. Protestant colored people contribute liberally to St. Augustine's. Cardinal Gibbons makes an annual offering of $500. There is still a heavy debt on the church.

### More Beer Than Food.

FATHER CLEARY, the temperance lecturer, says that the seductive lager beer was not as harmless as it was represented by its manufacturers, and a life insurance company in Milwaukee would not insure the life of any man connected with a brewery. From the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue it was learned that $900,000,000 were annually spent for liquor. From other sources it was gleaned that the bread and meat consumed in the country in a year cost only $800,000,000. It could not be calculated how much was lost indirectly by the use of whisky. No wonder there was poverty, want, distress, and penury in the land when $100,000,000 more were spent for liquor than for the necessities of life.

### Adulterated Cheese.

CHICAGO exporters of skimmed cheese complain bitterly of an adulterated or filled cheese, which they claim is made in the Elgin district. The effect of the adulterated article has been to practically destroy the demand in the English market for the genuine cheese. The adulteration is made with filling of animal fat, cotton-seed oil, neutral lard, and other cheap substances. It is manufactured for less than half the cost of the genuine article, and is a fair imitation. An immense quantity of genuine skimmed cheese has hitherto been exported each season to the English market from Chicago, but the fact of this adulterated article being supplied as genuine has tended to destroy its further demand there. Genuine skimmed-milk cheese has now accumulated in vast quantities here, while the bogus article, which reputable exporters have long since quit shipping, is still being sent to European markets direct from the factories. The skimmed cheese men demand legal protection against the fraud, and claim it should be branded as is oleomargarine. Said a prominent exporter: "It seems rather strange that the same men about Elgin, by whose efforts the oleomargarine bill became a law, should now be foremost in foisting on the markets this contemptible skim-cheese fraud."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was in the habit of taking an early swimming bath when he was President. Instead of going to a fashionable resort, he might be noticed, very early in the morning, swimming in the Potomac, amid a "school" of boys and youths, who took their morning bath earlier than was their wont, that they might swim with the President of the United States.

FATHER DAMIEN, the priest of the lepers at Molokai, Sandwich Islands, says that his own condition is growing steadily worse. To quote his own simple touching words: "So far, the disease is only exterior, and I continue to be strong and able to do my duties. Once it settles internally we generally become helpless, and wrapped for months or years in the blankets, the only expectation and hope is to be delivered from this misery by a happy death."

THE Catholic Church is maintaining in the United States fifty Indian schools, of which thirty-five supply board and clothing. The total attendance at these schools is about four thousand.

"Never judge by appearances. A shabby coat may contain an editor, while a man wearing a high-toned plug hat and supporting a dude cane may be a delinquent subscriber."

### The Hospitality of Mexican Catholics.

A MISSIONARY writes about Mexico as follows: "As for appreciating that Spanish nation, I wish only you took the trouble of learning a little of its language before visiting that country, and got the chance of being introduced into some Catholic Mexican family (as all are Catholics); and then be sure you will forget all about hotels and cease to blame. Then you will see the most robust and handsome race artists may dream of. You will find palaces behind every simple street wall. You will travel cheaper than in any other country, because Catholic Mexican hospitality is liberal and royal to excess. Your host will treat you with Castilian courtesy and princely generosity, and he will tell you in earnest, "This is your house, sir, and I am Don Vicente Trizar, servant of God and of yours." When he will see you choose to pass on, his carriages and trains of mules and horses will bring you to the hacienda of his next friend, providing you on the road with escort, victuals, wine, and tropical fruit."

### How Seedless Raisins Are Grown.

"WHAT is a 'seedless' raisin, and how is it produced?" was asked of an importer of fruits. "The next time you eat a piece of mince pie," he replied, "you will find the seedless raisin in it, if the 'meat' has been properly made. It is a smallish, cream-colored fruit, about the size of a gooseberry, and is used with an unbroken skin. It comes from Smyrna and is called the 'Sultana.' It is grown seedless simply by arresting one of the laws of nature. When the grape is about half ripe the end of the vine is bent and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same and has a delicious flavor."

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD FAIR —Opens on Easter Monday evening at Horticultural Hall. A very largely attended meeting of the general committee was held Sunday afternoon. A musical scholarship, three years' course, is to be given to the young lady, and a seven years' course in Boston College, to the boy turning in the most money.

WORRIED WIFE —"Oh, doctor; what has detained you? I sent for you at twelve o'clock, my husband is very low indeed." Doctor (complacently)—"Yes, I received your call then, but I had an engagement with another patient in this neighborhood at six o'clock, I thought I'd make one job of it and kill two birds with one stone."

THE Rector of the Irish College, at Rome, Archbishop Kirby, is a native of Waterford, Ireland. Mgr. Kirby is in his eighty-fourth year, and is as vigorous as he was twenty years ago.

### Ninth Regimental Ball.

THE regimental ball of the Ninth Regiment, M. V. M. held to raise funds for the proposed excursion of the organization to Albany, West Point and New York City next summer, was given in Music Hall, Boston, Monday evening, Feb. 13, and was a pleasing success. The hall was tastefully decorated with military emblems. A concert by Baldwin's Cadet Band opened the evening's festivities. The grand march was led by Mr. and Mrs. Col. Strachan. The music for this was furnished by the Ninth Regiment Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps. Among the prominent guests present were Adj.-Gen. Dalton, and several members of the Govenor's staff; Col. Patterson, Third New Hampshire Regiment; Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Hon. Moody Merrill, Senator Sullivan, Adj. J. J. Murphy of the Montgomery Veterans and many others.


### Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*


AT the request of Prior Glynn the Pope blessed the silver trowel used at

the laying of the foundation stone of the National Church of St. Patrick in Rome, and also some earth brought from St. Patrick's grave at Downpatrick. The trowel was presented to the Prior by Mrs. Ashman, of New York City.

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ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, the "Chrysostom of America," in a recent discourse preached in Rome, gave the following practical illustration of Christian revenge. He said: "A French family, during the awful negro insurrection in San Domingo, had been almost exterminated; the sole survivor, a young boy, had seen all his kindred, father, mother, sisters and brothers, brutally butchered, and with every aggravation of cruelty and outrage. When the boy grew to manhood he meditated a Christian revenge on the whole negro race. He first became a priest, and then, mindful of his sister's fate, he gave his whole fortune to found a convent home in Maryland for negro girls and himself became its chaplain.

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### A Redemptorist Saint.

As in the case of Blessed Louis Grignon de Montfort, and also in the Hall of the Loggia of St. Peter's, Rome, was celebrated the Beatification of the Venerable Servant of God, Clement Mary Hofbauer, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. The labors of Blessed Clement Hofbauer, the great propagator of the Redemptorist Congregation in Austria, are well known to the Catholics of Europe. The decree proclaiming the heroic virtues of the Servant of God was promulgated by Pius IX. on the 14th of May, 1876, and the authenticity of the miracles required for his Beatification was declared by Leo XIII. in a decree dated the 21st of February 1886. The Redemptorists were, of course, strongly represented at the function. Besides the General, the Most Rev. Father Mauron, and the Fathers of the Roman house, there were present three Superiors of houses in Austria, two of houses in France, two from Spain, two from Luxemburg, two from Bavaria, and two from Belgium. In the diplomatic tribune there was to be seen the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary to the Holy See, Count Paar, with all his staff; and the Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Bauer, Bishop of Brünn, in Moravia, who is a native of the same diocese, Olmütz, also in Moravia, which gave birth to Blessed Clement Hofbauer. In the afternoon the Holy Father descended to the Loggia to venerate the new *Beato*, and received the usual offerings presented by the Father General of the Redemptorists.

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A TERRIBLE accident occurred on Tuesday in Brooklyn, N. Y., when four iron girders fell from an elevated railway, and, with a derrick, fell on a passing street car, killing four persons and injuring twelve others. At the moment of the occurrence, another car was near by, and the passengers witnessed the horrible event. Among them were two sisters, who at once knelt down on the floor of the conveyance and prayed for the souls so unexpectedly summoned to eternity.

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**Consumption Surely Cured.**

TO THE EDITOR:

PLEASE inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl St., New York.

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THE obliging visitor, to show that he is really fond of children, and that the dear little ones are not annoying in the least, treats the youngest to a ride upon his knees. "Trot, trot, trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice" "Yes, sir," replied the child; "but not so nice as one on the real donkey — the one with four legs."

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LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the past and present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

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MRS. MEAGHER, widow of the late Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, was recently presented to his Holiness, the Pope, being the bearer of several valuable gifts from Indiana.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND, with a Preliminary Account of the Sources of the Saint's History. By William Cullen Morris, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Third edition. Price $1.30.

To those who are making up their sermons, speeches, &c., for St. Patrick's Day, this book is most opportune. The learned author is a priest of the oratory of St. Philip Neri, London. In relation to the saint's birth-place, the author says: "The mystery of St. Patrick's birthplace still remains a mystery. Boulogne, Tours, Dumbarton, Kilpatrick, Baunave, Bristol, Paisley, Cornwall, Glastonbury, Rosnatt Valley, Perpediaç, Carlisle, Carleton, and Bath, still contend for the distinction, like the seven rival cities which laid claim to Homer.

These widely distant and distracting national claims, are indeed, an honorable evidence of the way in which St. Patrick has taken root, and been domesticated in many lands; but for his own part, the writer confesses that he has never felt any special inclination to embark in the controversy. It is clear that the blood of several races ran in our Saint's veins. From the well-known classic names of his father and grandfather, it would seem that the male parental stem was Roman, and his mother being a relative of St. Martin of Tours, was probably an Hungarian. If, like the Irish St. Columba, or the Italian St. Francis, St. Patrick's young soul had developed, and arrived at its supernatural maturity amidst the associations of his native land, deriving strength, color and beauty from persons and things around him; under such circumstances the identification of the scenes of his childhood would have a significance and importance which in his case does not belong to them. We have his own words for the fact that it was in a land of exile that his supernatural life and vocation began; for such unquestionably was the meaning of his extraordinary communications with God during his exile in Ireland. Even were St. Patrick's birthplace undisputed, the lonely summit of Slemish, the birthplace of his spirit, might well dispute its claims to the veneration of St. Patrick's children."

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND, By Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. Price $1.50.

That our readers may learn the extent of the travels of the Rev. Author, we give a portion of the contents: The Atlantic Voyage and the Emerald Isle, Wales and England, La Belle France, Northern Italy and Rome, Southern Italy and the Voyage to Egypt, the Land of the Pharaos and the Pyramids, the Holy City Jerusalem. Bethlehem, Jericho and the Dead Sea, a Morning and Day in Palestine, the House of the Visitation, Mount Carmel, the Light of Nazareth, Departure from the Holy Land, from Alexandria to Naples, the Eternal City, from Rome to Loretto, the Home of William Tell, Return to England and a Trip to Scotland, the Emerald Isle of the Ocean, Cashel of the Kings and the Lakes of Killarney. The book is illustrated, and is well printed and bound.

*Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.*

HIS VICTORY. By Christian Reid. Price, 10 cts.

This is No. 8 of the Ave Maria series. Anything from the pen of Christian Reid is instructive and entertaining. Send for the whole series. Less than a dollar for eight books.

*Ticknor & Co., Boston.*

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY'S new volume of poems, "The White Sail," is winning golden opinions from the critics. Miss Guiney should be highly esteemed by Irishmen as the daughter of the late Col. Guiney, commander of one of the Massachusetts regiments in the Secession War. She is a graduate of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, near Providence; and lives in a beautiful highland glen near Auburndale, a few miles west of Boston. Though still in her early twenties, Miss Guiney has published three books, of which "The White Sail" is the latest and strongest, and one of which every Irish-American should be proud.

"IRELAND'S Cause in England's Parliament," Justin McCarthy's admirable little book, is thus highly commended by John Boyle O'Reilly: "The story of this movement and party is told by the proper hand when Justin McCarthy is the historian. He is part of it, and a large part.

He is the vice-president of the Irish parliamentary party, and he has the trained quality of the objective seer; so that his word, always dispassionate and considerate, has double and lasting value." This masterly book is published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, in cloth covers, 50 cents.

### Announcement.

"A POETIC TRINITY," by Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Classical and Modern Language Master, Mitchell High School, Ontario, Canada.

The above is the title of a volume of criticism, which will soon appear, from the pen of Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., the author of a popular volume of verse, entitled "A Gate of Flowers." The promised work will embody a criticism of the poetic genius of Longfellow, Adelaide Proctor, and Father Ryan, and will contain many of the choicest gems to be found in the works of that "Poetic Trinity." It will be well bound, gilt-edged, and especially suitable for a gift or school premium. The book will be dedicated, by permission, to the Hon. C. F. Fraser, Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario.

## MUSIC.

THIS DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK:

A beautiful Irish song and chorus. Words by James Coyle. Music by W. A. Ogden. Dedicated to Rev. Edward Hannin, Toledo's Pioneer Priest, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church. Published by Fischer & Bro., No. 7 Bible House, New York. Price, 40 cents.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Memorare in F," by Lambilotte, and "Tantum Ergo in F," by Rossi. "The Lord is My Shepherd," for Female Quartette, by F. Schubert. "Cradle Song," for four voices, by Walter MacFarren. "O Worship the Lord," Bass Solo and Chorus, by Michael Watson. "Be Not Afraid," from "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. "There You Are, There You Aint," Comic Song, by Harry Braden. "What We'd Like To Know," Topical Song, by Harry Birch. "The Roll Call," words by Edw. Oxenford, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "God of Mercy," music by J. Leybach. "Trusting," Song, by Cotsford Dick. "They All Love Jack," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by Stephen Adams. "Lift Thine Eye," Trio from "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. "Et Incarnatus," and "Agnus Dei" from Mass in B Flat, by Henry Farmer.

*Instrumental:* "Whip Snap Quadrille," for violin, and piano, by C. A. White. "Flying Birds," improvisation, "Dearest Heart," Melodie, and "Love To Thee," Gavotte, all by J. Walter. "Waltz of Sighs," by L. Gobbaerts. "La Fontaine," by Geo. Reynold. "Mazurka," for four hands, by Francois Behr. "Tarantelle," by W. Lomas. "Life Let us Cherish," for Violin and Piano, by Henry Farmer. "Slumber Song," by Robert Schumann. "Springtide Revels," by Robert Harper. "La Maydlaine," the new society dance, arranged by Peirre Duvernet. "The Drop of Water," by J. Egghard.

*Books:* First Mass in C, composed by W. A. Mozart, edited, and the pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Vincent Novello, the English adaptation by R. G. Loraine. A handsome edition of this well-known Mass.

"Buds and Blossoms," twelve small pieces designed as Introductory Studies for the Pianoforte by Cornelius Gurlitt. A very useful work for beginners on the Piano.

"The Little Pianist," by Charles Czerny. Another good work for the pianoforte student.

The Folio for March. A very interesting number.

RECEIVED of J. Fischer & Bro., N. Y., 7 Bible House: "Stay at Home, my Heart, and Rest." Words by Longfellow, music by W. A. Ogden. And three beautiful songs by Strelezki, entitled, "Yesterday;" "What Robin Saw;" and "Love's Rebuke;" this popular song-writer needs no other mention than *his* name. The above are gotten up in first-class style, and can be obtained from the above popular house.

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A NATIONAL shrine has been erected at Montreal, for the purpose of obtaining the following favors: the triumph of the Church over her persecutors, the gift of true faith for our separated brethren, the welfare of Rome, France and Ireland, and the conversion of England.

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THE grades of Oliver Cromwell's downhill career, as told at himself at the trial in Bangor, Me., for murder, were as follows: Good boy, school teacher, Baptist clergyman, gambler and thief. If he should be convicted of murder still another title would have to be added.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

We should not be suprised if this fellow was a lineal descendent of his namesake who used to slaughter the Irish long ago, and made the fields red with the blood of innocent men, women and children.

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### Almost a Panic.

AN examination of the weekly report of deaths for the past month in Boston and other towns and cities in the country, reveals an alarming condition, owing to the great increase of deaths from pneumonia as compared with previous years.

If this increase continues as it has for the last few weeks, a panic will certainly result. For example, the weeks ending January 14 and 21, one-fifth of the deaths in Boston from all causes were the result of pneumonia. More than one hundred people died of this dreadful disease in that short time, and the mortality all over the country seems rather to be increasing than abating. Is it possible that medical skill and science can find no means to baffle and cure this terrible plague? Physicians seem powerless, and all theories regarding the disease, and the persons most liable to an attack, are broken down by its universal ravages. Neither old, middle aged, or young persons are exempt. Tendency to lung trouble used to be considered a predisposing cause for pneumonia. But this season the strongest and most healthy lungs in men and women seem to be no safeguard. We believe, however, that it is possible to prevent the disease if not cure it, and that, too, by a simple remedy within the reach of all. We read lately in a pamphlet published by Dr I. S. John on & Co., Boston, Mass., a method of treating pneumonia by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Certainly the remedy is simple, and can be obtained almost anywhere. It is an absolute fact that no remedy known will break up and cure a cold so quickly as this old-fashioned household medicine. And a severe cold is always without exception the first stage of pneumonia.

Johnson & Co. will send a copy of this pamphlet to any person, free. The directions given in the pamphlet for preventing pneumonia are based on sound common sense, and, without a shadow of doubt, would succeed nine times in ten.

# OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

## CLERGYMEN.

THE Rev. Thomas Hines, rector of the Church of the Assumption, Elmwood, Providence, R. I., in succession to the late Fr. Clune, died on Tuesday, February 21, while the Month's Mind of his predecessor was being solemnized. Father Hines was born in Cumberland, R. I., where he now has two brothers residing, a third being at Oaklawn. For seven or eight years he was curate under Father Sheridan at St. Mary's, Taunton, and then had charge of the mission at East Greenwich for nine years. Thence he came to Providence, a few weeks ago, and was made rector of the Church of the Assumption. He had been ill about two weeks, and, for a few days preceding his death, knew that his end was near. The funeral was largely attended.

FATHER MICHAEL O'REILLY, of St. Columbkille's church, Carondelet, Mo., died on the 5th February, of rheumatism of the heart. His death was a surprise to his friends and parishioners, as he had only been seriously ill for three days. Father O'Reilly was born in Druminbarn, County Leitrim, Ireland, in 1840, and was educated in Dublin and Paris, completing his theological studies at Cape Girardeau, Mo. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1866. In 1872 he was appointed pastor of St. Columbkille.

ON Saturday, January 7th, the Rev. Joseph Vetter, S. J., of St. Mary's Church, North End, Boston, died at Carney Hospital, South Boston. Father Vetter was born in Molsheim, Alsace, in the year 1819. He taught philosophy to St. Mary's College, Montreal, was assistant pastor in several churches in New York city and Buffalo, and was for more than twelve years chaplain of the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, N. Y. The interment was at Holy Cross College, Worcester. May he rest in peace!

WE deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. J. P. Daly, of the Order of Preachers. Father Daly was being recognized as likely to become a worthy successor of the great Dominican, Father T. Burke, in pulpit oratory. His death occurred at Naples, whence he intended to proceed to Rome. Father Daly was only 37 years of age. May he rest in peace!

## SISTERS.

SISTER JANE FRANCES RIPLEY, directress of the Academy of the Visitation, West Washington, D. C., died recently, after less than a week's illness, of pleuropneumonia. Her father was a Unitarian minister, and her mother was a woman of fine acquirements. The deceased Sister was also a cousin of the famous philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Although reared in a New England atmosphere filled with anti-Catholic prejudices, the bright intellect and pure soul of Sister Jane Frances rose above them, and she turned a deaf ear to the siren song of the world. She entered the convent in 1872, and soon afterward became the directress of the academy and of musical studies. For these duties she was admirably qualified, having prosecuted her studies in some of the best European schools. She was greatly beloved by the Sisterhood, of which she was a shining ornament, and also by the pupils, over whom she watched with motherly care. Her death will be sincerely mourned by all who knew her, and especially by her former companions in the distinguished institution over which, for the past sixteen years, she presided with so much firmness, but gentleness.

SISTER CATALINA, of the Sisters of Charity, who died at St. Paul's Female Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn, N. Y., was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Flatbush. Sister Catalina was thirty-five years of age, and had been a member of her community over nineteen years. At the time of taking vows she was one of the youngest in the Order. She spent several years at St. Peter's Convent, Columbia, Pa., and was for five years at St. Paul's Asylum, where she died. A large number of Sisters from New York and Brooklyn attended the funeral. Among the mourners was her only sister in the world, Mrs. Donahoe, wife of Mr. Donahoe, of Hudson street, New York.

SISTER MARY ANGELA, Superior of the Sisters of Mercy at St. Francis' Orphan Asylum, New Haven, died Feb. 8th after one day's sickness. She was 64 years of age and had been in the convent since she was 15. Her name was Mary J. Fitzgerald. She was one of the first to bring the order to New England,

and was for many years the Mother Superior of the Hartford Diocese. May she rest in peace!

SISTER M. JOACHIM, sister of Rev. W. M. R. Callan, Orange Valley, N. J., died at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Hoboken, N. J., February 13th. Sister Joachim was in her thirty-seventh year of age, and the twenty-third of her religious profession.

## LAY PEOPLE.

JOHN B. HENNESSY, whose decease lately took place in Providence, R. I,. was one of the pioneer Irishmen of Rhode Island. He was born in the County Limerick, Ireland, in 1812, and had passed the allotted three score years and ten at the time of his death. During life he was pre-eminently successful as a business man, the value of his estate now to be divided among his heirs being estimated among the hundreds of thousands. All his wealth was the fruit of industry and thrift, for he began life in this country entirely dependent upon his own resources.

In 1824, or thereabouts, John B. Hennessy came to America with his father. The latter soon after enlisted as a soldier and was subsequently killed in the Florida war. The young lad's experience in life began early. He found employment in New Bedford and other places in Massachusetts, and finally came to Providence which was destined to be his permanent abiding place and the scene of an exceptionally active and fortunate business career. The hard knocks received in his tender years developed qualities that served him well in after life when his extensive business relations made necessary the exercise of alertness, quickness of perception, keen judgment, and wise direction.

In addition to the grocery and immigration business Mr. Hennessy was largely interested in mortgages, and hundreds of families who now own homes of their own in Providence are indebted to their enterprising countryman for the means which enabled them to make a successful start in life. When he first came here there was no Catholic church in Providence; at the present time are ten churches within the city limits. The first church built was the old Cathedral on the site of the present magnificent pile. The second church was St. Patrick's, to the building of which, Mr. Hennessy was a liberal contributor, and where he occupied a pew from the opening to the time of his death. In earlier years, when men of means were fewer than they are now, the young priest on his way to his country mission either in this or in our neighboring States found a financial friend in John B. Hennessy, though it is doubtful if any of those whom he befriended survive him.

Most of Mr. Hennessy's early friends long preceded him to the grave, and few of the two generations that have since come upon the stage knew him personally. He died on the 15th of February, from a complication of diseases which had confined him to his home for several weeks. Two years ago his wife died, an event that had a marked effect upon him. Mr. Hennessy's surviving children are one son and four daughters. The former is a physician, and the latter are married to well-known and popular citizens. A large number of friends attended the solemn requiem high Mass at St. Patrick's church on the morning of the 18th of February. The pastor, Rev. T. Briscoe, was celebrant, with the Rev. J. C. Walsh, deacon; the Rev. T. J. Fitzpatrick sub-deacon; the Rev. J. A. Finnigan, master of ceremonies; Vicar General McCabe, of Woonsocket, and a number of other clergymen were also present- Following the final absolution the cortege was formed by Funeral Director McMurrough, and the procession wended its way to the new Cemetery where interment took place.

THERE died on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14, one of God's noblemen — Mr. George V. Hecker, brother of the Very Rev. Father Hecker, one of New York's most enterprising and successful merchants. Mr. Hecker was a native of New York, of German parentage, and was one of the very few Catholic laymen of America who take an interest in Catholic literature. It was his money which started The Catholic World and the Young Catholic. He gave freely and with a most disinterested hand, thousand of dollars to help the Catholic Publication Society to do its noble work for Catholic literature. Few know these facts, for he was a man who never let his right hand know what his left had done. His shoulder once to the wheel, he never relaxed until he had made a success of everything he thoroughly undertook. All he did for Catholic literature, and he did it in a way it is most needed — by furnishing money — will never be known until the day when all hidden things shall be revealed. It was all done at the suggestion and with the co-operation of his venerable brother, the Very Rev. Father Hecker, Superior of the Paulists. Catholics, we hope, will

remember him in their prayers. May God grant him eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine upon him.— Catholic Review.

In his will Mr. Hecker gives to his wife, Josephine M. Hecker, his house and the furniture contained in it, his estate on Orange Mountain, and $40,000 in money. She is also to have for life his painting by Corregio, which, at her death is to go to Father Isaac Hecker, the Superior of the Paulist Fathers. To Father Hecker, who is his brother, the testator also gives 2,500 a year for life, and to the Mission of St. Paul the Apostle, $10,000. To the Society for Befriending Children and Young Girls, a legacy of $5,000 is bequeathed. Small legacies are given to his four children. George F., Caroline, and Anna Hecker, and Mrs. Josephine Slevin, and all the rest of his property is given in trust to his executors, with directions to close up his business within three years and then divide all the property in their hands among his heirs.

ONE of the saddest events that has occurred in the peninsula this year was the death of that estimable citizen, Mr. Patrick Barry, of South Boston. The deep respect in which he was held was attested by the throng of people who attended the requiem services in the Gate of Heaven Church on the 1st of March. A solemn high Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Metcalf, after which, the remains were taken to Mt. Calvary for interment. Deceased leaves a widow and five children, one, Mr. William J. Barry, who is in the city auditor's department. For about eight years Mr. Barry occupied the position of constable in the Superior Civil and Superior Criminal Courts of Suffolk County.

THE many friends of Jennie M. Doherty (daughter of Ellen and the late James Flynn) will be pained to hear of her death, which occurred at Aiken, S. C., Feb. 21st, to which place she had gone in the hope of regaining her failing health. She was prominent among the young Catholics in the Cathedral parish, and was for many years a member of the choir, and her marriage to Mr. Joseph Doherty was solemnized but a few months ago. Her funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, and was attended by many sorrowing friends. The remains were laid in the family lot at Mt. Calvary.

MR. THOMAS A. TALLON, a well-known member of the Cathedral parish, Boston, died on February 24, at the age of 48 years. Mr. Tallon sang in the choir of the old St. Patrick's Church, Northampton Street. He was a very popular gentleman, and was greatly respected. His funeral took place from the Cathedral on the 27th with Solemn Requiem Mass. The remains were followed to the cemetery by 125 carriages.

JAMES DOHERTY, Esq., after a short illness, died peacefully at his residence on King Street, Woodstock, N. B., on the evening of the 9th of February. He was a native of the County Derry, Ireland, and was born June 11, 1812. He came out to St. John, N. B., in the year 1836, and located in Woodstock in 1840; here he entered into mercantile pursuits, which he successfully followed up to 1875; since then he has led a retired and peaceful life. For nearly half a century he has been a citizen of this place. He married Ann, sister of Hon. Senator Dever, of St. John, in 1843. Mr. D. was very much respected by all who knew him.

## CHILD.

MAURICE FRANCIS, son of Lawrence and Margaret Kehoe, aged four years and eight months, died at the residence of his parents, 161 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on February 9. Happy father and mother, to have an angel in heaven before them! The father is the energetic manager of the Catholic Publication Society Company.

### Advice To Girls.

Don't cultivate that sort of violent friendship which leads to a sort of confidential communication which cannot be made known to your parents. Be very particular as to whom you allow to be familiar with you, as your near companions and friends. First, know well the person, before you allow a closer intimacy; and the moment you see anything wrong in a companion, think what effect it should have on your intimacy. Learn to say "No!" decisively, to any request or proposal which your judgment tells you is not right. It is a great thing in a child to learn to say "No," when it is right to do so. Make it a rule to hear nothing from any girl which you may not be allowed, and would not be willing, to tell your dear mother.

HENRY LABOUCHERE cables that the principal attendant on the Crown Prince of Germany, is an Irish nurse who is "most skilful and experienced."

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## The Princess' Pearls.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"The Queen has given all her daughters fine necklaces of pearls." —*English Court News.*

AYE, twine round the necks of your daughters,
Round the necks of your royal girls,
These gems from the deep sea waters,
These circlets of pearls!

As they rival each throat's lily-whiteness,
Where queens and their ladies consort;
While they blaze in the radiant brightness
Of ball-room or court,—

Behold the red stain on their splendor!—
'Tis blood! — yes, the blood that hath flowed
For ages, from hearts true and tender!
— *These* gems' first abode

Was down 'neath the black, bitter waters
Of Erin's misfortunes and fears,—
Your pearls, O Victoria's daughters!
Are Ireland's tears!

## To Henry Edward Manning,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

Suggested by three Portraits recently published in Merry England.

WITHIN the halo of thy golden hair,
Seated on golden sand; with one sea-shell
Pressed to thy childhood's ear, as if to tell
To thee some great sea-secret hidden there.
In manhood, next; at work beneath the glare

From noon-day sun, and midnight moon that fell
On clouds and stars — thyself a star as well,
Amidst the clouds that filled the troubled air.
Last, with the shadow of a coming crown,
At sunset, settled on thy saint-like brow;
And ever, day by day, reflecting down
Gold gleams of light on loving hearts below.
Great, Good Archbishop! from thy Minster See,
Bless us, for God — as we bless God for thee.

John Croker Barrow, *in Merry England.*

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# Why Pledges Are Broken

PLEDGES are broken by many because they place too much faith in the act of taking the pledge. They consider the pledge a charm against drink. Now taking the pledge is a confession of past *weakness;* while keeping it, is an acknowledgement of present *strength.* It is not, therefore, the taking but the keeping, in which principally is lodged the act of virtue.

The pledge is broken very often; because, in the beginning, it was either a delusion or imperfect, or not properly sustained by apt aids.

1ST. The pledge is sometimes a delusion—some pledges materially viewed, are actual sins. Without reverting to the fact, men form, then and there, the intention of a future drunkenness. Such pledges can be said TO BE BROKEN WHEN MADE. These manifest their quality in their limitations. What does the boundary line, Christmas Day, St. Patrick's Day or New Year's, mean in the mouth of the pledger, except that he will, to use a Jansenestic term, maintain a "Holy Thirst" between now and then; and then, when whiskey is "galore," celebrate his disfranchisement from the pledge(?) Yet such a man goes to the sacraments promising to abstain from all sin for all time, having registered his intentions, nevertheless, to abstain from drinking, the drunkard's proper mortal sin, for only a short time.

2ND. The pledge is often imperfectly taken. Some men take the pledge more from the motive of their neighbors' pleasure than their own profit. The poor dismayed wife or sister, willing to grasp at any hope for the reformation of a drunken husband or brother, constantly harp on "Take the pledge. Take the pledge." And so, mayhaps with a whiskied breath, or anyhow with a whiskied will, the drunkard, to receive the commendation or flattery of the beloved, takes the pledge(?). Ah, such a pledge is as "false as dicers' oaths." No sense of religious or moral obligations give it the dignity of truthfulness, in its being; and so the flippant hypocrisy dies with the day.

3RD. When pledges are well made, they are often broken; because the means of sustaining the pledge are left unused. There is nothing in the world so small, so weak, as a drunkard's promise. He may to-day swear by his Catholicity, which he has dishonored, by his manhood he has bemeaned; by the souls of the dead who are beloved, or by the

souls of the living who are grieved; by everything that is sacred and solemn; and yet for all, be more drunk to-morrow than ever before. As there is nothing so weak as his words, there is nothing requires more aids to give them strength and vitality. These aids are the sacraments, which, in a special manner, are calculated to make a man *sober*. Contemplation precedes their worthy reception, and in contemplation, man learns to know himself. To know himself is to learn how poor he is in word and work. As humility is the natural offspring of poverty, he will be humble in contemplation, and will learn in the *sobriety* of thought that men's promises or pledges are barren, aye, rootless, unless they be as branches grafted on Christ, the Vine, who will give them life and growth. In the reception of the Holy Sacrament of the altar, the pledger will receive Him, to whom the world gave gall for his Precious Blood, the nail and the thorn for his kind word and gentle deed, insult for his gospel, and death for his life of zeal. Christ will whisper courage unto the pledger's ear; for He will say: all these things I have suffered and gladly would suffer again to fill your poor scarred heart with holy and noble affections; to fill your head with true reason, illumined by My Grace.

If men would take the pledge for life, then, I believe, there would be less pledges broken; for men would consider more their obligations as they would be more striking. When men take the pledge for a limited time, they are too apt to look forward with avidity to the expiration of the time, which they have convinced themselves, ends their obligations from abstinence. Drink is always an occasion of sin to the man who was once drunk. What is the meaning, then, of a drunkard taking the pledge for a little time? I will be answered, this is a process which will wean his will from drink; so that one day he may be able to abstain perpetually; or until drink will be for him what it is to the rest of men a commodity to be used moderately. Of this last I would say, it is better, if not truer, to write it morally impossible. Regarding the former, weaning the will is weakening the will. The will is strengthened by high resolves and grand efforts, and not by compromising our Christian duties with the Devil. Let us have pledges made to last forever!!!

Zaleski. J. H. Cotter.

# The Roman Catacombs.

## III.

THE spirit of historical research and scientific investigation with which De Rossi has conducted his examination of the Roman Catacombs, has shed much light, not only on their origin and history, but incidentally on the mode of their formation, the relations of the early Church to the State, and the social standing of the first converts to Christianity.

It had long been supposed that the existence of the Catacombs was known, in the beginning, only to the Christians, and was carefully

concealed from the Pagan authorities. This erroneous idea has disappeared before the researches of De Rossi.

One of the oldest of the Christian cemeteries was that named after Domitilla, a Roman lady, and a near relation of the emperors, Titus and Domitian. In the year 1864, the entrance to this cemetery was discovered on one of the most frequented of the old Roman highways —the Via Ardeatina. On the gateway, leading into the cemetery, were still discernible the remains of an inscription which must have informed the passers-by to whom the cemetery belonged. The vestibule opened into a long gallery which was built above the level of the street, and the roof of which was decorated with beautiful paintings. There was no attempt whatever at concealment. As owner of the cemetery, Domitilla could grant the privilege of interment to whomsoever she pleased — slaves, freedmen, members of her own household, or even those of her own creed — as an old inscription has it: *qui sint ad religionem pertinentes meam.*

From this De Rossi inferred that the Catacombs originated in burial-plots owned by certain wealthy Christians who granted the privilege of interment to their brethren in the faith. What renders this opinion still more probable is that in the earliest documents the Christian cemeteries are not designated by the name of any martyr or confessor buried within them, but by that of the original owner who purchased the soil, and built the crypt. Certain pious women, Domitilla, Lucina, Comodilla, who are known to have embraced Christianity at an early period, or wealthy converts to the new faith, such as Thrason or Pretextatus, may have marked out for themselves, as was the fashion of the time, certain tracks of land for burial purposes. They had the right of allowing whomsoever they pleased to be interred within the specified limits, and it is but natural to suppose that they would have extended this privilege to members of their own faith.

Nor was there anything in this to excite the surprise or suspicion of the authorities. The possession of these lands was guaranteed by law, nor was the owner restricted in the exercise of his rights. It is well known in what high respect the ancient Romans held the resting-places of the dead. The law took the tomb under its protection, and guarded it against profanation. It was a sacred spot (*locus religiosus*), even when a slave or criminal was buried within it. It does not appear that the Christians, even in times of persecution, were denied the right of sepulture which appertained to all. This right was not withheld even from criminals, and the tombs of the guilty were as sacred and inviolable as those of the innocent.

To the owners of the surface soil was guaranteed by law everything that lay beneath (*area cedens sepulchro*). In the case of wealthy individuals, connected with the family tomb was commonly a large tract of land bordered with trees, beyond which extended gardens, vineyards and cultivated fields. By a special clause in their wills it was forbidden to parcel out these lands into lots for sale, or devote them to any other uses than those for which they were originally intended.

In this way could the early Christians have easily acquired, by gift

or purchase, plats of ground for the formation of their cemeteries; and it is certain that they availed themselves of the facilities afforded by the law. Thus it appears that the Catacombs were originally of very limited extent. With the rapid spread of Christianity came the necessity of enlarging them, and of economizing space. In the first galleries which had been constructed, the tombs were quite large, and were placed some distance apart. They were subsequently made smaller, and the intervening space utilized for burial purposes. To keep within the prescribed limits, new galleries were formed, five or six in number, one above the other to a depth of nearly one hundred feet. As time progressed communications were opened up between adjacent burial areas, which by thus spreading out and ramifying in various directions, came finally to be of enormous extent.

It is well known that in the reign of Severus, associations for burial purposes (*collegia funeratica*) were quite common in Rome and throughout the provinces. The members paid every month into the common fund, certain sums to defray funeral expenses and make provision for the decent performance of the rites of sepulture. The emperors who looked with suspicion on associations in general, made an exception in favor of these burial-clubs. A decree of the senate authorized their formation on the enrolment of their names in the imperial registers. Like the associations of the present day they had their officers, their sets of rules, their common fund; and were free to meet every month, make their reports, and discuss their business affairs. Regarding as such a sacred duty, the proper interment of the dead, the Christians were only too glad to form themselves into similar associations, thereby acquiring a legal right to property, and the further privilege of meeting at stated intervals. To the deacon, under the legal name of *syndicus*, was entrusted the administration of the business affairs of the cemetery; while in the eyes of the State authorities the bishop was regarded as the responsible head of the society. When the bishop died, the heads of the municipal government should be informed of his death, and of the name of his successor. In this manner the names of the early popes were preserved, not only in the archives of the Church, but also in the registers of the Roman prefect.

But the protection afforded to the Church by the State was even thus early, as at every subsequent period of her history, dearly purchased. She was now, in a manner, at the mercy of the civil power, which could lay hands upon her whenever it wished, and when it meant to strike, knew where to direct its blows. Instead of wasting its energies on mere isolated individuals of no importance or representative character, it was now enabled to seize the shepherd and scatter the flock. The bishop's name and place of residence was known to the State, which could slay, imprison or exile him as it saw fit, and prevent, as it imagined, the appointment of his successor. As long as the cemeteries were the property of individual families, they were, in a measure, safe; but now that they belonged to the community at large, it was not difficult to find a pretext for confiscating and pillaging them. Hence, it

was that the Christians were often compelled to fill them in, in order to save them from the ravages of the imperial police.

The fable of the wolf and the lamb has received a world-wide illustration in the history of the relations between the Church and the civil power during eighteen hundred years. In these latter days, as Cardinal Manning has acutely remarked, the Church has not to deal with dynasties but with the people. From being a mere "taxable commodity" the people have become, or are everywhere fast becoming, the recognized channel for the transmission of political power; and while the Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns, and Bourbons pass away as mere accidents, the people, like the Church, remain even to the consummation of time.

From the account thus given of the relations between the Church and State at this early period, we are at no loss to understand how it was that the first Christians were enabled to excavate miles on miles of galleries without let or hindrance from the imperial police. The work was done in open day, and with the consent or sanction of the Roman authorities. As a "new religion" which had never been legalized by a decree of the Senate, Christianity was under the ban of the law; but as an association for burial purposes, it had a recognized existence. This two-fold relation of the Church to the State explains, also, how it was that the early Christians enjoyed intervals of repose, alternating with periods of savage persecution. When popular fury was aroused against them, as was often enough the case, and local magistrates, governors of provinces, and the emperor himself, were compelled to take up the cry of "Christians to the lions!" all that was necessary to give a legal complexion to their persecution was to regard them as the adherents of "the foreign superstition." When the thirst for blood was sated, or when reasons of State policy demanded a cessation of such extreme measures, it was convenient to consider the Christians as a mere association for burial purposes, to which, in common with similar associations, a general toleration might be extended.

Pagan writers have represented the early Christians as a gloomy, unsocial sect, of derisive tendencies, standing sullenly aloof from all participation in public affairs, and having little or nothing in common with the sympathies and aspirations of the rest of human kind. And yet it is quite clear that the Church did all that lay in her power to live in peace and harmony with the political authorities. We have seen how gladly she availed herself of the privileges the law afforded, and how readily she fell into line with the other recognized associations of the empire. Unlike some of the Jewish sects of the time, and certain Christian sects of a later period, Christianity was no mere political insurrection under the guise and pretext of a religious reformation. The gospel it preached was not one of revolution, nor did it arm its followers with the torch of the incendiary, or the dagger of the assassin. It proclaimed from the start its desire to accommodate itself to all forms of government and live in peace with all. Its divine Founder preached submission to Cæsar in a country quivering with a passion of rebellion against the power of Rome. The apostles, faithful to the

doctrine of their Master, insisted on obedience to all legitimate authority, and carried the spirit of peace and union into the bosom of the family by forbidding separation between husband and wife when one of the parties was an unbeliever. To abolish slavery, it did not have recourse to measures which would lead to a disturbance of the social order, but depended rather on time, and the winning, persuasive influence of its own example to accomplish the result.

In their demeanor towards the civil power, the early Christians scrupulously obeyed the teachings of their Master and of the Apostles. Though persecuted, they did not rebel; nor could it be said that they either instigated or took an active part in the various revolts throughout the provinces against the authority of Rome. Tertullian, in his Apology, tells us that they prayed for the emperor who persecuted them, and besought in his favor "a long life, happy domestic relations, a victorious army, a faithful senate, a loyal people, and the repose of the world." Apart altogether from conscientious motives, the protection which the law afforded the early Christians, in their corporate capacity as burial-clubs, must have operated powerfully in leading them to cultivate peaceful relations with the existing government.

Another subject which the investigations of De Rossi have served to illustrate is the social position of the first converts to Christianity. It is commonly taken for granted, on the testimony of Pagan writers, that the new religion first gained a foothold exclusively among the poorer classes of the community. The Pagan Celsus pours out the vials of his sarcasm on the preachers of Christianity for gaining their adherents among ignorant slaves, women and children, and propagating their doctrines in holes and corners, and not in public places under the broad light of day.

The Gospel was indeed preached to the poor, but not to them alone; and it is now known that at a very early period it had gained disciples among the high-born and wealthy classes of society. De Rossi has remarked, that it is the oldest tombs in the Catacombs which are the most elaborately decorated. He asks how it was possible that a religion whose members were composed solely of "slaves, tamers, flutters, and ignorant women and children" could have built the vestibule of the cemetery of Domitilla, with its beautiful paintings. Several of the oldest tombs in the Catacombs are inscribed with the names of the noblest and most historic families of ancient Rome, the Cornelii, the Emilii, the Cœilii. It is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles that the Gospel was preached by St. Paul in the "house of Cæsar;" and one of its converts was Pomponia Græcinia, wife of the consul Plautus, the conqueror of Britain. She was accused under Nero of being an adherent to the "foreign superstition," by which must have been meant Christianity, as the tombs of her descendants have been discovered in the Catacombs. A few years later and the new religion penetrated into the imperial household, and won over some of the near relations of the emperors Titus and Domitian, namely Domitilla, and her husband, Flavius Clemens. Such influence in high places must have proved beneficial to the early Church in shielding her dur-

ing times of persecution, in arresting the sword when raised to strike, and in widening the range of her charitable undertakings.

When a religious or political institution has passed successfully through some great crisis in its history, those who survive to share in the final triumph will naturally desire to honor the memory of those who suffered and died that such an institution might live. In the long struggle between the Church and Paganism, the race had not been to the swift, nor battle to the strong. The "things that were not," had destroyed "the things that were;" and now that the Cross had triumphed the Church, like the Theban sister of old, tenderly gathered up and enshrined in stately buildings the relics of those who had sealed with their life-blood their fidelity to the cause of truth. She commemorated in her martyrologies the story of their sufferings and their death, that their example might remain for all time as a well-spring of fearless and self-sacrificing devotion.

English literature, insular and sectarian in its character, has passed over in silence the deeds of heroism chronicled in those ancient records; while modern unbelief has affected to regard them as mere tissues of wholesale fraud and imposture. It is true that, in the course of ages, certain legendary elements may have crept into those narratives, and twined themselves round the central fact. But the highest criticism, which acts in sympathy with its object, will seek, with careful and reverent touch, to disentangle the fair flower without snapping or destroying it, from the alien growths which have sprung up around it. The researches of De Rossi have confirmed, in several important particulars, many of the incidents recorded in those ancient martyrologies. Nearly all the tombs of the martyrs whose lives are set forth in those old chronicles have been discovered in the Catacombs. As early as the third and fourth centuries those tombs were perfectly well known to the faithful who visited them, and were inscribed with the names of the martyrs whose remains they contained. The paintings and inscriptions discovered in the neighborhood of these tombs have verified, in many instances, the details of the sufferings and death of the martyrs, as narrated in the ancient martyrologies.

One would imagine that some of the admiration which is lavished on the exploits of semi-mythical pagan personages might be reserved for the Christian martyr who could address the executioner in such words as these: "Go on with your work; burn, tear asunder those limbs formed of clay. You can easily destroy such frail material—but, as for my soul, despite your tortures, that is beyond your reach." The courage which inspired such heroic sentiments on the lips of youth and tender maidens is, at least, as worthy of admiration and perpetual remembrance as that which burned in the hearts of the famous three hundred who sat combing their yellow hair that summer morning in the passes of Thermopylæ. Every lover of his kind, who disbelieves in the doctrine that Might is Right, will thank the Church, which holds in high religious honor those who, by their sufferings and death, teach the world that most sublime and moral of all lessons—the powerlessness of brute force.

Athens, Pa. THE END. J. C.

# The Grand Old Man: "A Siamese Union."

UNDER the title of "Further Notes and Queries on the Irish Demand" Mr. Gladstone contributes an elaborate and interesting article to the Contemporary Review for March. He says:—

But inasmuch as Ireland now wisely abjures all thought of force it is thought that no analogy prevails between their past occasions and the present one. No analogy certainly in this respect, that the separation of the countries was then more or less in view, while now, if still in the abstract possible (as Lord Macaulay thought), yet it is for all practical purposes out of view. But there is the strongest imaginable analogy in this most practical respect, that we still maintain in Ireland a force of mixed police and military sufficient to hold her down, and that until the political controversy is adjusted that force cannot be diminished. This is the Union we have established with Ireland, and is *this* union strength?

In what sense is it strength? In what sense does it add to our resources? We have free trade with Ireland. But that absolute free trade it is proposed by the Home Rule parties to maintain, to place it beyond the reach of any latent or possible Irish protectionism. We would have secured it also had this been in our power from the less excusable follies that have obtained some vogue in England. Here we have Irish soldiers, brave and true men, such men as those of whom the Duke of Wellington said that without them the British victories of the great wars could not have been achieved. But we should not have fewer of them nor less devoted under Irish autonomy. We should, in truth then, be removed from all danger of hearing any statement such as was made in the House of Commons during the past month, and made without contradiction, that an Irish regiment had to be sent summarily away by special train from Mitchelstown because the men cheered those Irish Nationalists on whom the Government were, at the time, bringing to bear the powers of the law. But next the landlords would quit the country. It may almost be doubted whether this would be an evil, as compared with their remaining there as now, to estrange and exasperate the people, by their political action. But a more rational and cheering prospect is opened, by the hope that when once the centre of their interests and reliances was shifted back into Ireland, from whence only the Union displaced it, they would begin to cultivate good relations with their countrymen, and happily re-acquire the influence which they so unhappily have lost.

I must go one step further and ask, what manner of fruit we should reap from the Legislative Union, in the event of the improbable but never impossible event of our being involved in a great war? Would the heart of Ireland beat in unison with our heart? Will she have the same joys and sorrows in successes and defeats? Taxes must in such an event be largely and severely laid upon the three countries, and upon all the classes of their inhabitants. Would those taxes be cheerfully paid in Ireland? If military demands thickened, and especially if military reverses came upon us, could we fall back upon our Irish garrison

of thirty or forty thousand men all told as a reserve fund, like the force in all parts of Great Britain, to reinforce our wasted ranks for the purposes of war? Notoriously, the case is far otherwise, and the high likelihood, if not the certainty, rather is that in order to build or bolster up that confidence, which we have chosen to build on the sand in preference to the rock, we must add to the demands from other quarters, an increase of demand for Ireland, so that she would be not only as she now is, a drain upon our strength, but a drain increasing within our own borders in proportion to the growth of need or calamity beyond them.

Dealing with Lord Salisbury's historical parallels, Mr. Gladstone says: "Would it not then savor of cowardice to renounce the hope of according local autonomy to Ireland without danger to imperial authority, when it is that imperial authority which can by itself and for itself determine the limits of that local autonomy, and the means by which it is to be confined within its proper boundaries? Lord Salisbury observes that the autonomy of the States has since the war been restrained. If, then, this restrained autonomy is a safe autonomy, why does he not offer it to Ireland and throw upon her the responsibility of refusing it? It is true that in no one instance is the analogy formal and precise, for no such thing as formal and precise analogy exists in historical comparisons between one nation and another. But it is also true that in every important instance of conceded Home Rule, either the necessity was less or the difficulty greater, and it is also true that no one case can be pointed out where Home Rule has been freely conceded, and where it has failed to produce beneficial results. My conclusion, then, is that the examples before us studied in an historic spirit are not barren, but are fruitful, instructive, and highly encouraging to the policy of a real local autonomy for Ireland. I will not dwell upon the fact that in no one of the instances, cited by Lord Salisbury, has there been any maritime severance like that of St. George's Channel. Corsica and Sardinia, historically proved to be too small for Mediterranean independence, will hardly be quoted. Iceland, indeed, is severed from Denmark by sea, but Iceland has a local Parliament. Mr. Grattan, whose very best reason often found expression in epigrammatic or antithetic forms, said — and, as experience has shown said well — of Ireland, 'the Channel forbids union, the ocean forbids independence.' It is easy to multiply broad distinctions between the four consolidations of Lord Salisbury and the consolidation he proposes, partly to maintain, partly to effect with Ireland. No one of them exhibits a Parliamentary union with another people stretching over sea; no one of them a union effected like the Irish Union by force and fraud; no one of them a union which, after nearly a century, had not gained its lost ground in the affections of the people; no one of them a union for the sake of which it has been found necessary either to cripple or altogether to refuse the privileges of self-government in the minor local circumscriptions; no one of them a union following upon a nearly unbroken series of many centuries of the most cruel wrong; no one of them a union where every political franchise conferred formed a near base of operations certain to be undertaken for the purpose of

changing it; no one of them a union which has permanently and continuously, and now in an increasing degree, been maintained by the overweening strength of the more powerful against the will of the weaker population."

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# Frederick Lucas: A Retrospect.

## PART II.

IN January, 1843, Lucas visited Ireland in connection with the business of the Tablet. He was most heartily received throughout the South, and while in Dublin he was introduced to the Repeal Association, and invited by O'Connell to address the assembly. In the course of his remarks he said that heretofore "he never had the slightest conception that any class of beings could be ground down to so miserable a state — as regarded their outward condition — as that of the peasantry he had seen in the various counties through which he had passed; and that when he got back to England, whatever his opinions as to the aptness of Repeal, he would always declare that it was not *an extreme or violent measure*, when taken in connection with the evils under which the country unfortunately labored."

Having seen with his own eyes the gigantic misery under which Ireland staggered, Lucas only needed the farce commonly known as the trial of O'Connell to make him an out-and-out Repealer. And having once taken his ground, his support of the movement was consistent and vigorous, like all his actions. He declared that the history of the world did not show as much wrong as one-fiftieth part of the grievances which oppressed Ireland. "The revolutions of 1640 and 1688, the French revolutions of 1789 and 1830, the Spanish, the Belgian, the American, all added together, and thrown into one common heap" were unequal to the wrongs of Ireland, in 1843 under the beneficent reign of a *gracious* queen who, forty years later could weep maudlin tears for the injuries inflicted upon farm animals, but felt no pang of regret for the part her Parliaments had taken in reducing the people so far from their kindly instincts, that such acts could be committed among them.

In this era we hear so much of the value of the party who oppose Home Rule, for do they not represent "the wealth, property, and intelligence of the united Kingdoms?" The same silly pretext was cited five and forty years ago, but Lucas treated the plea with the contempt it merited, and scornfully told its advocates that,—

"It was the wealth, property, and intelligence of the United Kingdom that enacted the Penal Code. . . . There is not an act of villainy towards Ireland, for which the wealth, property, and intelligence of the Empire have not been pawned with the utmost cheerfulness. . . There is not an act of savage barbarity, for which the same sanction cannot be claimed. . . ."

A little later on, Sir Charles G. Trevelyan, made a tour through Ireland on behalf of the Whig faction. In his published impressions, he tried to convey the belief that no one in Ireland really wanted Home Rule, yet he was forced to confess that the people were prepared to have it by fair means or — stern means. And he was surprised to find the people extremely willing to incur the sacrifices consequent on an armed insurrection if such became necessary. To these lucubrations the Tablet retorted that "a lasting emptiness of stomach enables a people to familiarize themselves with the contingencies of insurrection in an extraordinary degree" and further assured the guileless Sir George that under such circumstances "death under a pleasing variety of aspect has in reality no terror at all."

As elsewhere stated, on the first starting of the Tablet, Lucas had opposed the Repeal movement, but after visiting Ireland, it was impossible for one who like him "loved justice and hated iniquity" to side with those who would maintain such a stupendous injustice.

He was certainly unfitted for a politician, as politicians rated then and now. His politics were eminently impolitic. He never pushed the Right behind the Expedient. He was as straightforward in public life as in private, and in this he was far ahead of his generation and also ahead of our generation. He could not understand how any one could admit the turpitude of the Act of Union, and still maintain that it should stand as an accomplished fact. His description of English morality in dealing with other nations, bears a marked resemblance to John Mitchel's inimitable description of the British Pharisee at home. Lucas looked upon England "as the murderess of the Afghans, the murderess of the Belochees, the breaker of treaties, the poisoner of China, the public robber of the East" and he asked with a satire whose sting was barbed with an unsparing purpose, "Are we not strong? Have we not always been successful? Can we not act precisely as pleases us? Is not fortune our vassal? God our instrument? Justice our creation? Empire our inheritance? . . . If we do not actually watch over God, and keep Him from falling into blunders and mistakes He performs that kind office for us, and makes *us* the first-born of created beings, the occasion and final cause of the very redemption itself."

Surely not even Mitchel's scathing pen could excel this merciless presentation of the Jingo creed.

During the year 1843 he labored zealously to infuse into his co-religionists some little portion of the energy with which he himself was endowed. His articles are too lengthy for transcription here, though quite applicable to the present times. But in such an embarrassment of riches, it is not easy to select subjects for quotation.

Rallying the English Catholics on their acceptance of the Jingo notion that England is a favored nation, and her sons a chosen people, he recounts all the Jingo boasts and then asks, ". . . can she miss the greatest treasure of all? Forbid it, heaven! It is grossly improbable. We may, therefore, set it down as a settled thing, that England is *to be* reconverted, and that having had for so many ages the rewards of mam-

mon, she is to have the Kingdom of Heaven added to them, as the reward and complement of them all."

He would like to see this anticipation fulfilled, but doubts its probability. His knowledge of history, ancient and modern, shows him flourishing empires living for centuries, though cankered with the grossest paganism, and he thinks that the Anglican heresy is fitted for a guide to mislead men with whom earthly interests are supreme.

In the session of 1844 there was passed a Charitable Bequest Bill which caused much commotion in Ireland. Briefly stated its purpose was to give the Crown an opportunity for interfering with the Bishops' administration of bequests for benevolent objects. The Bishops assembled at Dublin to consider the matter. The Tablet urged them to stand firm against the machinations of the Government, and called upon them to set at naught the cowardly councils of timid men who have so often paralyzed the efforts of wise and patriotic prelates.

But the time for brave and concerted action had not yet come. *United Ireland* had not yet vanquished Earl Spencer; and Wm. O'Brien had not rudely and effectively interposed to prevent the pious Mr. Errington from pleasantly employing himself in "keeping the Vatican in good humor." The government triumphed owing to the Bishops not agreeing on a unanimous hostility to the Bill. They would compromise. They suggested amendments, and some of their number accepted seats on its board of management. Then when they were committed to a *quasi*-approval of the Act, Home Secretary Sir James Graham refused to make any alteration therein, and so the matter remained till 1862.

Towards the end of 1844, the government propounded their scheme of godless education, which was euphemistically described as "the Queen's Colleges." Lucas viewed the matter with his accustomed clear-sightedness, and was early in the field to oppose it, with his usual vigor. His plain speaking contributed, in no small degree, to confirm the Irish people in their hostility to a system so utterly at variance with all their traditions and national traits. In his eyes, and few were better qualified to speak on this and cognate subjects, the product of the godless schools would be " . . . a generation of sciolists, proud of the knowledge of many facts, noisy, disputatious, puffed up with the wind of an unwholesome conceit, indocile, unbelieving, impure." This is a severe arraignment, but the personal experience of Lucas, at the London University, gave him very forcible proof of the evils resulting from a system of education which ignored the influence of religion. He had been trained with strict religious views, but even this had not prevented his passage through an infidel phase of thought, from the slough of which he was saved by his extraordinary love for Truth in all things. All his battles in the columns of the Tablet, and by spoken word elsewhere, were in the interest of the truth,— truth in matters small, as well as matters great — that truth which being mighty must prevail. As he once said, "Others say 'All truth is one,' but they act as if the perfect jewel could be hawked about without injury, as if a little light were compatible with darkness, security with admitted danger, truth itself

with some falsehood: as if an inferior mundane advantage were to be gained at the cost of an infinite disadvantage to many more."

About the end of 1845, the great trial of failing sight befell Lucas, and henceforth his articles were composed by dictation to his secretary. But under this cloud his indefatigable industry shone forth more brilliantly than ever.

And now came the terrible famine of 1846–47,—that famine whose horrors, even at this day, cause men's blood to run cold, and the memory of whose victims in the charnel-house and fever-ship will last until that day when the sea gives up its dead.

At an early stage of the famine, Lucas pointed out how the abolition of the corn laws would inevitably be fatal to Ireland, "unless other measures followed in the interest of the cultivators, whose rents had been fixed on the basis of protection." Many words and much time have since been wasted in endeavoring to impress upon the British government this simple logic of cause and effect; but it remained for the Plan of Campaign to do for the cultivator, in 1887, what a government, making the slightest pretence to wisdom, would have felt obliged to do forty years ago, viz.: *To regulate the rents in accordance with the produce of the soil, having regard to the immense fall of market-prices, owing to extra-territorial competition.*

But any useful action was so far from the thoughts of the governments of that day, as from the Salisbury ministry of our own time, Whig and Tory alike, emulating each other in masterly inactivity. The trail of the serpent was over them all.

Lucas strongly denounced their neglect of such a manifest duty, and their infamous Coercion Act, which then, as now, was deemed an infallible specific for all the ills which afflicted the unfortunate farmer. He called upon them to cease such "an infamous mockery of the sacredness of distress," and (while they claimed that their Coercion Act was for the protection of life) demanded that they "show some little respect for the lives of the poor; that they practically show that they are filled with efficacious horror at those worst of murders, at that worst sacrifice of life which is occasioned by starvation. Let them give food to the hungry, clothing to the naked, shelter to the houseless, and they will need no barbarous schemes for shutting up two millions of people during sixteen hours of the day."

Alas! He might as well have talked to the pillars of Westminster Abbey. Ere the blundering of this *beneficent* régime had run its accursed tether, the Angel of Death had summoned 1,557,000 people to the sleep which knows no waking.

During a debate in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham defined the duties of property as "imperfect obligations." Whereupon Lucas, stung by such a barefaced pretence of irresponsibility, exclaimed, "Away with this cant! There is One who knows how perfect are the duties which Lord Brougham styles imperfect, and little will his distinction between perfect and imperfect avail him on the day when it shall be said, 'Depart from me into everlasting fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was hungry and ye gave me not to eat.'"

And again Lucas asks: "If the landlord may discharge his bailiff at the peasant's belly, why may not the peasant discharge his pistol at the landlord's head?"

This, no doubt, was highly immoral teaching, and almost as subversive of the rights of property, as was St. Paul's teaching that the tiller of the soil should be the first to partake of the fruits thereof.

The government of Lord John Russell having now assumed the task of guiding the ship of state, would be thoroughly un-English — in Ireland — if it did not blunder and humbug while the work of starvation went merrily on. Lord John Russell was deeply permeated with the doctrine so dear to monopolists, that their exclusive dealings must not be interfered with. Hence, under the convenient cloak of the demand and supply theory, my Lord could not intervene to snatch the nation from the jaws of the wolf (or was it the British lion disguised as a wolf?), by giving the people employment at living wages. And why? Because, if the Irish laborers were kept to work at home, the wages of the English harvesters could not be so easily kept at a low figure. Such of the English laborers as submitted to being led by the nose, by the Birmingham screwmaker, at the election of 1887, might profitably reflect on this shameless admission, and decide whether they are willing to starve and scourge Pat, in order that Giles may be the more easily kept in submission to his betters, as the land-owners are facetiously styled.

Again and again the government of Lord John Russell were besought by Lucas to cast off their economic theories, and save the lives of the people. He urged them to undertake the reclamation of the waste lands, and employ the people on a reproductive work; but "their affection for their rotten formulas" left them incapable of initiating and executing a judicious course of action.

While the national dissolution was rapidly effacing all the old landmarks, the project of the Treasury to make loans to the landlords, brought from Lucas a description of these "thieves and swindlers," — a description which has become historic, and will outlive the last representative of that "guilty and detestable" class of men, who, to the vices of tyrants, never joined even the manhood of slaves. He said: —

"There is always a *locus pœnitentiæ* for individuals: institutions that have fallen into transient disorder may resume their pristine health; classes of men, whom an occasional laxity of practice has disgraced, may retrieve their honor and position; but a class so thoroughly corrupted and diseased, as the Irish landlords, so full of bad qualities, so empty of all good ones, thriftless extortioners, mean and proud, profuse and avaricious, incapable and arrogant, worldly, and yet not worldly-wise, careless about their own faith, and yet hating that of their neighbor's, with not one principle of order in their composition, the spawn of chaos and night, thoughtless, hopeless, helpless, — if they are susceptible of reformation, we may live to see the Devil kneeling at the footstool of God. . . . If Ireland at this moment stood alone, nothing but superhuman virtue and more than miraculous forbearance could save that guilty and detestable class of men from an awful retribution."

It would seem that Lucas had gauged their characters more accurately forty years ago than did the leaders of to-day. William O'Brien has never ceased to hold the olive-branch to them, through the col-

umns of his paper, and their appreciation of his mediation is found in his luxurious apartments at Tullamore.

Lucas was censured in the House of Commons for the above description of the incubus of Ireland, but he replied that he "had described in very faint and imperfect colors the true character of the Irish landlords."

In 1847 Pope Pius IX. finally condemned the godless colleges. The English press waxed wrathy over the action of the Pontiff, and the Times — bully when not forger — hinted rather plainly at a repetition of the Gordon riots. To this threat Lucas replied that a repetition of these brutalities would probably mean the destruction of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Glasgow. In 1780, Edmund Burke had pointed out, there were in London five thousand Irish laborers, "more remarkable for determined resolution than for much foresight," and Lucas reminded the bullies that this five thousand had now grown to two hundred thousand, and in rural England to a million; hence the modern admirers of Lord George Gordon were strongly recommended to refrain from a course which would eventuate in a state of affairs in which Catholics, no doubt, would suffer terribly, but so also would "the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the aldermen, and the merchants."

This was a style of logic which was eminently recommended to the reasoning powers of the directory of the Times, and no further appeal was made to bones of the wretched fanatic of the last century.

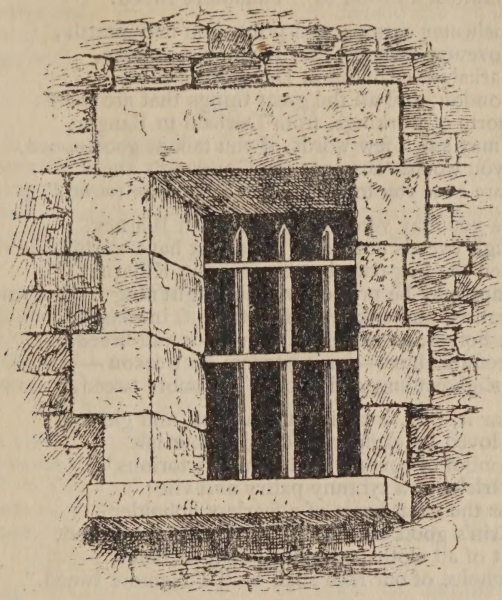
A little later, when it became the policy of the British Philistines to denounce the Irish priesthood as surpliced ruffians, and patrons and instigators of assassination, the leader of the yelping pack was, of course, the Times. "Plots and popular frenzies are the devil's chosen instruments; and as whenever there is a monied majority on the devil's side, the Times is his chosen servant; the Times, of course, is now in the thick of the plot, and doing the devil's work with its best skill, by blowing the coals of popular delusion." The Pandemonium would be incomplete were there not, at such critical moments, some titled Catholic to lend the weight (?) of his name to such infamous attacks. In this case the traitor was my Lord of Shrewsbury, who cited John of Tuam before the bar of English Protestant opinion. And such a tribunal! Well described by Lucas: —

". . . Pharisees to the very marrow of their bones, with full bellies, roofs wind and water tight, warm hearths, soft beds, and a balance at the banker's, enough (as they think) to insure them against Providence itself, they sit arrogantly on the crimes of starving, naked, heart-broken men. This people, among whom it has passed into a proverb, that poverty is a crime, and which, without discrimination of circumstance or temptation, is pitiless as only Pharisees can be; this people, which, in the midst of its riches, has forgotten God, and in His place has reared up a ghastly idol, in which, as in an enchanted mirror, it beholds and worships a golden image of itself! This comfortable, purse-proud, luxurious, money-making nation, as a matter of course, has decided against the poor; pronounced the Irish savages; their crimes without excuse; their religion a thuggery; their priests instigators to murder."

The propriety of the position taken by the Earl of Shrewsbury may be accurately estimated from the verdict of the Morning Chronicle: — "The British Protestant public are deeply indebted to the Earl of Shrewsbury."

# Prison Poems; or, Lays of Tullamore.

By T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P.



## TULLAMORE JAIL.

Oh, Tullamore Jail is a charming place —
*Bang the bolts and clatter the tins.*
'Tis loyalty's school for the Irish race—
*At six a. m. the trouble begins.*
Rub, and scrub, and tramp away,
Pull, and pick, and hammer all day,
Smash the stones and turn the clay—
*And mourn for your political sins.*

A dear old man is Featherstone-Haugh—
*Bang the bolts and clatter the tins.*
As tender and sweet as a circular saw—
*At six a. m. the trouble begins.*
Jingle, jangle goes the bell,
Up on your feet and out of your cell,
Wishing the Government—say—too well,
*So turn from your political sins.*

The convict garb is nice to wear —
*Bang the bolts and clatter the tins.*
Skilly and crusts are a wholesome fare —
*At six a. m. the trouble begins.*
Whatever you lose in girth or weight,
However your health and strength abate,
'Tis gain and glory to the state —
*So mourn for your political sins.*

But though 'tis said these things are so —
*Bang the bolts and clatter the tins.*
The system fails with men I know —
*At six a. m. the trouble begins.*
Fed or famishing, well or ill,
Their hearts are warm for Ireland still,
With love no tyrant's power can kill —
*And pride in their political sins.*

## "TULLAMORE TWEED."

[This was the name popularly given to the cloth used in the making of the suits of clothes mysteriously conveyed to William O'Brien, M. P., after his jailers had stolen from him, while he slept, the suit in which he entered the prison.]

VISITOR (in Governor's Office, Tullamore Prison) — "I am told 'Tullamore Tweed' is coming into great demand all over the country."

PRISONER — "I believe so; I heard the same in Dublin."

GOVERNOR — "I cannot allow any conversation on that subject."

Since Balfour and Co. took to saving the Union
By breaking our heads and by filling his jails

(To bind the two peoples in loving communion),
A strange sort of rule in each prison prevails:
If to speak with a prisoner you're granted permission,
The topics you treat may be various indeed,
But the jailer will meet with a prompt prohibition
The faintest allusion to "Tullamore tweed."

Of Manchester cottons and prints you may prattle,
Of Coventry ribbons, and Brummagem ware,
Of Lanarkshire coal and of Devonshire cattle,
Of London, and all the great things that are there;
Of all sorts of workings, from Durham to Bangor,
You may say a few words, if you talk at good speed,
But if you would rouse not the Governor's anger,
Beware how you touch upon "Tullamore tweed."

Perhaps you may venture a word about Blarney,
Though tweeds are made there that have world-wide renown,
And then the bog-oak that is carved in Killarney
Perhaps may be praised without fright'ning "the Crown."
Lace, satins, and silks you may talk of, in reason,
Pigs, horses, and dogs of each color and breed,
But carefully shun — for it borders on treason —
The slightest suggestion of "Tullamore tweed."

But wear it, boy, wear it; 'tis famous, and glorious,
And loved by each patriot son of our isle
As a symbol of courage and honor victorious
O'er tricks of a tyranny paltry and vile;
It wraps the stout heart of a fearless upholder
Of Erin's good cause both by word and by deed,
So, first of all cloths, whether newer or older,
The choice of our race shall be "Tullamore tweed."

## A TYPICAL PORTRAIT.

A MAN I know whose form and face
Were well enough to see,
His head was in its proper place,
His eyes where they should be;
And looking at him where he stood
A gazer would surmise
He might be averagely good,
And moderately wise.

And naught about him would suggest
Defect or lack of mind,
Or hint at passions in his breast
Unworthy of his kind,
Or give one cause to understand
That he had not his part
In every feeling high and grand
That sways the human heart.

On Irish soil he had his birth;
God willed it should be so;
His feet trod but on Irish earth
Since first they learned to go;
He roved through fields and valleys fair
By Irish lakes and rills,
And breathed the pure and bracing air
Blown down from Irish hills.

His friends were Irish, all and each,
His kinsmen far and near,
The Irish accent in his speech
He who had ears could hear;
In short, of him it might be said —
Denied it could not be —
That bone and sinew, born and bred,
An Irishman was he.

And yet — the tale though strange is true,
And sad it is beside —
For those fair scenes he never knew
One thrill of patriot pride;
And when he heard his native land
Assailed in words of shame
No impulse stirred his heart or hand
To vindicate her name.

He liked the anti-Irish press,
He gloated o'er the Times,
Its tales of Irish lawlessness,
Its lists of Irish crimes;
He loved the pencil and the pen,
The sketches and the views
That pictured all his countrymen
Gorillas and Yahoos.

And when men came across the sea
To tell him to his face,
He was a man of low degree,
Of weak and worthless race,
He gayly jumped upon a chair,
Cried out that they were right,
Waved a big napkin in the air
And shouted with delight.

And if they struck him staggering blows
  And called him "Irish hound,"
Bunged up his eyes, and broke his nose,
  And kicked him on the ground,
He'd only smile, and say that he
  Was not a bit surprised,
And that it gave him joy to see
  The Irish so despised.

I've said that such a man I knew—
  Ah, would that I could say
That of such creatures but a few
  Disgrace our land to-day:
But better times are coming soon,
  A blessed change is near,
And in the light of freedom's noon
  The type shall disappear.

## THE VISION.

ONCE within my little study, while the firelight gleaming ruddy
  Threw fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,
I was thinking of two nations that for many generations
  Had known nought but deadly hatred and contentions sad and sore,
  Nought but deadly strife and hatred and contentions sad and sore
    Going on forevermore.

And I thought all this is blameful, 'tis not only sad but shameful,
  All this plundering and oppressing and this spilling lakes of gore,
'Tis the nation that is stronger that has been the other's wronger;
  Let her play this part no longer, but this cruelty give o'er—
  Turn to ways of love and kindness, and this cruelty give o'er,
    And have peace forevermore.

While unto myself thus speaking, on the stairs I heard a creaking
  As of someone softly sneaking up to listen at the door.
Then said I, "You need not fear me; you can just come in and hear me;
  Take a seat or stand anear me; let us talk this matter o'er—
  'Tis a grave and serious subject; let us talk it calmly o'er,"
    Then I opened wide the door.

Then a being thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky,
  Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshly clinked and jangled,
  And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—
  When it fell he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before.
    This he did, and nothing more.

"Now," said I, the shape addressing, "don't you think 'twould be a blessing,
  If this Anglo-Irish conflict coming down from days of yore—
If this age-long woe and sadness could be changed to peace and gladness,
  And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore,
  And no words but words of kindness pass across from shore to shore?"
    Quoth the lank one, "Tullamore."

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come unduly,
  As a misplaced exhibition of his geographic lore;
So, my thread of thought resuming, I said: "There are dangers looming
  Over England's wide dominion that 'tis useless to ignore;
  What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battle thunders roar?"
    Answer made he: "Tullamore!"

Then said I: "Across the waters Erin's faithful sons and daughters
  Now have fierce and bitter memories burning in each bosom's core:
Think what peace and joy would fill them and what happiness would thrill them
  If but England yielded freedom to the land that they adore—
  If she spoke the word of freedom to the land their souls adore,"
    But his word was "Tullamore."

"Think," said I, "of England's masses every day that o'er them passes
  Hears their murmurings and complainings swelling louder than before;
They object—and 'tis no wonder—to the rule of force and plunder
  That so long has kept them under, squeezing blood from every pore.
  Have you any word of comfort that their patience may restore?"
    His reply was "Tullamore."

From my vision quick he glided; in my heart I then decided
That if this was England's message by this popinjay brought o'er,
She had missed a chance of glory that would brighten all her story—
But I said that lanky Tory was a humbug and a bore.
These words from both the peoples soon will ring from shore to shore—
"We are friends forevermore!"

## A THANKS-OFFERING.

Inscribed to the ladies of the Home Rule Council of the Hampstead Liberal and Radical Association.

My prison room holds many a graceful token,
Books, little pictures, flowers, and sprigs of green,
Some sent by friends to whom I've never spoken,
Whose kindly faces I have never seen;
Dear letters, too, that touch the founts of feeling,
Whose every phase to love and kindness wins,
Like the sweet tones of eloquent appealing
That yearn from out pathetic violins.

Some come across the rolling waves that sunder
The neighboring island from this Irish shore,
And not alone delight, but joyful wonder
Thrills through me while I read each message o'er:
Not all because to me they offer greeting,
The word of comfort, and the friendly hand,
But that in each I almost feel the beating
Of hearts that long to help my native land.

I thank you, friends; but if my being stricken,
Prisoned, and bound, for breach of shameful laws,
Has helped within your generous breasts to quicken
A noble love for Ireland and her cause,
Great is my joy; and if each day that finds me
And leaves me captive, adds to such sweet gains,
Then shall I hope the tyrant power that binds me
May find some reason to prolong my pains.

Could I send hence a message o'er the waters
To every heart by which such love is shown,
'Twould be to tell you, England's sons and daughters,
You serve not only my land, but your own;
The great, good work in which you thus endeavor
Will lift a cloud from off your country's fame,
And close, at last, before the world, forever,
A mournful story black with sin and shame.

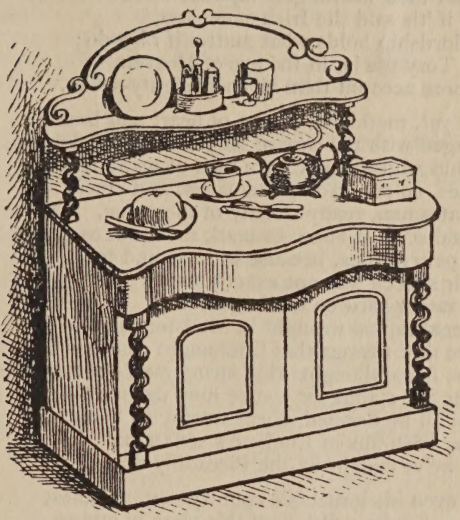
These things shall be; with courage, strength, and patience,
The monster Wrong we soon shall overthrow;
The powers of Hell cannot prevent two nations
From being friends, when once they wish it so;
The work of God even now is fast progressing,
Old feuds are dying, ancient hatreds cease,
And the two isles grow ready for the blessing
Of equal Freedom, and eternal Peace.

## LORD EDWARD TO PAMELA.

Let me hear thy voice again—
Like a charm its tone will be;
Warmth like that of summer sun
Through each pulse of mine will run,
Fast my heart will throb with glee,
Joy will course through every vein;
Let me hear thy voice again.

Let me see thy face again,
So to glad my wishful eyes;
Ne'er was flower on earth that grew
Half so winsome to my view;
Nothing else beneath the skies
Sends such bliss into my brain—
Let me see thy face again.

Let me kiss thy lips again,
Sweeter now than e'er before,
With a tender love and strong,
With a contact close and long,
Even as though to part no more;
Ah, the parting, and the pain —
Let me kiss thy lips again.



## "THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT."

This was the name I gave to the little chiffonniere in which I kept my supplies of food in my prison room.

DEAR friends of mine,
Don't think I'll pine —
I'll rather grow more stout and strong;
For though fast bound
On prison ground,
I'm near "the Holborn Restaurant."

In Dublin days,
Through careless ways,
I often worked and fasted long,
But here in jail
I never fail
To use "the Holborn Restaurant."

While there is light
'Tis full in sight,
I need no bell or dinner-gong,
For, dry or wet,
I can't forget
That *there's* "the Holborn Restaurant."

Still I declare
That stored up there
Is nothing contraband or wrong;
Keen, prying eyes
Watch all supplies
Sent to "the Holborn Restaurant."

Some day I'll be
Uncaged and free
And moving all my friends among
(Right worthy men),
Yet now and then
I'll miss "the Holborn Restaurant."

None will deny,
I think, that I
Was bound to make this little song,
An end with praise
Of Mrs. Hayes
Who stocks "the Holborn Restaurant."

## THE BROGUE.

"I have never experienced it myself, but I am told there is nothing more terrible than to go in night after night and hear the same speakers, the same inanities, the same vituperation, expressed in the same brogue. . . . Now I very much object to having my colleagues used up by a process of this kind. Any one of them is worth the whole of the Irish party put together."— *Lord Salisbury at Oxford, 23d Nov.*, 1887.

OUR Irish brogue offends Lord Salisbury's ears —
It does not reach him in the House of Peers,
But his dear nephew, Balfour, lets him know
How those vile accents in the Commons flow.

His heart is wrung with sympathetic pain
For valued friends, who have to bear the strain
Of listening nightly, while the Irish band
Talk of the wrongs and sorrows of their land,
With other trifles of that wretched kind,
Hateful, at all times, to the Tory mind,
But most to Tories when they just have dined.
One sad result of all this dreadful stress
Is that their health gets injured, more or less;
And if 'tis said the Irish suffer too,
His lordship holds what matter if *they* do;
One Tory life is, in the eye of Heaven,
Of more account than all their eighty-seven.

And yet, methinks, a man of heart and brain,
Charged with the care of England's wide domain,
Within whose bounds are men of many breeds,
Castes, colors, races, languages, and creeds —
A statesman, really worthy of the name,
Would scoff at none, or mark them out as game
For paltry gibes, because in style and tone
Their speech was not exactly as his own.
'Tis rather hard on us if woful tales
Of legal rapine wrought in Munster vales —
If the dire wrongs that Connaught peasants feel —
If the fierce thoughts that string men's nerves like steel —
If our fair claims for justice long deferred —
Must all be deemed scarce worthy to be heard
From Irish lips in England's senate-hall,
Till we've caught up the Piccadilly drawl.

But even his lordship's countrymen, at times,
Are not quite guiltless of this class of crimes,
*We* do not talk of "votin" or "adjournin,"
We do not say we're "goin" or "returnin,"
We do not speak of "avin an idear"
About the "Ouse's hair" or "hatmosphere."
But let that pass: I wish to just point out
Some weightier matters he might think about,
And I would ask: — In every field of fame
Would England's record glitter just the same
If from its lines were blotted what was brought
To that high tale of deed, and speech, and thought,
By each and every man upon whose tongue
The full round accent of Old Ireland hung?
Burke from the "taint" was not entirely free,
He got it early, at his mother's knee;
Delightful Goldsmith would have failed to hide
His native music even if he tried.
What need to mention other names that start
At memory's call from all the realms of art?
I ask again: — On many a dreadful day
When England's fortunes hung upon the fray
By 'leaguered walls, or on the open plain,
With Gough in India, Wellington in Spain,
How would have turned the battle's wavering tide
Had some high captain, puffed with foolish pride,
Told the brogue-speakers they might stand aside?

But well we know 'tis not our speech at all
That so unlock's Lord Salisbury's flood of gall;
For if our brogue-marked pleadings were designed
To help on measures of the Tory kind,
And did we back them up by Tory votes
Full rich and sweet he'd deem our Irish notes.

More than one Marquis, many noble lords,
Would then find wit and wisdom in our words,
And facile pens would make us out no less
Than British statesmen, in the Tory Press.

Upon Lord Salisbury — till some other time —
I'd think it wrong to waste another rhyme.
I'll only say that boot, and shoe, and pump,
Rightly applied, will shortly make him jump;
The English clog a useful part will play
In clearing him and all his gang away;
But nought will match, for lifting out the rogue,
The swing and impact of the Irish brogue.

## THE —— OF —— A NEW NATIONAL SONG.

Revised according to prison rules, and all "objectionable matter" scored out.

My countrymen over the isle,
'Midst whom I have labored so long,
Although I am caged for awhile
I'll lilt you a stave of a song;
So fill up each cup and each can
To the last brimming drop they'll contain,
I'll give you success to the—,
The conquering —— of ——.

When a new savage law was brought o'er
By —— the cruel and base,
The rackrenters thought that once more
They could harass and plunder our race;
But soon disappointment began,
They writted and summoned in vain,
For the people went in for the ——,
The life-saving —— of ——.

'Tis true they can raze to the ground
A house or a hut here and there,
And hold in their prisons fast bound
Brave men by the people held dear;
But whoever they baton or ban,
This much to all mankind is plain,
That the landlords are scooped by the —,
The rent-docking —— of ——.

Oh,—— may growl and look grim,
And —— may pack every day,
And —— may join in the swim,
With —— and Lord ——.
But here's a good health to each man,
And long may his glory remain,
Who is loyal and true to the ——,
The people's grand —— of ——.

## SONG.

For the Liberal and Radical Associations.

We are sons of Sister Isles,
Englishmen and Irishmen;
On our friendship Heaven smiles,
Tyrants' schemes and Tory wiles
Ne'er shall make us foes again.

Sister Isles, but each shall be
Mistress in her own domain,
Both still bound in unity
Only love shall weave the chain:
We are sons of Sister Isles, etc.

Let us dwell not on the past,
Ask not why we fought so long;
Now the feud must close at last,
Whosoe'er was right or wrong:
We are sons of Sister Isles, etc.

Cruel might and hateful greed
Fill with sorrow both our lands;
We to end the woe shall need
Our united hearts and hands:
We are sons of Sister Isles, etc.

That is what our rulers know,
That is why they quake to see
What our ranks this moment show,
The loving union soon to be:

We are sons of Sister Isles,
Englishmen and Irishmen;
On our friendship Heaven smiles,
Tyrants' schemes and Tory wiles
Ne'er shall make us foes again.

## TWO MOTHERS.

Far down a dark and narrow lane, where ever hangs a gloom,
A mother and her sickly boy dwelt in a humble room;
A little cot, a poor, thin bed, a table, stool, and chair,
With bits of delf and cooking things were all the fittings there,
Save three rude prints upon the walls — St. Patrick's bearded face,
The Saviour stretched upon the Cross, and Mary full of grace.

The faded garb was slight and cold that clad the lowly pair
Small was the fire upon their hearth, and scanty was their fare.
Yet were they not in sadness sunk, that mother and her boy,
For love, like that the angels know, to them brought holy joy.
In homes of neighboring folk she worked at humble tasks all day;
He tidied up the little room, then on the bed he lay,
Or nigh the broken window sat, and felt it sad and sweet
To listen to the noisy play of children in the street.
With eve his toil-worn mother came, then what could match the bliss,
The rapture of their fond embrace, their long and loving kiss;
And when did sweeter pray'rs go up to Christ the meek and mild,
Than those that mingled from their lips, that mother and her child.

But he was wasting fast away; his lips grew thin and white,
His skin was moist and cold as clay, though still his eye was bright.
The boy was dying: could no aid or kindly care be found
Amongst the thousands, rich and poor, who lived and moved around?
Ah, yes, thank God; in all our towns and cities, great and small,
St. Vincent's glorious brotherhood attend the sufferer's call—
Kind-hearted helpers, young and old, of various social grades,
Pale shopmen from their busy stores, rough toilers of the trades;
They, when their long day's work is done, and night's dark shades come down,
With parcels weighted, move, in pairs, unnoticed through the town:
They seek the dim abodes of want, climb many a creaky stair,
Find out where direst needs are felt, and leave some comfort there.
To this poor widow and her son such loving calls they paid,
Spoke cheering words, gave welcome gifts, and promised future aid.
But as the boy, 'twas plain to see, no human skill could save
From the consumptive's mournful doom, to fill an early grave.
With the poor mother they arranged that from that squalid scene
They'd take him to a calm retreat 'midst trees and meadows green,
Where light and air, and wholesome fare, and love almost divine
Would glad his guileless heart awhile and soothe his life's decline.

They brought him to St. Mary's Home; the gentle sisters there
Spoke to him fondly, took his hand, and kissed his forehead fair.
They placed him in a cheery room where all looked bright and gay,
They laid him in a cosy cot, they watched him night and day.
Each hour the beauty of the place for him made new surprise,
He gazed on every loving face, he thanked them with his eyes.
But when some days had come and gone, by many a certain sign
His tender nurses could discern the child began to pine;
Big tears came rolling down his cheeks; his fragile frame would shake,
And in his bed at night he sobbed as if his heart would break;
And when with winning words they sought the secret of his pain,
"Oh, send me home," he wildly cried, "I must go home again."

Again within their dingy room that son and mother met,
Again with tears of grief and love the cheeks of both were wet;
But while she stroked his soft black hair, she said, 'twixt kiss and kiss,
"My boy, why did you leave the Home for such a place as this?
Were the good nuns not kind to you, as they are kind to all?
Were there not doctors for your need and nurses at your call?
Did you not like the place, my son, that you have come from there
To this poor garret room of ours, so chilly, dark, and bare?"
"Like it, dear mother!" cried the boy, "no lovelier place could be;
'Twas just like Heaven; and all the nuns like angels were to me.
My little bed was white as snow, bright was each glass and tin,
And when the window-sash was up the birdies' songs came in.
But mother, all the live-long day, and all the night-time, too,
A big pain in my heart would stay,—I thought and dreamed of you.
I used to see you sitting here, heart-broken, all alone,
I used to see your flowing tears, and hear you sigh and moan:
I knew that 'twas for me you wept, for me your heart was sore,
I wished to kiss your poor thin face, and bid you weep no more.

I could not bear the grief at all; I sorrowed and I cried,
I made them take me from that place, and bring me to your side.
Now we shall live together here till Death shall part us two —
I know he's near me, mother dear; but I shall die with you."

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Loved Mother Ireland, so it is with many a son of thine,
Far, far away, by night and day, the hearts within them pine;
Whate'er their fate or fortunes be, their glory or their gain,
No comfort know they while thy lot is poverty and pain.
They give their silver and their gold; their time, their toil they spend —
Yea, they would give their heart's best blood thy cruel wrongs to end.
But not in vain they love and strive, for now the signs are clear
A time of joy for them, for all, is surely drawing near.
Soon shall they come from many lands to cheer and bless thee, sweet,
To touch again thy gracious hands, to kiss thy queenly feet,
And thank the God who helped their work, and let them live to see
The day of right and freedom bright that dawns at last for thee.

## THREE BRAVE BLACKSMITHS.

THREE brave blacksmiths, down in County Clare,
Wouldn't shoe a grabber's horse, wouldn't shoe his mare;
They wouldn't take his money, for his threats they didn't care,
They'd rather go unshod themselves than shame the County Clare.

Three brave blacksmiths were marched away to jail;
Off they went, quite content, their spirits did'nt fail;
They wouldn't make apologies, they wouldn't offer bail,
And so they got their punishment — a week for every nail.

Three brave blacksmiths, coming home once more,
Met a crowd of loving friends at the prison door;
The people cheered behind them and the music played before,
Until each blacksmith stood again upon his cabin floor.

Three brave blacksmiths heard with grateful pride
From their wives and little ones how they were supplied,
Kept in every comfort by the neighbors far and wide,
And in the fulness of their hearts with joy they nearly cried.

Blacksmiths, whitesmiths, tradesmen everywhere,
Farmers, laborers, see your model there;
Be you all as ready for the cause to do and dare
As the three brave blacksmiths down in County Clare.

## AT THE GATE.

OF all the letters sent to me
To cheer my prison days,
To bring me love and sympathy,
To buoy me up with praise,
'Tis only some that come to hand,
For — lest they'd harm the state —
A lot are held, I understand,
Impounded at "The Gate."

They will not be destroyed, I'm told,
Whate'er their nature be,
But just as safe as hoarded gold
They'll all be kept for me.
Perhaps their interest may increase
As they go out of date,
But on the day of my release
I'll get them at "The Gate."

I'll have to pass — the time is near —
Another portal through;
Ah, would I had no cause to fear
What there will meet my view!
A long account, a large amount
Of errors, small and great —
A woful tale to make me quail
And tremble at "The Gate."

Yet let me hope that mixed with those
Some brighter things may be,
And that the prayers that oft arose
From loving hearts for me
Were never lost, cast down, or crost,
But went to heaven straight,
And, by God's will, are potent still
To help me through "The Gate."

# Summer.

I.

ARE skies less bright than in the days of old,
Or fields less green, and trees and flowers less fair,
Or hearts less true and tender? — age of gold
What was thy secret? Why this load of care
On all hearts in our days? — life one long sigh,
One thoughtless madness, one wild wish to die.

II.

Are birds grown silent now from joyful songs?
Sing they not sweet and low as erst they sung,
When wandering Homer charmed the Ionian throngs,
And Ossian witched the West with honied tongue? —
Yea! they are gladsome still, as God, is good,
And glad were we, were God's will understood.

III.

I've made a truce with sorrow in my youth;
I'll choose joy as my own, now I'm a man,
For ever best beloved is smiling Truth,
And wisest he who ends where he began:
What made a happy child with cloudless brow?
Faith, Love, Trust, Truth, come make me happy now.

IV.

Death — what is death? — an usher leads to life;
No king or lord of mine, to do him duty —
One died, and rose, and snatched his poisoned knife,
And cured with blood the wounds of life and beauty:
Shall I for whom Christ wrought the great work, weep?
As one undone, and doomed to eternal sleep.

V.

Thou everlasting God, be blest for all
Thou'st made to glow and shine and brighten and bloom;
Thy light is life and joy, thy skies no pall,
Thy earth a teeming womb, no gulping tomb,
Thy words a gleam of hope, thy will no rod,
Fools only chant "No life, no joy, no God."

JAMES KEEGAN.

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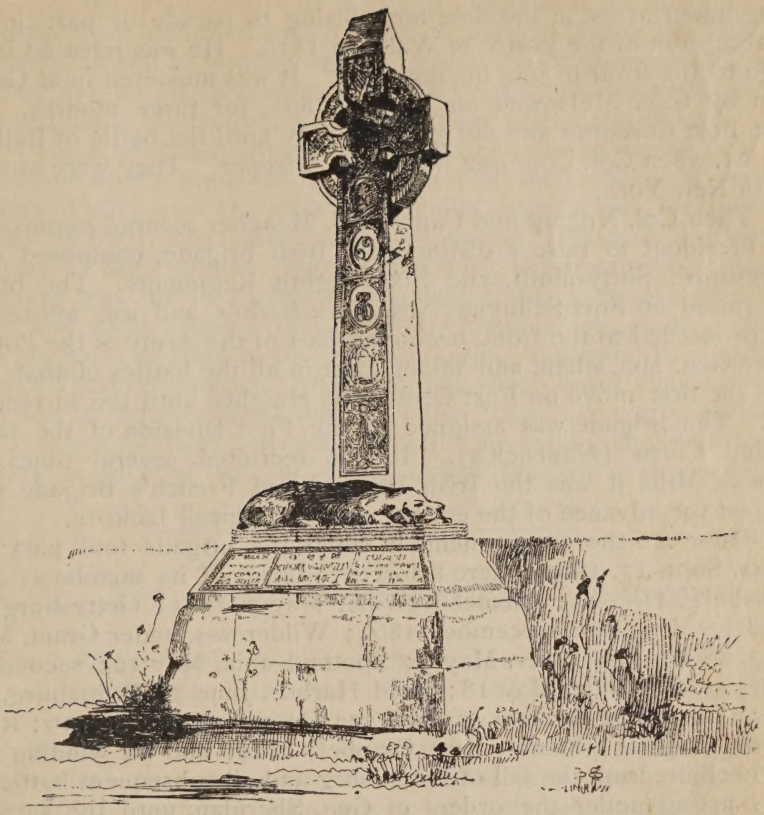
REMEDY FOR CANCER.— Take the blossoms of red clover and make a tea of them, and drink freely. It will cure cancer in the stomach as well as on the surface.



# Honoring the Dead Heroes.

A MONUMENT to the dead of the Irish Brigade will be unveiled at Gettysburg on July 21, on the ground occupied by the brigade that day. At a meeting recently held in New York, it was decided to raise the sum of $5,000 needed for the expenses of the ceremony. It is intended to invite Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Corrigan to celebrate a Requiem Mass in an improvised chapel, and to ask Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia to preach the sermon.

This committee have been appointed to undertake all the arrangements: Capt. John R. Nugent, chairman; Gen. Dennis F. Burke, Gen. Robert Nugent, Col. James Quinlan, Col. I. Dillon Mulhal, Major P. M. Haverty, Dennis Sullivan.

The Sixty-ninth regiment, the nucleus of what was known as the Irish Brigade, was distinctively an Irish regiment, and at the first call of Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, the Sixty-ninth reported promptly, going to the front and offering its services to Gen. Morgan. It was recruited hastily, fifteen hundred men being raised in a day. Lieut.-Col. Robert Nugent was in command, Col. Michael Corcoran

being under arrest at the time for refusing to parade or participate in the reception of the Prince of Wales in 1859. He was released in time to go to the front to join his regiment. It was mustered in at Georgetown by Gen. McDowell on May 9, 1861, for three months. They built Fort Corcoran and did garrison duty until the battle of Bull Run, July 21, when Col. Corcoran was taken prisoner. They were mustered out in New York.

Then Col. Nugent and Capt. T. F. Meagher secured permission of the President to raise a distinctively Irish brigade, composed of the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth, and Sixty-eighth Regiments. The brigade was raised at Fort Schuyler, New York harbor, and was mustered in and proceeded to the front, becoming part of the Army of the Potomac under Gen. McClellan, and taking part in all the battles of that army, from the first move on Fort Centreville Heights until the surrender of Lee. The brigade was assigned to the First Division of the famous Second Corps (Hancock's). It was recruited several times. At Gaines's Mills it was the Irish Brigade and French's Brigade which stopped the advance of the enemy under Stonewall Jackson.

These are the engagements in which the brigade took part: Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, where it lost two-thirds of its members; Fredericksburg, Dec. 13; Chancellorsville, May 5, 1863; Gettysburg, July 2 and 3; Mine Run, December, 1863; Wilderness, under Grant, May 5 and 7, 1864; Poe River, May 9; Spottsylvania, May 12; second battle of Spottsylvania, May 18; Cold Harbor, June 3; Petersburg, June 16; on the left of Petersburg, June 22; Deep Bottom, Aug. 19; Ream's Station, Aug. 25; Patch's Run, October, 1864; and the winding up of the rebellion, from the fall of Petersburg and all subsequent battles, the corps acting under the orders of Gen. Sheridan, until the surrender of Lee, April 9, 1865.

The brigade was mustered out on June 30, in front of Washington, and was discharged at New York on July 15.

The Irish American has the following remarks in relation to a regiment that did as much service as any in the field. We are sure the committee will make the addition our contemporary has suggested: —

"Our people, generally, will rejoice that a permanent testimony of some, at least, of the services of this historic Irish military organization is about to be placed on ground that will be classic so long as the history of the Republic shall endure. But, regarding it as a memorial of the Brigade, as a whole, we regret to have to say that, in our judgment, the committee that has assumed the charge of its construction and erection appears to have entirely overlooked details that are absolutely essential to its completeness and correctness. Neither in the emblematical designs nor in the proposed inscriptions on the monument is there a single reference to the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts (the Faugh-a-Ballagh*) or One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvanian Regi-

* "Faugh-a-ballagh" literally translated, "Clear the Road," originated in the South and West of Ireland. The regiments raised in these localities took the old shout with them to the Continent. The Eighty-seventh, or Royal Irish Fusileers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys." Nothing human could withstand the undaunted courage and fierce impetuosity of these soldiers, when animated by this soul-

ments, — or the two batteries of Artillery raised with the Brigade; yet all of these were identified with it; and all participated in the Battle of Gettysburg, as well as in other fights in which the Brigade was engaged. How they had borne themselves is shown even by the imperfect record of the proposed inscription, which tells that of the two omitted regiments (which originally mustered over two thousand men) only two hundred and ninety remained fit for service on the morning of the battle. Than Petit's and Hazard's (originally Hogan's and McMahon's) Batteries no better organizations existed in the Volunteer Artillery of the Army of the Potomac; and their service in the crisis of battle at Gettysburg was attested when the gallant Capt. Roarty, one of the bravest and most efficient officers of the Brigade, fell, sword in hand, beside his guns, in front of the 'Death Angel,' repulsing the headlong charge of Pickett's veterans. A memorial which omits or ignores the connection of these organizations with the Brigade is glaringly imperfect. It is not too late, however, to rectify the error; and we trust the necessary corrections will be made before the work proceeds any further."

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# Car. Manning on Political Economy.

THE following is the theological basis on which the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has taken a stand. With St. Thomas Aquinas, his Eminence quotes,—

I. By the law of nature all men have a common right to the use of things which were created for them and for their sustenance.

II. But this common right does not exclude the possession of anything which becomes proper to each. The common right is by natural law, the right of property is by human and positive law, and the positive law of property is expedient for three reasons.

1. What is our own is more carefully used than what is in common. 2. Human affairs are better ordered by recognized private rights. 3. Human society is more peaceful when each has his own protected by the law of justice *suum cuique*.

III. Theft is therefore always a sin for two reasons.

1. It is contrary to justice. 2. It is committed either by stealth or by violence.

IV. But the human and positive law cannot derogate from the natural and divine law. According to the divine law all things are ordained to sustain the life of man. And, therefore, the division and appropriation of things cannot hinder the sustenance of man in case of necessity. Therefore, the possessions of those who have food super-

inspiring cry. Firm indeed must be the soldiers who could stand before them, when, rushing like a mountain avalanche, they charged bayonets on their opposing foes. At that cry they drove before them, in every instance recorded in history, the best and most disciplined soldiers of Europe. "Nothing," says Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, "nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish Regiments sprung to the charge;" and never was that haughty and intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought, and fatal as flame, came with it like a rushing incarnation of Faugh-a-Ballagh.

abundantly are due by the natural law for the sustenance of the poor. St. Ambrose, quoted in the Decretals, says: "It is the bread of the famishing that you keep back; and the clothing of the naked that you lay by; the money you bury in the earth is the release and the liberation of those who are in misery." (S. Thomae Aquin, *Summa Theologica* 2da, 2dae Quaest. lxvi., Art. 1, 2, 5, 7.)

The text of Busenbaum is as follows: "*Qui pro se vel alio in extrema necessitate constituto alienum accipit quantum necessarium est, nec furatur nec tenetur restituere postea, sic absumptum si quidem re et spe indigens fuit.*" It is to be remembered that St. Alphonsus consulted for his theology some eight hundred authors, and his decisions, therefore, rest upon the widest foundation, and may be safely followed.

St. Alphonsus says that this doctrine is certain, and is founded upon the doctrine of St. Thomas, that in such a case all things are common, for the law of nations by which the division of goods was introduced cannot derogate from the natural law.

"Though in extreme necessity a poor man has a right (*jus habet*) to the goods of others, he has not a right to the extraordinary goods of others, but only to those which ordinarily suffice for the sustenance of life." He says: "That as the poor man has a right (*jus habet*) to take what he needs, no one ought to hinder his taking it." "Forasmuch as in extreme necessity all things are common, a rich man is bound in justice to give help to the poor, because the poor man may justly take it, even without the will of the owner: *Cum ille juste possit eam surripere etiam invito domino et suam facere.*"

Throughout the whole treatise St. Alphonsus repeats over and over again the word *jus* or right possessed by the poor man. (*Theologia Moralis*, St. Alphonsi, lib., iii., Tract. v. cap. i., tom. i. pp. 333, 334, 335, ed. Bassano.)

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"So you think you can dress a show-window so that the ladies will all stop and look at it, do you?" asked the manager of a dry goods store of an applicant for work. "Yes, sir, I do." "Well, sir, what is the first thing you would do?" "I'd put a big mirror in the window, and—" "That's enough, young man; "we don't want you as an employé. We'll take you in as a partner."

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To Cure Stammering.—Dr. Ralph Richardson writes that anyone may be cured of stammering by simply making an audible note in expiration before each word. Stammerers can sing as easily as other persons. Jacky Broster made a large fortune, by curing stammering, simply by making his pupils say "her" before each word beginning with a consonant.

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Father—What do you think of a boy that throws a banana-skin on the sidewalk? Son—I don't know. What do you think of a banana-skin that throws a man on the sidewalk?

# Dom Bosco.*

## PART I.

GIOVANI BOSCO was born in 1815 (a few miles from Turin), the year which witnessed the stupendous change in European politics brought about by the Battle of Waterloo. Dom Bosco early developed a strange leaning for the ecclesiastical estate, and, in 1841, at the age of twenty-six he was ordained, and put himself under the care and direction of a holy priest named Don Cafosso, who was then head of the institution called "St. Francis of Assisi," for the training and perfecting of young priests in preaching and missionary work. Here Dom Bosco's first experiences were made in the Turin prisons; and he was shocked beyond measure at the number of children and young boys whom he there found, and whose crimes were the result of the total ignorance in which they had been brought up, and their entire abandonment by those who should have been their natural protectors. Their prison life, so far from improving, only hardened them in vice; and they rarely left except to return convicted of still more serious crimes.

From that hour one idea possessed Dom Bosco, and that was that determination to find some means of saving these outcast children, and bringing them up in the fear and love of God.

One day, a boy of this class wandering in rags about the streets,

* In the April issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE we gave some account of this wonderful man. The present paper is from the pen of Lady Herbert, an English authoress, and a convert to our Church.

was attracted by the lights in a church, and went in. The sacristan, who was looking about for some one to serve Dom Bosco's Mass, beckoned to the lad (whose name was Bartholomew Garelli), and, on his refusal, gave him a box on the ear. The boy began to cry; Dom Bosco heard it, reproved the sacristan, comforted the child, and after his Mass called him to him, and tenderly questioned him as to his daily life and his knowledge of religion. To the good priest's dismay he found him utterly ignorant of the first elements of Christianity, and then and there began his education by making him make the sign of the Cross. His sweetness and loving kindness so won the boy's heart that he begged to come to him every evening; and by degrees, gaining confidence in his patient teacher, he asked leave to bring two or three of his friends and companions to what was, in reality, a catechism class. Before the year was out, Dom Bosco found himself with upwards of one hundred of these children, who came to him every evening of their own accord, and to whom he taught the first principles of religion. This may be said to be the first stone laid of his great work — the saving of children's souls.

In 1844, Dom Bosco, having completed his studies in the Institution of St. Francis of Assisi, began to look about for some definite work. The number of boys who came to his evening classes had increased so rapidly that there was no longer a possibility for Dom Bosco to receive them in his humble little lodging. In his distress he applied to the Archbishop of Turin, Mgr. Franzoni, who warmly encouraged him, blessed his work, and persuaded Madame De Barolo to give him two rooms adjoining her refuge, which he turned into a chapel. It was on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1844, that the first Mass was said by Dom Bosco to his adopted children, and the new work was on that very day put under the patronage of St. Francis of Sales, partly by the wish of Madame De Barolo, but more especially because Dom Bosco had the strongest conviction from the first that nothing but the spirit of tender sweetness and love which characterized St. Francis of Sales could ever touch the hearts of these poor neglected children. His institution henceforth went by the name of "The Oratory of St. Francis of Sales," and his co-laborers were called "Salesians."

But no great work was ever undertaken for God without encountering opposition and difficulties, and Dom Bosco's was no exception to the rule. His oratory was beginning to flourish, and his evening classes increasing, when the Marchioness De Borlo, from some unexplained reason, suddenly announced to him that she must take back the rooms she had given to him, as she wanted them for another purpose. This was in July, 1845. Dom Bosco, through the help of the Archbishop, then obtained the use of the Church of St. Martin. But, unfortunately, three hundred children cannot be together without making a noise, and so the inhabitants of the adjoining houses complained to the Syndic, and he gave notice to Dom Bosco that he must move his children elsewhere. Then he tried a room near St. Pietro, in Vincoli, and, when

driven out of that, and one or two others, held his meetings in the open air.

This was in the spring of 1846. "Our good God will not treat His poor children worse than the little birds!" exclaimed poor Dom Bosco; and, failing to find a house, he hired a field, in which was a little hillock, or grassy knoll, which became his pulpit, his confessional, and all! On Sunday morning the boys flocked very early to this primitive oratory. Dom Bosco, on his grassy seat, with his arms passed tenderly round the neck of each child kneeling at his feet in turn, heard their confessions, then took them to the nearest church and brought them back to the field, where a merry breakfast followed, enlivened by droll stories from him; and then they all sat around him while he taught them their catechism, and gave them a simple instruction on the gospel of the day. There being no bell, one of the boys brought a drum, with which the different groups were collected at certain times; and innocent games filled up the rest of their day till evening came. Alas! even this poor field was not left to them. The owners complained that the feet of the children injured the grass; and again Dom Bosco received notice to quit. Under these circumstances, all his friends advised him to give up the patronage of the children. "You cannot do impossibilities," they exclaimed, "and even Divine Providence has shown you clearly that this work is not the one to which you are called."

"Divine Providence!" exclaimed Dom Bosco, with a sudden inspiration. "Listen to me. God has sent me these poor children, and never will I desert one of them. I have an invincible certainty that He will give me, in His own good time that which is necessary; and as no one will let me hire a house, I will build one, with the assistance of Mary, help of Christians. You will see that I shall have some day a vast building with workshops and gardens and a fine chapel and many priests, who will devote themselves to the instruction of these poor boys, and take special care of those who have a religious vocation."

The day came when the children were to meet for the last time in their beloved field. Dom Bosco was unusually sad and depressed, and bitter tears coursed down his cheeks. He knelt as if in agony on the ground, and the children heard him cry: "My God! may Thy holy will be done! But wilt Thou abandon these poor orphans? Inspire me with some means of finding a refuge for them!" Scarcely had he said these words, than a man crossed the field and came up to him. "Sir," he said, "are you not seeking for some place for your oratory? I have just found what you want. My comrade, Pinardi, has a large shed to let which I think will suit you exactly. Come and see it." Dom Bosco followed him. It was a bare stable rather than a shed, and so low in some parts that even a boy could not stand upright in it. He remarked this to Pancrazio, as the man was called, who forthwith answered: "Is that your only objection? It is easily removed. I will dig down into the soil as deep as you like and put you a good plank floor, so that it will be quite dry. Then I have a good voice, and I will help you in the singing; and I have a lamp which I can lend you

for the chapel!" Dom Bosco was touched by his zeal, and asked him if it could be done by the following Sunday. The man joyfully assented; the rent was fixed at three hundred and twenty francs; a lease was drawn up on the spot; and Dom Bosco returned to the field to communicate the good news to his children, who all said the Rosary in thanksgiving. The following Sunday, April 12, 1746, being Easter Day, everything was ready according to Pancrazio's promise, and Dom Bosco said the first Mass at Valdocco, which became the site of the present oratory, and which they were never again to leave. Very soon more than seven hundred children crowded into this poor shed, and the results were most encouraging. There is nothing like success for producing a good effect on people; and those who had been most loud in condemning Dom Bosco as a mad enthusiast and a half-cracked visionary, now gathered round him to express their surprise and admiration.

But a serious illness from over-fatigue followed rapidly on this arduous undertaking, and when he recovered he was obliged to go to his old home in the mountains to recruit. But when he returned he brought back with him a treasure, in his mother, Margaret Bosco, a woman of great courage, and full of the same burning charity as her son. Henceforth, she became a sharer in his great work, and, till the hour of her death, devoted herself day and night to the feeding and clothing of his adopted children.

It was in 1847 that Dom Bosco first drew up his rule, which is a model of wisdom. But all this development of his work did not satisfy this tender priest's heart, as later he saw so many of his boys, in consequences of their precarious position, sleeping in the parks, or on doorsteps, or in other places far more dangerous to their morals and purity. To meet some of the most urgent of these cases, he hired a hayloft, and there, with some sacks and fresh hay, managed to house a certain number. One night, in the month of May, a poor lad came to the door, soaked to the skin and half dead with hunger. He was a mason's apprentice who had come to Turin in search of work, which he had failed to obtain. Margaret made up the fire, dried the poor boy, gave him a good supper, and then made up a bed for him in the kitchen. This was the first boarder in the oratory.

Their numbers increased so rapidly that it became absolutely necessary to find some other place to lodge them. Luckily people by this time had become really interested in the work, so that on December 8th, 1847, a new oratory was opened, with a Home adjoining, called the Oraaory of St. Louis, which was rapidly followed by a third. But Dom Bosco himself remained at Valdocco, and there established the custom (which has become the rule in all the Salesian houses) of closing each evening by a little address to the children. He chose the simplest subjects, only giving them one idea at a time, and the whole thing did not last more than ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour. But the effect produced was marvellous; and many of these poor lads spoke of these little sermons afterwards as having been the turning point in their lives. Dom Bosco had now contrived to squeeze fifteen boarders into his house; fifty others he fed daily; and when the numbers increased he

took them in by turns, fifty one week, and fifty the next. All this gave an enormous increase of work to Margaret, but she never complained. After her arduous labors in the kitchen, she found time to mend and make their clothes; while Dom Bosco himself pumped the water, cut the wood, swept the floors, lit the fire, peeled the potatoes, and even on some occasions himself cooked the *polenta*. He learned, also, tailoring and shoemaking, and if his trousers were not of the most fashionable cut, at any rate they were strong and well sewed. It was not till 1851, however, that Dom Bosco found himself in a position to buy the ground on which the barn of Valdocco stood.

And no sooner had he become proprietor than he determined to build a beautiful church in honor of St. Francis of Sales. There was the same total want of means, but the same strange intervention of Divine Providence. An unexpected donation from King Victor Emmanuel, a multitude of small alms, and finally a lottery, furnished the whole of the required sum. On January 20th, the church was consecrated, and those around him remembered his words five years before, when they were digging out the shed, and the boys were running up and down the heaps of earth: "My children, one day, on this very spot where we stand, a beautiful altar will be erected in a fine church, and you will come here to kneel and receive Holy Communion and sing the praises of God."

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# A Bostonian in New York.

## V.

ONE of the first places I hastened for on reaching shore was a hotel, — natural enough to be sure, after riding so many hours. I had been recommended to a certain hotel, the name of which I forbear to tell for fear that it might do it no good. It is situated in a convenient part of the city, and is a retreat for newspaper men, or was in its day. It was not what might come under the head of a "tony" establishment, neither was it in any way disreputable. It was supposed to be a quiet house run on the European plan. After registering, the clerk tapped a bell and a "bell boy" or rather man, as there was nothing of the boy about him, took my coat and baggage, and with a key politely bade me follow him. We stepped into the elevator car, and the number of the room was called out so that the car would stop there. It was evidently a novice at the elevator strap for it took him several minutes to get the elevator on a level with the floor. The room reached, the "bell boy" waited round, I knew for what. I gave it to him and he was gone. Presently a rap came at the door; it was the chambermaid who asked me how long I intended staying. On telling her for several days, she said the gentleman who occupied the room before me had gone off with the key, and that left but one, which I now had, and, therefore, it would be necessary for me, if I wanted my bed made up and the room aired, to leave the key with the clerk in the office in the morning

so she could get it, and when through with it she would replace it in the office. I consented, of course, and the next morning left the key in the office with the clerk. On returning in the evening after a day pleasantly spent in seeing the sights, I found my key in the office, and went to my room where everything was as neat as the day of my arrival. My memory is not always of the best, and the second day I forgot to leave the key at the office. I didn't find this out, however, until I returned early in the evening. On opening the door of my room I found that everything was as I had left it in the morning, with the clothes strewn around, dirty towels and basin, windows fastened securely, with a very unpleasant atmosphere thrown in. Soon the chambermaid put in an appearance. She told me that I had forgotten to leave my key — as if I didn't know it. In a few minutes things were put to rights. I made up my mind I would not forget to leave the key again, and the next morning I placed it in the custody of the clerk. That night I returned later than usual, having been to the theatre. I asked for my key but the clerk informed me that he did not have it. I went up stairs, tried the door to my chamber, but it was locked. After prowling around the hallways I met another female attache of the establishment, and in answer to my query she told me she couldn't let me in my room as she didn't have the key, and further that the chambermaid on my floor had gone to a ball and wasn't expected home until morning. No key could be found. I reported to the office, but the clerk was a growly old fellow, not in the least hospitable, and said he couldn't do anything for me as the house was full. I was firmly of the opinion that he was in that condition whether the house was or not. The "bell boy," hearing my tale, came to the rescue and said he would go through the transom, a thing he said he had often been obliged to do before. With screw-driver and ladder he ascended the stairs, and placing the steps at my door climbed, and with the screw-driver removed the screws and took the little window out. The place was very small, and I didn't think he would be able to get in. He looked into the room and found that he had removed the wrong transom for there was nothing below but the floor, and the room was a pretty high one. He supposed the bed was below, and thus like the circus performer after wriggling in the air, he could land on the mattress. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and in he went landing on the floor with an awful thud which made me shiver. After a few groans he managed to crawl to the door and open it, there being a spring lock on it, and I entered and helped him to his feet and into a chair. I endeavored to resuscitate him as best I could. This certainly deserved a "tip," and I gave him one with pleasure. I stayed at this hotel for several days but no more mistakes about the key happened, although in all that time the proprietor was too mean to get a duplicate for the girl's use. I could say much more of this accommodating (?) hostelry, such as waiting for a guest to get through writing before I could get a pen; mailing my letters to insure their safe depositing, and, would you believe it, the post-office was within a stone's throw of the place, yet the hotel had no box in the building, and the guests had to

content themselves with waiting for the letter carrier to deliver their mail. I might say much more of this hotel, the only apology it had for that name being the cleanliness of its rooms, but I fear I have already devoted too much space to it, and must give the others a show. It is needless to say, however, that I am not likely to register at the same place again if I revisit New York.

There are numberless grand and beautiful hotels in New York city; yes, better than the one described. There are as many, if not a greater number of poor and dirty ones too. Some of them are ornaments to the city, the homes of the powerful and rich, while the others furnish lodgings for the poor, the beggars, and criminals of the lowest classes. Some of these hotels have a national reputation, and are familiar to people of this and foreign countries. Many families of wealth prefer living in hotels to having their own houses. When you take into consideration the cost, trouble, and bother it is to live in luxury, entertain guests, give dinners and receptions, pay for the servants, it does not seem so wonderful. I doubt if it costs a family so much to live in this way as it would, for instance, in one of the beautiful residences on Fifth Avenue. But all this, of course, concerns families of wealth, and is poor consolation to the many workingmen and laborers existing with large families in tenements, on two dollars a day. Following will be found some facts and information on some of the hotels. After looking them over, you may be able to determine which to select from, when you take a trip to New York city.

Probably the first hotel in point of luxury, richness and grandeur, and the one most asked to be seen by the visitor, is the Hoffman House, owned and managed by no less an individual than Edward S. Stokes, the man who achieved so much notoriety as the murderer of "Jim" Fisk. Yet this does not seem to affect him in the least, notwithstanding the fact that he was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged, a sentence subsequently followed by a stay of proceedings, a new trial, and conviction of manslaughter in the third degree, with a sentence of four years at hard labor in the State prison. Truly his life has been an eventful one. He has spent in the Tombs and in Sing Sing and Auburn prisons nearly five years — time enough for the world to change, and it has changed indeed. He entered the world again a free man; at thirty-five he was old and broken in health. He had a wife and child; the wife obtained a divorce, and neither she nor the little daughter, whose portrait always hung in his cell, visited him in prison. His old father died of grief at his son's guilt and punishment; friends that were his once were his no longer; he bore the weary mind that made Cain cry out, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," for wherever he went he knew curious eyes would be fixed upon him, and knew that curious lips would say, "That's the man that killed Jim Fisk." Years spent in the fellowship of criminals might have often made him feel that death would have been the better comforter.

To-day, however, and for several years past, he has become one of the best known Bonifaces in New York city. He associates with the rich and powerful, and is himself a very wealthy man. The Hoff-

man House is a place where the guests can run up big bills in a short stay, as the prices asked for the different articles dispensed there are really enormous. It is said that at least a dozen families live there who pay $50 a day for their rooms without meals. This is what the rich people like, for it cannot be occupied by any but the wealthy, and thus to say that you live at the Hoffman or dine there means a great deal. But the principal attraction of this place is its bar-room, which is fitted up like a palace, and is probably the costliest and grandest grog shop in America. When this hotel was opened in 1882, Stokes issued two thousand invitations to visit the bar-room and nearly a thousand women with their escorts were present. It is said to have cost about $200,000 to fit up this saloon, and furnish it with the beautiful works of art which are its chief features. Besides the pictures, a number of valuable articles are strewn about, such as rare clocks, tapestries, statuary, china, and a thousand and one other things. Mahogany tables are placed around, and cocktails and champagne are drank out of glassware so fine that it must be delicately handled, lest it be crushed between the fingers. The floor is covered with carpetings fit for the finest drawing-room. When lighted up by the magnificent crystal chandeliers the effect is superb. Heavy draperies and enormous tropical plants add to the richness of the whole. Many of the regular frequenters of the place are sporting men and stock brokers. A Wall street firm has an office at one end of the room, and the ticker is heard all day ticking. The charges for drinks are about double those of any other place in the city, but night after night it is thronged. The pictures give many a man an excuse for going there — he wants to study high art. The New Yorker takes the stranger to see Stokes' saloon as one of the sights of the city. From eight o'clock until eleven there is a constant stream of men who never go into other saloons, but consider that Stokes' place is as much of an art museum as a saloon, and so it is. Since the place was opened the price of wines and liquors has been twice increased without affecting the business. There is always a class of men who will go wherever they can get the least for their money; and nowhere can they be better satisfied than in this gorgeous grog shop. There are about four hundred and fifty bedchambers in the Hoffman House. In the hotel, real estate, furniture, and wines, more than a million dollars is invested. Some years ago a large quantity of wine turned sour in the establishment, involving a loss, it is said, of about $30,000. The dining-room is lined with gold, and the ceilings are superbly painted by the finest decorators of Europe. It would take too much space to adequately describe it, and a far more descriptive pen than mine to do it justice. It looks as though money had not only not been spared, but that every effort had been made to find some new place to spend it upon.

The Victoria is one of the best known family hotels in the city. Many private families live here. Mrs. Frank Leslie has an elegant suite of apartments in this house where she entertains on an elaborate scale. When Wilson Barrett, the brilliant English actor, was in the city he staid here, paying $25 a day for his rooms alone. A suite of rooms, consisting of parlor, bedroom, and bathroom, may be had for

from $84 to $200 per week, without meals. Fires are extra. A suite of rooms for two persons will cost from $30 to $50 a day minus meals. It cannot be said that I am advertising this hotel, for I doubt if any of the readers will accept of its hospitalities.

The Albemarle is another family hotel. Mrs. Langtry makes this place her home when she does not care to go to her own residence in the city.

The Astor House is a good substantial old hotel, similar to the Revere in Boston, and the prices are extremely reasonable.

The Murray Hill Hotel is a very fashionable house facing the Grand Central Depot. P. T. Barnum lives at this house.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is one of the best. Gen. Sherman and family make it their home. It is quite a place for politicians and statesmen.

The Windsor is a family hotel also. It is a great resort for bankers and brokers. Patti made it her home when in New York, and paid $400 weekly for the privilege.

The St. James is given over largely to actors and sporting men. Plunger Walton, Richard Mansfield, J. K. Emmet and a dozen other well-known persons call it their homes.

The Brevoort House is one of the most elegant in the city. It is celebrated for its quiet surroundings, and the superior excellence of its cuisine department, and the cultivated class of patrons it attracts.

Sweeny's Hotel is a good and reasonable house. It is patronized to a great extent by ecclesiastical students and priests. This, in itself, is sufficient to recommend it. It has been said, and very truly, too, that a Catholic, a stranger in the city and a guest at this hotel, if taken very sick, always finds a priest without sending very far for one.

New York city has more visitors in one day than many other cities in the United States have in a week. For this reason it is plain that they must have a large number of hotels, and they do have them, many of them being the grandest pieces of architectural ingenuity in the country. So as not to favor a few I will name many. Here is a good list: The Morton House, St. Nicholas, Sturtevant, Gilsey, Grand, Union Square, St. Cloud, Bartholdi, Rossmore, Buckingham, Vanderbilt, Sinclair, International, Brunswick, Windsor, Grand Union Hotel and hundreds of other good ones which I must pass over at present.

Big signs with flashy lettering like the following are uncommonly common: "Rooms with clean beds, 10c., 15c., 25c., and 50c." These signs, as might be supposed, are suspended from dilapidated structures in a neighborhood that it is always best for a stranger to keep away from on a dark night, for it is on many of these streets and alleys that much crime is committed, and is nearly always occurring. I didn't explore the interior of these dwellings, and am unable to say much about them. Then, of course, there are the homes which in Boston are called the "tramp's retreat," where admission is given for a night's lodging by applying in person at a station house; where the guests must take a bath before spreading their weary limbs on the beds, and where they must leave their clothes in another room for reasons best known to the authorities.

Another haunt of the homeless visitor is the two-cent coffee house. Here, by buying a cup of coffee, the customer has the privilege of sitting all night in a chair. I dropped into one of these places one night, not to patronize, but merely to see, and saw a large crowd of men of all shapes, sizes, and different colors, blinking, sleeping, and snoring in chairs. There are several establishments of this kind in the city, and they all do a thriving business.

There is an establishment in Pell street that offers rest to many poor and rum-soaked men. Lodgings are had here for seven cents a night. The arrangements for guests are of a peculiar kind. Beams run from the floor to the ceiling. From these beams round posts are run horizontally the length of the room. Pieces of mattress are stretched across from either post just the length and width of an ordinary sized man. On one of these strips the lodger stretches himself, there being about two feet distance between each suspended bed. One plain sheet covers them, and they are not allowed to disrobe. I could go on to tell of numerous other such places where the weary find rest. In fact, a person can live any way he wishes in New York city, from the 2-cent boarding house in and around the Bowery to the $100-a-day hotel on Broadway and Fifth avenue. There are so many people in this Jumbo city, and they are all so busy, that very little attention is paid to wealth or poverty, and thus it goes — one-half the world not knowing how the other half lives, and they don't care either!

Everyone has heard of Delmonicos, and it is not surprising that strangers should ask to see it, or visit it when in New York. For over fifty years the Delmonicos have been important features of the metropolis. The history of the Delmonicos is something after that of Harvey D. Parker, the late proprietor of the famous house in Boston bearing his name. They were brothers, who came to the city about 1830, and, in an humble way, opened a restaurant which was the foundation for their later gigantic successes. Delmonicos is situated in one of the best parts of the city. The upper part of the building contains a number of sleeping apartments for epicurean bachelors, while the middle floors are fitted out for banquets, balls, and private dining-rooms. The food furnished at this establishment is, as is well known, served in the grandest style. No one but very rich people have any business here, though many have been known to cling to it when they had become impoverished. In this rich society it is no uncommon thing to see young damsels, or brother and sister, go to this expensive restaurant at midday, and feed like the Roman Emperors. Here the speculators and brokers congregate, and tell stories and laugh heartily over a bird and a bottle, and lay all business cares away. There are several restaurants run by Delmonico in New York, all of which are conducted on a grand scale.

There was a large family of the Delmonicos, and they have descended, one by one, to have charge of the establishments like heirs ascending the throne. One after the other they dropped away, and it has been said that there was a weakness of mind or head in most of them later in life, though that may have come from high living, which in time,

it is said, destroys the mind. The fate of the last member of this family, Charles, was very sad, and is quite recent, and, therefore, familiar to most people. The opening in 1862 of what was known as the Fourteenth Street House eclipsed the glories of all the other houses run by this famous family of mine hosts. During its continuance it received Princes of Royal and Imperial blood, the Grand Duke Alexis and Arthur of England, and Dickens and Tyndall. There Morse received his final crown from an assemblage comprising all the distinguished men of science of the country. On its first floor General Scott lived. Within its walls Seward spoke, and Abraham Lincoln threw off his cares. Here Johnson and Grant sat down to meals together. Indeed, there has hardly been a President from 1832 who has not been a guest at some one of the Delmonico houses.

"Have you seen Stetson's bar-room?" the hotel clerk asked me one day, and when I told him that I had not, he said, "well it is well worth seeing." No sooner said than done. Being in the vicinity of this place, I made a visit, and found the interior completely covered with beautiful works of art enclosed in monster gilded frames. This is indeed another grand and sumptuous grog shop. It is patronized by many of New York's most prominent and wealthy citizens. There is a sideboard near the richly carved mahogany bar on which is spread a choice variety of tempting eatables. You eat what you like — help yourself, as it were, and when you are through you step up to the cashier and pay him your bill. It is a place where a man is trusted, something so unusual, that I doubt very much if the smallest thief, even, could take advantage of the trust conferred by so much as taking a sandwich off his account. Here is the stock ticker, too, and while a bluff stock speculator is busily engaged munching a sandwich the strip passes through his fingers giving the ups and downs on the value of stocks. Notwithstanding the elegance and richness of the Hoffman House and Delmonicos, I think Stetson's one of the best palace bar-rooms in the city. Although not near so much money is expended to enhance its surroundings as in the other places, there is something quiet and inviting about it that is particularly pleasant and attractive. There are other places, too, of a similar kind that are deserving of particular mention but they will be "continued in our next."

William F. Donovan.

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ROME, unrivalled city, theatre of the greatest events, cement between two worlds, queen of strength and queen of love, Mother and Mistress of all the Churches, who, from the height of thy royal hills, illuminest the four corners of the globe, keeping light and order in the world of intelligences, as the sun, from the height of heaven, enlightens all nature, and maintains harmony amongst the stars of the firmament.—*Mgr. Gaume.*

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THE prevalent spirit among men to-day is to feel a secret hostility against a life which surpasses their own; and therefore it is that we hear these tales, fables, slanders, fictions about monks and nuns.—*Cardinal Manning.*

# Faith.

"Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us as an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor. But fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once mentioned among you as it becometh saints. Neither filthiness nor foolish talking, etc., for let it be understood that no such person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. Be not, therefore, partakers with them. Ye were once in darkness, but now are ye in the light of the children of God. Walk in the light, for the fruit of the spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth."—St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians.

The light the Apostle speaks of may be yours. In the gospel we are told that the light produces the fruits of goodness, righteousness and truth, which are justice and right living. It produces faith in the truth, which is denied to unbelievers. This faith produces honesty and an energy to act for the faith.

Let us consider what Christian faith is. Faith, says the Apostle, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Faith does not supplant reason, but rather supplements it. By faith we know whence we are and whither we are going. Christian faith rescues us from the labyrinth of errors into which paganism would involve us. By faith we perceive that God exists, and realize his power, majesty, and goodness to us through His Son. By faith we know we have immortal souls. So faith reminds us of our dignity as children of God. It enables us to set the true value on earthly things, and to place heaven above the earth, eternity above time, and the soul above the bondage of the world. Faith brings us to know that life's greatest value is not in adding to our earthly wealth; that the possessions of a Crœsus or a Vanderbilt, all the honors won by a Cæsar, or an Alexander, and all that could possibly be won by us, would avail us nothing if we had not an undying faith in the life to come. Had you everything, and no hope here, the keen thought of death would destroy all your pleasure in thinking that you would have to leave all. Thus, the more you would have, the greater would be the pang of the thought that you would have to part with it at death. What are the pleasures of memory compared with the pleasures of hope?

A certain distinguished English author wrote a book entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" For my part, I answer that I think it is not worth living if separated from religious hope that life is immortal. It is related that in the seventh century a missionary came to King Edwin of Northumberland, and explained his mission to be the introduction of Christianity into his realm. The king called his councillors together, when one of them arose and said: "Oftentimes, O king! when feasting at your banquet, you have noticed a bird fly in and out of your open doors. That bird, being pelted by the storm, sought refuge in your banquet hall. You saw the bird in its flight, not knowing whence it came nor whither it went. So with life, O king! If the good man is capable of enlightening us on this subject, by all means let him do so."

Children to-day of enlightened Catholics really are more enlightened than the profoundest pagan philosophers. Christian faith not only enlightens the mind, but it also comforts the heart. It gives that peace of God which passes all understanding. We know the whole

truth in all its beautiful symmetry. Says the Apostle: "The truth shall make you free." Through faith you are saved from untruth and doubts — frightful doubts in which one always searches, and never arrives at the truth! Oh! the wail which comes forth from the heart of the unbeliever, from him who has not a belief in Catholic truth!

A French philosopher said to a friend in his youth he possessed the Catholic truth; but now there was a chasm between him and his friend, and he would give the world to know the truth as he knew it in childhood. We know the horrid despair of those who commit suicide. No Catholic true to the faith of his Church ever commited the sin of self-destruction.

You, without faith, are driven hither and thither. You, with faith, are in the broad road, in which even a fool cannot go astray. Archimedes long tried to solve a mathematical problem. When found, he went about the streets of Syracuse declaring, "I have found it." How much greater should be the pleasure of finding salvation and eternal life. But, perhaps, some may ask: "Is not all this an illusion?" No, brethren, it is not an illusion. Catholic faith has stood the test of nineteen centuries. The best, holiest, and wisest of men have rested on that faith their hope in Jesus Christ and the religion which the Church has established. It gives strength and energy. The Christian faith produces heroes and martyrs. The larger the pay, the more willing a man works. The greater the prize, the more sought after. No man works without a motive. Jacob worked for seven years for Laban that he might have Rachel for his wife, when her father Laban, who was a shrewd business man, required it, because Jacob had faith in Laban's promises and in Rachel's love for him.

See how our Sisters of Charity and others work, not seven years, but their whole lives. The outside world may call them fanatics or hypocrites, but they know they are answering these words of Christ: "Come thou, spouse of Christ, and thy reward shall be great." How many in the hearing of my voice who have taken no such vows and wear no religious habit, yet wear the white robe of purity, the purple robe of penance, and the red robe of martyrdom? The thought that Christ died for them and loved them sustains them. Look at the life St. Paul led, as described in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, where he describes his sufferings. He was no fool. What condition of mind did it produce on the Apostle? Was he sad or morose? No, he was the happiest of men. He says: "I rejoice with exceeding joy, as having nothing, and yet as possessing all things." The secret of his joy was his living faith. He calls his reward his deposit in the bank of heaven. It was safe from all defaulters and dangers there. He felt that he had finished the good course, and thenceforth there was laid up for him a reward of great joy.

St. Thomas tells us that apostacy is the greatest of all sins, for while other sins enslave the soul, infidelity destroys it. By other sins the leaves and fruit fail, but by infidelity the very roots are torn up.

I speak not of those living in heathen lands — denied the institutions of the Church — but about those raised under the cross. Many

of these lose their faith from certain causes. It will be well for all to know what causes, that we may take double precautions.

Indiscreet marriage is a cause. Too often the Catholic party purchases a fatal peace, and, consequently, the children grow up with weak faith. Then, often, children need instruction from parents. Can a child be expected to have any respect for a religion which they see travestied by their parents' sinful lives? Others lose faith by reading immoral literature, or by consorting with immoral persons of their own age. Nothing is more destructive than such a course. St. Paul tells us that the animal man cannot understand the things of God.

Faith is lost, also, by reading works directly antagonizing Christianity and the Catholic Church. Those who generally thus suffer are young men of great pretensions and very little brains. What they lack in brains they make up in pretensions. They get the idea they wish to be thought intelligent, and that they must have a certain flavor of skepticism and doubt about them. For my part, I have never seen, in all the books against Catholicism, a single argument that I did not examine when I was a student of theology.

As you would love to have the peace of God, preserve your faith.

I have observed in the course of my life that those who have amassed fortunes by diligence, economy, and hard labor, take better care of their wealth than those who inherit it. Why? Because it costs them labor and thought. I think that this is similar to those who enter the Catholic Church late in life. They cherish it because it costs them a trial; while those who inherit their connection with the Church do not cherish the faith of their fathers always as they should, because their connection has cost them but little thought or study; because it cost them little. If I read history right, it is easier to convert a heathen nation than a nation that has drifted away.

Cherish faith; but faith alone will not do. Woe to the man who has faith and nothing else. Let your life so shine before men that they can see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Let your faith be as a precious gem, reflecting light all around you. Then will your faith be a precious heirloom to your children. Oh, the height, and depth, and breadth of the charity of Christianity. It possesses all the honors of God the Father. To Him be glory, through Christ Jesus, through all generations. Amen.

By His Eminence Cardinal Archbishop Gibbons.

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CURIOSITIES OF LAW.— Judge: "Stand up." Prisoner: "I claim the right under the law to remain seated, y'r honor."—"How so?" "The law says no man can be made to criminate himself, an' if I stand up I'll criminate myself."—"That point is well taken, and you may remain seated. You are accused of stealing a pair of breeches of this man, but I can find no evidence against you."—"None at all, y'r honor." "You are discharged."—"Thank you, y'r honor."—"By the way, why were you unwilling to stand up?"—"If I stood up the man would see I had his breeches on, y'r honor."

# Mary's Month.

It has now become a general custom among the faithful to call the month of May the month of Mary, because during these thirty-one days special devotions are offered to the Mother of God. Let us briefly inquire into the origin and consider the utility of this practice.

It would be impossible to say for certain who it was that inaugurated this beautiful and appropriate devotion to the month of Mary. Like most of the pious practices that have become general in the Church of God, it would seem as if it had been of spontaneous growth among the people. Some authors attribute its institution to St. Philip Neri; others, to the Rev. Father Mazzolari, a Roman Jesuit. It is unquestionably true that this holy priest composed an attractive little book, which is generally considered to be the first "Month of Mary;" but the very composition of the work proves that the devotion already existed. In Mantua, as far back as the year 1442, a pious custom was established of lighting a candle at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, especially during the month of May. Pope Martin V. had granted a plenary indulgence to be gained on all the Sundays of May.

Quite a respectable array of authorities gave Blessed Henry Suso credit for first suggesting this devotion. He was a member of the Order of St. Dominic, and lived in the fourteenth century. However, as to its exact origin, and the date when it was inaugurated, there is nothing that can be proved with certainty. One thing, which is admitted by all, and is beyond question, is that the honor of establishing it belongs to Italy. The devotion spread with great rapidity. All the towns of Italy adopted it almost simultaneously; it became universal there, and at once captivated the popular heart. Soon it crossed the mountains; Catholic nations seized eagerly upon it, and zealous missionaries carried it everywhere, even to distant China.

To the honor of France, we must acknowledge that in no other country was it received with greater enthusiasm. A little work by Father Lalomia, translated into French for the first time under the auspices of Madame Louise de France, a Carmelite at St. Dedis, aided greatly in propagating a zeal for the pious devotion. Altars were everywhere built for the Month of Mary, in cathedrals as well as in humble village chapels. And at the present day it would be hard to find a chapel in France, no matter how humble or obscure, that does not receive its fragrant offerings during this month. In hamlets at a distance from the church, people make choice of a little shrine, or some Christian residence, wherein to hold their meetings. Families in the country, living apart from others, lay flowers at the feet or statue of their Madonna, and, surrounding it at night, they offer up their prayers, and read some pious book. Colleges, boarding schools, and even factories — in a word all Christian institutions — vie with each other in celebrating the month consecrated to our Heavenly Mother.

Pope Pius VII., by a rescript of March 21, 1815, granted 300 days' indulgence daily to all the faithful who, during the month of Mary, say

some prayer or perform some act of piety in honor of the Blessed Virgin, either in private or public, and a plenary indulgence on any day of the month at their choice on the ordinary conditions. The same Sovereign Pontiff, on June 18, 1822, confirmed these indulgences forever, and made them applicable to the souls in purgatory.

In speaking of the utility of this devotion, Father Lalomia says: "The month of May and the return of spring are often dangerous to innocence. In Italy, particularly, where dancing parties and other worldly amusements are held; but thanks to the devotions to Mary, this dangerous season is changed into a time of grace."

In our country the dangers spoken of are not peculiar to May or spring time, but are found at all seasons of the year. Would to God they were the only special ones! The Catholic heart at once feels that a month passed in honoring the Blessed Virgin cannot but be a time of rich blessings, and that the month, above all other months most appropriate to this purpose, is the month of May. It is the season of the year when nature is most smiling, the time of flowers, and of sweet odors, the time when it is easiest to decorate our sanctuaries. The month most filled with joy, over-flowing with hopes, ought to be chosen for the worship of the Mother of all hope—for reverencing her who is the cause of our joy.

If we wish to pass this month profitably we must be well convinced of the need we have of Mary's assistance. Who can look upon the necessities of his poor soul and the souls of his neighbors and not feel himself urged to raise his eyes to the Mother of Mercy, and undertake everything to secure her protection? Who can by the light of faith and reason, look on the dangers he runs, the enemies that assail him, and his own weakness, and not turn to Her who is the help of Christians?

Come to the feet of Mary, therefore, oh, fervent Christians! you that are anxious to seize upon all occasions to increase your spiritual treasures. Come to the feet of Mary, all you that glory in being called her children. This month is the prolonged festival of our Heavenly Mother, and your absence from her shrine, unless caused by good and sufficient reason, would greive her maternal heart.

Come to the feet of Mary, you whom she has already specially favored. Gratitude for past favors obliges you to do so; and this is alone the surest means by which to obtain future blessings—the greatest of all blessings—final perseverance.

Come to the feet of Mary you that need counsel and light—you that are in doubt about your vocation, and uncertain as to the path which you should follow in life. Come and seek for direction from her who is the Seat of Wisdom, the Gate of Heaven.

Come to Mary you that suffer and toil; you that are weighed down by sorrow; you who experience domestic troubles, or spiritual cares and anxieties. Mary also suffered, and she is the consoler of the afflicted, and will bestow upon you strength, courage and resignation.

Come to Mary, you that are tempted. In her care is all the armor

of the strong, and she will invest you with it, and will support you in the struggle.

And you that have fallen — you whom the devil has already overcome, unfortunate sinners, oh! come to the feet of Mary. She is the refuge of sinners; she will raise you up, purify you, and make you feel the joy of reconciliation with God, and taste the sweets of repentance.

O Blessed Mother! may we say with St. Bernard, "let him be silent on thy mercy, whoever he is, that in his necessities can remember having invoked thee in vain. We, thy poor servants, rejoice with thee in thy other virtues, but in this we rejoice rather for ourselves. We praise thy virginity, we admire thy humility; but thy mercy to the miserable is sweeter to contemplate; we oftener embrace it, we think of it more readily, we invoke it more frequently. For this it is that has obtained the reparation of the whole world, and has secured the salvation of all the predestined."

In union with the whole church let us honor the Blessed Virgin this month, with all the strength of our faith, and all the ardor of our affections. Let us remember that to honor her is to honor Jesus; for "the praise of the Mother is the praise of the Son."

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# Graphic Description of Famed Fontenoy.

EVER since I first read Davis' "Fontenoy," and that is a good many years ago, I wished to visit the scene of the battle which he so vividly describes. It was one of those wishes held somewhat indefinitely and impractically. However, this year, travelling on the Continent, I determined to gratify it. My historical studies have not led me to entertain much sympathy for the causes in which the Irish Brigade principally figured, least of all, the wars of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. But they were my countrymen, driven into the service of Continental powers by cruel oppression at home. I can never forget their history, or their bravery, how —

> The land of their hearts' blood they never saw more;
> For on far distant fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
> Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

Returning, then, from Germany via Cologne, we left the main line at Liege, went on to Namur, and had a delightful run up the Valley of the Meuse to Givet. The scenery is pleasing, and we hope sometime to explore it, perhaps, taking Dinant as a centre. Givet is a bright little French town, strongly fortified, over-looked by a great citadel, and guarded by outworks on the opposite side of the river. As we rattled over the drawbridge and through the fortifications we thought of Peter Simple and O'Brien's escape therefrom. Next day we passed through the "forest" of the Ardennes, and reached Tournay in time for dinner. Fontenoy is four miles from Tournay. We drove there. It was a fine afternoon. Tournay is the centre of pottery and tile industry. We

passed a number of large manufactories and some fine villas. Crossing the Escaut, up which some of those exquisitely neat and gayly painted Dutch boats were being towed by teams of horses, we entered the small town of St. Antoine. There the Prince de Ligne has a chateau, the tower of which must command a view of the surrounding country. We called on his steward to obtain permission to ascend this tower; but were informed that, as the prince was then at home, such permission could not be accorded. Half a mile of open cultivated country separates St. Antoine from Fontenoy. There we interviewed sundry of the inhabitants — the smith working at his forge, an old man leading a cow drawing a harrow, a ploughman, a pleasant girl who kept the neat public-house, and who left her sewing machine to answer our questions. All we could get out of any of them was that a great battle had been fought there — that this was Fontenoy, that that was St. Antoine, and that there in the distance was De Barri's wood. We then called on the curé; he was very civil, but could not tell us much more so we had to fall back on the meagre information afforded in a "Tournay Guide," which we had bought in the town, and on my recollection of Davis's poem.

The battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 11th of May, 1745, between the French and the Irish Brigade under Louis XV., and the combined army of the Austrians, Dutch, and English. The immediate object of the battle was the possession of Tournay. The French army was drawn up behind Fontenoy, with St. Antoine on its right, and the wood on its left. We have all read of the amenites with which the contest opened. "Gentlemen of the French Guard," cried Lord Hay to the enemy, "Fire." "Fire yourselves, we never fire first," rejoined Count Auteroche, commanding the French Grenadiers. The assaults on the French position by the allies were at first unsuccessful. Then the British, advancing in a square, carried all before them, and the day would have been lost but for the intrepidity of the Irish Brigade and the French Reserves. In proportion to the number engaged, it was one of the most hotly contested and bloodiest battles of the time. It is said to Louis XV.'s credit that wishing to inspire the Dauphin with a horror of war, he brought him over the field in the evening and said "See, my son, what a miserable thing is a victory."

Let us now turn to Davis, and quote such lines from his poem as I can throw light upon:

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed.

Fontenoy is a scattered village of some twenty or thirty, for the most part, one storied cottages, roofed with red tiles. The graveyard in which, probably, most of the dead were buried, stands at the cross-roads about the centre of the village. Possibly the church and house are much as they were at the time of the battle. Rows of pollard willows are planted here and there. The inhabitants appeared poor; the insides of the houses were neat.

And thrice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed.

St. Antoine is a well-built, clean, prosperous place of three thousand

inhabitants, the chief town of a small district, and a railway station. Its streets slope somewhat steeply down from the battlefield to the Escaut. I could not perceive any trace of earthworks — probably they were only thrown up for the occasion. In the centre of the town, near the chateau before mentioned, are the ruins of what is said to have been the residence of the lords of the district, built in the twelfth century.

For tower and slope were filled with fort and artillery.

The forts consisted, doubtless, of the old castle, and of a ruined windmill we could perceive on the opposite side of the river. According to my information the French, during the battle, had a battery of six pieces stationed beside this mill, whence they kept up a galling fire upon the enemy over Fontenoy.

As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst.

De Barri's wood consists, apparently, of pine trees. It is three-fourths of a mile from Fontenoy. Probably it has been much cut away within the past one hundred and thirty years.

Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill.

The "slope" and the "hill" are not much more than the ordinary undulations in a gentle rolling country. There is nothing precipitous or marked about them. But we know how much a very slight elevation or depression counts for in warfare.

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course.

* * * * * *

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack.

The plain of the battlefield is now bare and under cultivation — no hedges or ditches of any kind. The roads pass over it as a private road passes through a demesne with us. The different properties must be well defined in some way, but there is no appearance of the divisions. This country looked parched and desolate especially to eyes accustomed to our dear land of "green valley and rushing river." Potatoes and turnips were still in the ground; here and there the eye was somewhat relieved by patches of vetch. For the most part, the ground was dry and dusty, and the people were busily engaged in preparing for winter crops, with their wooden harrows and rude ploughs drawn by cows and horses. From the plain we could see down into St. Antoine, and across the river to the spires and houses of the adjacent city. It was a pleasant drive back to Tournay in the cool of the evening. After tea we strolled out through the town. The moon lit up the four spires of the noble cathedral and the graceful clock tower. It was pleasant to think that before many days were over we would see it shining on Irish soil. After all, Tournay is not so far from home. Leaving there at 9.20 in the morning, we might have reached Dublin in little over twenty hours.

Alfred Webb, in Dublin Freeman's Journal.

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To live contentedly in our exile, we must keep before our eyes the hope of our arrival in the country where we shall live forever. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

# St. Vincent de Paul: Great Work of the Founder.

THE labors of the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is known throughout the Catholic world. God only knows its good results. In Boston, as well as in all cities of the Union, its works are well known. From the report of the Particular Council for 1888, we glean the following particulars:

| | 1886 | 1887 |
|---|---|---|
| Conferences reporting | 30 | 29 |
| Number of members | 542 | 518 |
| Average attendance at meetings | .74 | .73 |
| Number of families relieved | 1,733 | 1,563 |
| Persons in the same | 6,389 | 5,748 |
| Visits made to the poor | 21,273 | 20,534 |
| Situations procured | 148 | 142 |
| Receipts | $23,050 | $23,325 |
| Of which the members contributed | 3,205 | 3,161 |
| Expenditures | 23,293 | 21,590 |

The quarterly reports show that there was expended in the months of

| | |
|---|---|
| January, February, and March | $8,398 |
| April, May, and June | 3,897 |
| July, August, and September | 3,383 |
| October, November, and December | 5,912 |
| | $21,590 |

The work as done in the different localities may be seen in the following table:

| Sections. | Families Relieved. | Expenditures. |
|---|---|---|
| Boston proper, six conferences | 519 | $8,083 |
| South Boston, three conferences | 206 | 2,641 |
| East Boston, two conferences | 61 | 1,622 |
| Boston Highlands, four conferences | 226 | 2,618 |
| Charlestown, two conferences | 109 | 2,108 |
| Suburbs, twelve conferences | 442 | 4,518 |
| Total | 1,563 | $21,590 |

$276.11 was contributed to the Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Pope.

| | |
|---|---|
| Disbursements by Conferences for year ending Dec. 31, 1887, | $21,590 49 |
| " " Particular Council | 270 29 |
| | $21,860 78 |
| Deduct Donations by Conferences to Particular Council | 405 76 |
| Total for the year | $21,455 02 |
| Prior to 1887 | 403,817 80 |
| Total since organization | $425,272 82 |

**The Pope and the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.**

The Sovereign Pontiff, on Sunday, February 5, received the united members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the Salle Ducale. There were more than fifteen hundred persons present, including rep-

resentatives of the society from France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, England, and America, as well as those from Italy and Rome. During the week further audiences were granted, so that each one receive the Blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, and other marks of his fatherly goodness. The Holy Father thus addressed them:

"We feel a deep satisfaction, dear children, in seeing before us to-day so great an assembly of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and we feel with all our heart, the sentiments which inspire them, and the congratulations and prayers which you have expressed in their name. It is, moreover, a great consolation to us that we are able, at this solemn time of our Jubilee, to address a word of praise and encouragement to your pious society, and to confirm the encomiums which have, as you remind us, been so often and we will add, so justly showered upon it.

"We know how well your Conferences have succeeded on all sides, and in this prosperity we are glad to acknowledge an act of Providence. In our days, more, perhaps, than in any other, society, which is sick at heart, feels the want of being consoled by works of charity — charity which is the especial and distinctive mark of the true disciples of Jesus Christ. And our enemies, also, whose great object at the present day is to de-Christianize people, endeavor in every way to alter in the minds of others the idea and conception of this virtue, desiring by a refinement of craftiness to substitute a false and meretricious charity for that which is truly Christian.

"To so audacious and disastrous an attempt, it is fitting, dear children, nay more, indispensable, that you oppose an energetic resistance by making your works of charity abound more and more, by using a holy diligence to render their effect more penetrating and persuasive, by extending the salutary influence of charity to men of all classes, and applying it, as the most efficacious remedy, to all the evils and defects of society. And all this you should do with a boundless confidence in the divine power of this virtue, which is able to triumph over the most obstinate resistance and subdue the most rebellious wills. Such, dear children, is the field open to your energy and zeal. You have entered upon it full of enthusiasm and generosity, guided by the example and under the auspices of the Apostle of Charity, the great St. Vincent de Paul. Go on then, and use your pious endeavors with courage, and without either fear or human respect, though at the same time with modesty and without ostentation. Thus you will show to the world what the true spirit of Jesus Christ can do for the welfare and happiness of humanity.

"This spirit, you are not ignorant of it, my children, urges us not only to aid physical wants and succour the misery of the body; Christian charity looks higher than that; it has as its final object and end the spiritual welfare of souls and their eternal happiness. That, indeed, is its characteristic mark, its sublime mission; flowing from, and forming part of the mission of our divine Redeemer Himself. In this spirit, it is our confidence, dear children, your society lives and breathes; it is this same spirit of holy and supernatural charity which animates and beats in your hearts. Take care, then, to preserve it yourselves in all its purity, and strive to communicate it to those who are around you.

"Charity will make both you and them so many Apostles. By it you will again kindle in many souls the light of faith which doubt has extinguished; by it you will revive hope where discouragement and despair reign. By charity you will restore a Christian way of living, the practice of religious duties, love of Holy Church, obedience to her laws, and respect for her authority, to the bosom of many families. Such, my dear children, are the precious fruits of Christian charity; may God, the Giver of all good things, bless and multiply them in your hands by strengthening you in your pious and laborious undertakings. As a foretaste and pledge of these heavenly favors, we grant to all of you who are here present, and we send to all the Conferences of which you are the delegates, as well as the numerous poor families assisted and succoured by them, Our Apostolic Benediction."

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THE only safety there is for society is the moral law; and without belief in God and in his revelation, which confirms and sacrifices the moral law, that law loses its hold on men, and untold evil will be the result. — *Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard.*

# Two Plaints for R. L.

I.

I SIT here, where so oft I've sat with thee;
I watch the setting sun
Sink grandly down beyond the purpled sea;
The wavelets still roll on;
The birds still twitter from each leafy tree;
But thou art gone.

O, fairer than this golden summer day
And bright as yonder sphere,
Thy young soul took its flight from earth away!
No more shalt thou appear
To soothe my grief. What homage may I pay,
Save prayer and tear?

II.

Rest thee, Spirit, from our vision
By Death's fingers torn away!
In the glow of light elysian
Mayst thou find a brighter day!
Not in outward semblance only
Is our prayer to God addressed,
But from hearts grown sad and lonely,—
Spirit, rest!

Rest thee, Spirit! grief is ended,
Life is over, labor done!
All earth's crosses sweetly blended
In the crown which thou hast won.
Where no sorrows may confound thee
Thou hast flown at God's behest.
Saints and angels are around thee.
Spirit, rest!

Caspar Pischl.

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CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN, United States Internal Revenue Agent, has just returned to Washington and reported after a two months' official tour of West Virginia. He lost no time in shaking the dust of the Capital from his feet, and repaired to Philadelphia to attend to the routine work of the division, which includes the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia and West Virginia. In a personal letter to a friend the captain writes, that, during March 12, 13, and 14, the days of our severe blizzard in these parts, he and his party for revenue work were on horseback in the mountains between Romney and the Alleghany's north range of the Shenandoah Valley, a region where Gen. Shield's Union troops were at one time during the war. One of the Confederate Chief Turner Ashby's force was with the captain, and he has said the weather was the severest he ever experienced in his native State of West Virginia in those three days. The country in the

part named is quite primitive yet, and the fords of the rivers and mountain torrents from the previous Sunday's rains were dangerous and disagreeable to cross. In speaking of West Virginia, Capt. Tobin eulogizes it very highly as a place for Irish immigration of the best sort, and the investment of capital, well organized, is sure to meet with quick and remunerative results. He says:

"I found in my extensive travels throughout the State, that Irish-Americans and Catholics everywhere found favor. The people want to see more of the Irish immigrants go into the State and settle upon the land. How many a fine longshoreman would be to-day in the way of wealth, if, to his fine strength, he had brought out there the will to get along. The climate is salubrious; like Ireland the hills are green to the very tops, and on high mountain plateaus some of the finest farms are to be found. The State abounds in rich and lovely vales, which are being made paradises for mortal man to dwell therein. Health Springs abound all over the State; such deliciously pure water everywhere; rich red and black soils reach from hill-sides to river flats; coal and timber are in great profusion, and it would do your sight and mind good to see the herds of horses and cattle and flocks of sheep that animate the vast mountain slopes of this most promising young State. It is a young State—just waking up to the knowledge of the giant powers it possesses within itself to be 'great and glorious.' It is already 'grand and free' in the best sense. The small branch railroads running from fifteen to one hundred miles into the valleys and over the mountains from the main lines, I am credibly informed, are little mints of profit, and there are hundreds of chances like them for investment to bring out the noble timber monarchs of the forests and the black diamonds from its inexhaustible coal territory. No blizzards; no long and severe winters, and, by what I am told, the summer is as pleasant as it is in Massachusetts."

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# Carroll Institute, Washington, D. C.

THIS Institution has a handsome building on a chief thoroughfare for its headquarters (No. 602 F St., N. W.); there is a hall with a stage and comfortable seats, and here dramatic entertainments are given, lectures delivered, and debates held; here is a spacious, well-lighted reading-room, whose walls are lined with good and interesting books, whose tables are covered with all the leading periodicals, secular as well as Catholic; there is a billiard and pool room, there is a room where games of cards, etc., can be played; there is a refectory where those who desire to converse can assemble. Imagine what a power for good such a society can do. Carroll Institute is a centre of Catholic life and thought; a place where young men, full of devotion to the cause of truth, and aspiring to conquer new worlds of knowledge, can meet for the interchange of information and ideas; and where, out of the ferment of intellectual and social elements, can be developed a regenerating force which will make itself felt throughout the city in behalf of true science and true religion, propagating a sound philosophy, and

imparting to society everywhere within its reach a purer and more reverent tone. There is a night school belonging to this Institute. The course of study includes Christian doctrine, reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. Classes in French, and shorthand are taught here also. A portion of the expenses of the school are paid by special subscriptions from some of their patrons. The Library contains three thousand volumes. Here can be found books and pamphlets that are so valuable — principally on account of their rareness — that the bibliophilist would fail to find them elsewhere. There is a movement on foot to establish a gymnasium in connection with the Institute. There are many who may not care to make use of the amusement room or the library who yet would find a gymnasium very useful, and would be attracted to their ranks by such an addition. They have also under consideration the organization of classes in anthropological or natural science at some future date. The first annual banquet of the Institute was held on Thursday evening, Feb. 9th. Thanks to the efforts of the committee in charge, it proved to be a successful and pleasant affair. Washington's Birthday was celebrated with a suitable programme for the occasion, including an address by Mr. Milton E. Smith, editor of the Church News.

Another important feature of this society is the valuable course of lectures on literary and scientific subjects delivered monthly.

The following are the board of directors of the institute.

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*Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1888.* James McDonagh.
"The Arsenal," Battery "E," 3d Artillery.

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FAINTING FIT.—Fainting is caused by the blood leaving the brain. Place the patient flat and allow the head to be lower than the body. Sprinkle cold water on the face. Hartshorn may be held near the nose, not to it. A half teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a wineglassful of water will tend to revive the patient. If the symptoms recur send for a physician.

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THEN let us belong wholly to Him, and live but for Him, desiring only to please Him, and for His creatures in Him, through Him, for Him. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

# A Pleading for the Worthless.

THE workless and thriftless have had their sentence. Let me plead now for the worthless. There was once a commonwealth in which every wrong against a neighbor was judged and punished, not only as a wrong against man, but also against a higher law. The lord of the harvest did not glean his fields, nor did the master of the vineyard and of the olive-yard go twice over the vines and the olive-trees. The gleaning and the after-gathering were for the poor, the widow, and the orphan. Usury was unlawful. The lender might take a pledge for repayment of a loan, but he might not take the stone by which the borrower ground his corn, nor the cloak in which he slept at night. If taken in pledge by day, it was to be restored by nightfall. Every fifty years all prison doors were opened, all debts absolved, all lands returned to the rightful heir. Even the lower animals shared in the generous equity of the common law. The ox was not muzzled when he trod out the corn, and he rested on the seventh day.

And yet this commonwealth was not Christian, nor the unconscious inheritor of Christian civilization.

Does history tell us that such words as follow could, without aberration of mind, have been addressed to such a commonwealth? —

> It seems almost incredible, that in wealthy England, at the close of the nineteenth century, so much destitution should exist; and still more, that vagrancy and mendicity should so prevail. It may be well asked, Is this the grand total result of the wisdom of our legislators, the efforts of our philanthropists, the Christianity of our churches: that our streets are infested with miserable creatures, from whose faces almost everything purely human has been erased, whose very presence would put us to shame but for familiarity with the sight — poor wretches, filthy in body, foul in speech, and vile in spirit — human vermin? Yes, but of our own manufacture; for every individual of this mass was once an innocent child. Society has made them what they are, not only by a selfish indulgence in indiscriminate almsgiving, but by permitting bad laws to exist, and good laws to be so administered as to crush the weak, and wreck the lives of the unfortunate.

But these words have been publicly written as an impeachment of Christian and civilized London. The justice of the impeachment cannot be denied.

I. My purpose is to trace out the causes of this monstrous wreck of humanity, and to see how far we are responsible for the creation of these dangerous and pitiable outcasts from our Christianity and our civilization.

(1) The first cause o this social wreckage is the destruction of domestic life. A large proportion of the people in London are herded in places not fit for human habitation. While the "Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor" was sitting, efforts were made again and again to set on foot an inquiry as to the number of the people who were thus inhumanly housed. Such an inquiry was held to be impossible. The reason of this reply I have never been able to ascertain. But governments seem to shrink from the trouble or the expense of inquiry. If there be any impiety in numbering the people, as some good men said at the time of the first census, there can be no impiety in numbering the miserable. The number of families living in one

only room is less, indeed, now than a few years ago; but the number of families of from five to ten persons living in two rooms — fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, of all ages, and sometimes with lodgers, — is still very great. I will not enter into details. Anyone who heard, or has even read, the evidence taken before the Housing Commission will never forget it. That which creates a people is domestic life. The loss of it degrades a people into a horde. The authority and the obedience, the duties and the affections, the charities and the chastities of home, are the mightiest and purest influences in the formation of human life. A good home is the highest and best school; it forms and perpetuates the character of a nation. What moral influence or formation of the life and character of children is possible in overcrowded dens where all is misery and confusion? I refer to the Report of the Commission, and to the evidence of Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Horsley, and gladly refrain from explicit details.

(2) The next cause of utter wreck is, I will not say intoxicating drink, but the drink trade. This is a public, permanent, and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the people of these realms. That foul and fetid housing drives men and women to drink, and that drink renders their dens sevenfold more foul and fetid, is certain. The degradation of men, women, and children follows by an inevitable law; but only those who are striving to save them have any adequate knowledge of the inhuman and hopeless state of those who have fallen into drunkenness. I am not going to moralize upon drunkenness. I will only say that the whole land is suffering from the direct or indirect power of the drink trade. In times of depression only one interest still prospers — its profits may be slightly lessened, but its gains are always large and safe; that is, the great trade in drink, which enriches half a million of brewers, distillers, and publicans, with the trades depending on them, and wrecks millions of men, women, and children. This one traffic, more than any other cause, destroys the domestic life of the people. The evidence taken by the Housing Commission expressly shows that in the overcrowded rooms in Dublin the moral wreck wrought in London is not equally found. A counteraction or preservative is there present and powerful. This, I can affirm also of a large number of homes in London. The same is affirmed on evidence of Glasgow. Nevertheless, these exceptions only prove the rule. The drink trade of this country has a sleeping partner, who gives it effectual protection. Every successive government raises, at least, a third of its budget by the trade in drink. Of this no more need be said. It changes man and woman into idiocy and brutality. It is our shame, scandal, and sin; and unless brought under, by the will of the people, and no other power can, it will be our downfall.

(3) A third cause of this human wreck is the absence of a moral law. It is materially impossible for one half of the population of London to set foot on a Sunday in any place of moral teaching or of Divine worship. If all the churches and places of worship were filled three times on Sunday, they would not, I believe, hold more than two million. But the population of London, properly so called, is four mil-

lion. Of the remaining two million of men, how many have received Christian education, or even Christian baptism or moral teaching? How far is God in all their thoughts? This may be an argument without weight to some of our social philosophers; but to those who still hold fast not only to faith, but to the intellectual system of the world, it is a fact of evil augury, as self-evident as light. They who think themselves able to live and die well without God will treat this assertion lightly; but they who believe, with St. Jerome, "*Homo sine cognitione Dei pecus*," will be unable to understand how the moral life of men can be sustained without the knowledge of God. Where there is no legislator there is no law, and where there is no law each man becomes a law to himself; that is, the perversion and passions of his own will are his only rule of life. What ruin to himself and all depending on him comes from this, needs no words. Look at our calendars of crime and our revelations of social vice. And yet everyone of these human wrecks was once an innocent child.

From these three chief causes comes all personal demoralization by immorality, intemperance, and ignorance, and, therefore, by poverty in its worst form. From these, also, come the greater enormities, as some appear to think — namely, imposture and idleness. Such are the social outcasts that form our criminal or dangerous class. And so long as they are born in dens, and live in drunkenness, and die without the light of God's law, they will multiply and perpetuate their own kind. Multitudes are at this day in London in the abject poverty of moral degradation, and of reckless despair of rising from their fallen state. But these three causes are the direct results of the apathy or the selfishness of what is called Society, or more truly of our legislation or neglect to legislate, or of good laws inefficiently administered.

II. Some are of opinion that a great part of the crime in London springs from poverty. Others say that in times of distress the jails are comparatively empty. This would seem to imply that want does not lead to crime. Both of these assertions are true. No one will say that poverty always leads to crime; much less that poverty never leads to crime. Therefore, both sides admit that poverty sometimes leads to crime. This reduces the question to one of degree: how far is poverty a cause or motive to crime?

There is, indeed, no necessary connection between poverty and crime; for poverty is a state which may generate the highest human perfections of humility, self-denial, charity, and contentment in a hard lot and life. Such a lot may be the inevitable lot of some. It may be, also, voluntarily and gladly chosen by others, who, for many motives, not of this world, choose poverty rather than wealth.

But this is not our question. The poverty of which we speak is that into which the majority of poor men are born; in which they hardly earn bread for themselves and for their homes; a poverty always on the brink of want; to which they may be reduced in a day by no fault of their own; that is, by the ruin of their employer, the vicissitudes of trade, the suspension of work by natural causes such as winter, or the failure of the raw material of their labor. When once

reduced to this state of want, there is nothing before them but the legal relief of the Poor Law, coupled with conditions which their highest and best instincts make them refuse, or doled out to them inadequately so as to give no real and lasting relief. This forms a pauper habit of mind: helplessness, hopelessness, and the loss of self-respect. Will any thoughtful man say that in such a state a father, seeing a wife sinking by want and toil, and his children famishing for lack of bread, is free from the strong temptation to find unlawfully the food which society refuses, except on odious conditions, to give him lawfully? Add to this the sense of injustice when, without fault of his own, he is brought down to want. And, as men are human, there comes in a sting of resentment when he sees on every side an abundance of food and clothing in those who never labor and never lack.

The ostentation of luxury is a sharp temptation to men in despair. It is not only the hunger that pulls down a man's own strength, but the cry of those who look to him for bread that sounds daily in his ears, and haunts him wherever he goes. This is true of the most upright and honest man; but all men are not honest and upright. Surely it is Pharisaism to preach to such men, "Go in peace, be you warmed and filled; yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body." It is both injustice and hardness of heart to denounce almsgiving, to defeat the giving of work, and to offer nothing but the break-up of home as the condition of food necessary for life. If such a man begs, he may be taken up. If he can bear his miseries no longer and steals, his moral rectitude is broken down; and once destroyed, all boundaries are gone.

They must know little of life who do not know what ruin of men and of women comes from the straits of poverty. Forgery, embezzlement, prostitution are brought on gradually, and after long resistance to temptation, even in the educated, by the desperation of want. Will any one say: Yes, but they imply vice as the motive. I answer: And are the poor free from vice? But again, vice is in such cases the consequence as well as the companion of crime. The moral nature has given way. The misery of want destroyed it before vice or crime was perpetrated. There was a time when forgers and prostitutes were as far from their fall as those who moralize about them when fallen. And if this be true of all men, how much more true of the worthless for whom I am pleading!

A student of crime the other day thought that he had disproved the proposition that poverty leads to crime, by showing that in times of distress the prisons have fewer inmates; and that the statistics of crime show a diminution of prisoners in the ten years from 1877 to 1886, which was a period of depression.

A little more thought would show that this is no disproof.

For, first of all, Sir Lyon Playfair, some years ago, exhibited in a tabular form, resulting from official inquiry, conclusive evidence to show that when wages are low, drunkenness decreases, when wages are high, drunkenness increases. Shall we then say that prosperity leads to crime? If so, blessed, indeed, are the poor. Surely no man will main-

tain that prosperity is to be checked and deprecated, and that the duty of legislators and political economists is to reduce the prosperity of the country in order to check the crime.

Moreover, the proposition that poverty leads to crime, does not mean that poverty on Monday leads to crime on Tuesday, but that poverty leads to all manner of temptations. Sometimes the misery of innocent children will drive a man to do what his conscience condemns. Sometimes a daughter, to support an aged mother, will do what her whole soul abhors. They who live among statistics, and have seldom, if ever, lived among the poor, little know how poverty brings temptation, and temptation both vice and crime.

But as we have statistics, let us go to them, though they are like the quadrants and compasses by which the tailors in Laputa measured their customers. The moral life of men cannot be measured by mere numbers. Nevertheless, they are pointers.

And, first, it is beyond contention that the majority of our prisoners are of the poor. This fact alone proves, at least, the close relation of poverty and crime. It would be an affectation of scepticism to say that this close relation is not by way of cause and effect.

Secondly, the official statistics show this both directly and indirectly.

At page xxxix. of the Judicial Statistics for England and Wales in 1886–87, it is stated that, of the people committed for crime, 27.5 per cent. could neither read nor write; 70.0 could only read or write imperfectly; only 2.8 could read and write well, and only 0.1, or one in a thousand, had superior instruction.

If it be said that this proves ignorance to be the cause of crime, I answer that poverty was the main cause of this ignorance.

Thirdly, the occupation of prisoners gives the same indication. Of no occupation there were 10.5 per cent.; laborers, charwomen, and needlewomen, 52.0; factory workers, 6.0; skilled mechanics, 14.1; professional employment, 0.2 ($\frac{2}{1000}$); prostitutes, 3.3; domestic servants, 2.5.

These statistics prove, beyond doubt, that, in proportion as the criminals are further from poverty, the smaller the number; in proportion as they are nearer, the greater the number; and that the vast majority are those who are absolutely poor, and live in all the vicissitudes of poverty. It is an old-world saw, that half our virtues are from the absence of temptation.

But, lastly, the statistics of increase in indoor paupers and decrease in prisoners, in the years between 1877 and 1886, prove nothing. There are many explanations of this fact. I have it, on high authority, that thousands of adults, who used to be imprisoned, are now fined under the Amended Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879; and thousands of children, who used to be sent to prison, are now sent to reformatory or industrial schools, or let off with a reprimand. The report of 1887 shows for Great Britain the number of children in industrial schools as follows*: In 1877, 12,555; in 1880, 15,136; in 1886, 20,686. These

* Report for 1886, p. 9.

two facts fall precisely into the ten years from 1877 to 1886, and prove that a change, both in the treatment of persons charged and in the tables of statistics had been made, which accounts for the decrease of prisoners.

III. From the change in the administration of the Poor Law two consequences have followed. First, a profuse almsgiving.

We have been told, with great confidence, that five millions of money were spent in a year in alms in London alone. Without doubt, much was imprudently spent; and this imprudence caused many accidental evils of mendicity, mendacity, indolent dependence upon help, neglect of duty, wastefulness, and refusal to work for bread. But to affirm that this is the inevitable result of almsgiving is to condemn what the Author of Christianity enjoins. And there have not been wanting men of note and name who have censured His teaching as erroneous. The effect of these excesses is to provoke a reaction which is somewhat strong and vivid in certain minds. Again, to tell us that almsgiving springs from selfish indulgence of emotion, or self contemplation, is as shallow as the Hutchinsonian philosophy, which tells us that men do right only because it makes them happy; or the Benthamite, that they do so because it is expedient. Compassion has suffering for its proper object, as hunger has bread. These philosophies of the second syllogism are credible to those who know of no Divine commandments, but to those who know a higher law and a nobler lore they would be simply ridiculous, if they were not mischievous. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the charity and generosity of individuals and of societies were profusely abused; and that the accidental evils of good things, when abused, were many. But it is to be borne in mind that this large almsgiving of five millions of money arose, not only from the promptings of charity, but from the constant sight of suffering unrelieved by the Poor Law. If it had been more compassionately administered, these five millions would in all likelihood have never been given. They rose to this vast sum by the daily sight of unrelieved want. It was so far a spontaneous return to the profusion of old days.

And here it may be well to call to mind the recommendations of the Poor Law Commissioners in 1834. They provided for loans to deserving men in time of distress, attaching the wages of the same on the return of work.* And, further, the Commissioners continued as follows:—

> We recommend, therefore, that the Central Board be empowered to incorporate parishes for the purpose of appointing and paying permanent officers, and for the execution of works of public labor.†

Under the executive Commission afterwards appointed, road work was provided for the outdoor relief of the Spitalfields weavers, which they largely undertook.

At the time of the cotton famine in Lancashire, outdoor relief was provided in the form of earth-works, as sanitary works, for the relief of forty thousand men. A million and a half of money was lent to

* Report of Commissioners, &c., p. 337. Fellowes, 1834.

† Report, p. 326.

the local authorities by the government for the execution of remunerative sanitary work. Seven thousand took the work; and the rest, with the assistance of friends and relations, were otherwise provided for. A large part of sanitary drainage work is earth-work; and but for a change in the administration, such work to the amount of a million and a half of money would have been provided, and might now be provided by a return to the administrative principles formerly recommended.

A great amount of almsgiving, then, manifestly resulted from the refusal or discontinuance of such employment of labor.

But, further, there was a second consequence from the changed administration of the Poor Law. As the large return to almsgiving sprang from this change, so the existence of the Charity Organization Society sprang from the profuse giving of alms. It was said that, of the five millions, two were devoured by the administrators or distributors; there was constant overlapping, so that money was given by several persons or societies to the same person or case, and to the most undeserving.

The Charity Organization Society arose with these chief attributes. First, to promote correspondence and coöperation among the many beneficent societies, so that their alms should not be wasted by overlapping and relieving the same case twice over.

Secondly, for the detection of impostors who were obtaining help under false pretences; living as paupers and refusing to work for their bread.

Thirdly, to assist the deserving in time of transient distress, either by gift or by loan. This part of the Society's work is most wise and charitable. It is in the spirit of the Acts of Elizabeth and of the recommendations of the Commission in 1834.

Fourthly, to oversee the cases of poverty brought before them, and to aid both by help and by advice those who were striving to maintain or to retrieve their state.

All these are excellent offices, of true and prudent charity. There may be others unknown to me, but these were the motives which induced me to become a member of the Society at its outset. So long as it is coextensive with the whole field of poverty, and adequately supplied with means, large-hearted in promoting all prudent agencies of relief, and free from the narrowness of doctrinaires, it must be regarded as a valuable supplement of the legal and mechanical operation of the Poor Law. They are both needed, and neither without the other could cover the whole area of poverty. Moreover, it is necessary that voluntary and personal service without hire or reward should be added to the legal administration of relief. In point of education, intelligence, and perseverance, the members of the Charity Organization Society are of the highest efficiency.

The words "I am a man, and everything human to me is as my own," ran through the old Latin world like an electric spark. They were written by an emancipated slave who had known sorrow. "Love your neighbor as yourself," was spoken by One who made Himself a

servant and the man of sorrows for our sakes. Compassion is fellow-feeling, and a share in the sufferings of others. If the commonwealth of Israel was pervaded by pity for poverty and compassion for sorrow, what ought to be the large and watchful compassion of England for its people? It is a Christian people. It believes in Him who said, "I have compassion on the multitude." There is no doubt that in every great city there will be a refuse of the population, who, through their own perverse will, blind conscience, and evil passions, gather together into a demoralized and dangerous horde. But it is also certain that each was once an innocent child. The bloated and brutal man, if he had been nurtured by a loving mother in a pure home fit for man to live in; if he had grown up in the consciousness of a Divine law and presence; if he had lived in honest labor, found, as a rule, in the labor market, or as an exception, in times of distress, provided by the compassion of a wise charity, or of a law wisely and charitably administered — he would not have become the wreck in body, mind, and speech which we may see in our streets every day. If parents, teachers, pastors had been faithful, if the legislation and administration of public and social law had been conceived and carried out, not with a view to money, or to enrichment, or to retrenchment, but for the moral and domestic life of the people, though some men will always wreck themselves, society would not be guilty of the ruin of its offspring. When society is sound, it sustains individuals who are falling. When society declines, it pulls down individuals in its fall. A commonwealth in which domestic life is perishing has a settlement in its foundations.

If, then, the worthless are what they are because the society of to-day has wrecked them, what is society doing or willing to do to redeem and to save the worthless? None are so bad that there is not still a hope. But the class of men and youths who came into open day some weeks ago are not to be bettered by neglect, much less by defiance. Goodness will overcome evil, and kindness will break the hardest hearts. If the confidence of the worthless and dangerous could be won, it would be like the warmth of the sun breaking up a frost. The poor youths of eighteen and nineteen may be bad, but they are not yet hardened in evil. Are they to be left to become hopeless criminals? Surely there are men and women ready to go among them. Human sympathy, kind care, personal service, patient good-will, are powers which never fail. If through fault of ours, however remotely or indirectly, by commission or omission, they are outcasts, let us now begin and try to bring them back to what once they were. The memory of their childhood is not dead within them; if it be only as a gleam of innocence long lost, it is also a throb of a higher life not yet extinct forever.

Henry Edward, Car. Archbishop, in Nineteenth Century.

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THERE is still room for dear old Ireland on the world's stage, and she has true hearts to love her and ministrels to sing her praise, and orators to proclaim her rights, and a Church and an Altar, on which the blight of heresy has never fallen. — *Mrs J. Sadlier.*

# Our Catholic Schools.

THE obedience of Catholics is wonderful. It is more than natural, and can be accounted for only as the effect of grace. Though very extensive, still it is by no means blind. It is intelligent rather, because it is submission to just law, and in consequence of principles previously admitted. But law is one thing, advice another; the former is disobeyed, the latter is disregarded.

For Catholics the maintenance of parish schools is no longer an advice; it has become a law. The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the decrees of which were approved by Rome, not only exhort with paternal love, but also command with all the authority which they possess, that Catholic parents procure for their offspring a truly Christian and Catholic education, and that they protect them from the dangers of merely secular instruction by sending them to parochial or other Catholic schools.

For this purpose they decree:

1. "That within two years from the promulgation of the Council a Catholic school shall be erected and perpetually sustained in each parish not already provided with one, unless the bishop, on account of peculiar difficulties, shall see fit to grant an extension of time." 2. "The priest, who, through grave negligence, shall fail in erecting a school within that time or in sustaining it, or who, after repeated warnings, shall neglect it, shall merit removal from his church." 3. "The mission or parish which shall neglect to help its priest erect or sustain a school, so that on account of this neglect the school cannot be established or maintained, shall be reprimanded by the bishop and, by the most prudent and most efficacious means shall be induced to contribute the necessary assistance." 4. "All Catholic parents are obliged to send their children to the parochial schools, unless they sufficiently provide for their Christian education at home or in other Catholic schools, or unless, with the proper safeguards, they have the bishop's permission to send them to secular institutions."

Thus, urged on by experience, the advice of former years has developed into the law of the present time. The bishops of the United States have not waited until the full extent of secular and irreligious education was made manifest. Europe did that, and to-day even Catholic countries are reaping a harvest of infidelity and irreligion. Their clergy realize now, but too late, the fault committed in neglecting the Christian education of youth. They are endeavoring to make better provision for the future, but the past has gone beyond control. They confess that when the schools were open to them and Catholic instruction might have been imparted, it was in too many cases neglected. They repent now of their neglect, and fight for readmission to the schools from which they are excluded. In some places the only remedy is the establishment of separate Catholic schools. The experience of Europe is dearly bought. Priceless souls have been lost to faith and to God. Even from a material point of view the Church has keenly felt the loss. Not only has she been forced to maintain separate schools at great expense, but anarchy and revolution, the effects of secular education, have threatened to seize what has been hers for centuries—the hearts of the people. The Catholics of the United States are not in favor of anarchy, and they maintain the

rightful ownership of property; hence, besides the religious motives, which, of course, are the dominant ones, they desire Catholic schools.

The bishops in council have made the law, and obedience, full and cheerful, intelligent and practical, is manifested in every diocese. In the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, everywhere Catholic schools are being built. Soon, not only in the cities but in every town that has a Catholic church, there will be a Catholic school. This will be a benefit to the civil order as well as to religion. In the Catholic school the orderly classes will find a nursery for the virtues of the citizen. Catholic schools infuse respect for legitimate authority; godless education has a contrary tendency. Catholic schools are conservative without hindering a wholesome progress. They leaven society with the elements of well-ordered progress. They are the antidote for the poison of to-day.

It is evident, therefore, that for the Catholics of this country there is no longer any question as to whether we shall have parish schools. Their existence is assured. The question now is, how to make them better, how to make them perfect? For this purpose Diocesan School Boards have been organized throughout the land, and their beneficial influence is already apparent. There is greater unity of purpose and of action. More interest is manifested in the work, and as a consequence, the educational pulse beats stronger. Men who formerly took things as a matter of course have become quite active under the new decrees. Teachers, pupils, and parents, all recognize that a certain centralization of school work has taken place, and that for the future their zealous pastors will not be forced to fight alone for the school. Each school, being part of a general system, is now backed by all the others. This backing is not financial, but moral, for the vested rights of parishes have not been ignored, but fully recognized. Each school makes and pays its own expenses.

The Council decrees that one or more priests who are conversant with school affairs shall be appointed by the bishop to be the Diocesan Board of Examination. It shall be the duty of this board to examine all who desire to teach in the parish schools, and to grant them, if found competent, a diploma. This diploma shall be good for five years, and shall be recognized in all dioceses of the United States. Besides this board the bishop, according to his judgment, shall appoint District Visiting Boards, whose duty it shall be to visit, examine, and report to him on the parish schools of the diocese. This report is to be made through the Diocesan Board of Examination. The District Visiting Boards are thus in subjection to the Central or Diocesan Board. In some dioceses the two boards are merged into one which performs the work of both. The Council adds, that certain rights and privileges, to be defined by diocesan statutes, should be allotted to laymen; from which it appears that the right of parents to the education of their children is deemed sacred in the eyes of the church, and that, as soon as circumstances will allow, the priesthood will be assisted in school work by zealous laymen. These are far-reaching regulations,

and, if properly carried out, cannot but be very beneficial to the cause of Catholic education.

Having thus sketched the legal basis of the Catholic school system, the kind reader will bear with a few words of a practical character embodying the fruits of experience and observation. Through the Diocesan School Boards the schools are assured of a competent corps of teachers, and the teachers are given a standing which formerly they did not possess. Though the good-will and Christian spirit of those who taught in previous years are not questioned, still it is certain that the law of examination will work to advantage in the future, by preventing incapable teachers from seeking a charge. They who were competent before the law was made are now still more competent. The parochial teacher of to-day, thus holding a position of honor, will, we trust, have one of fair emolument also. This emolument should not be confined to the higher grades, for the teachers of primary studies are just as much entitled to it. It is a mistake to think that anyone is good enough and knows enough to teach the primary course. Successful results in education depend on good beginnings, and the simpler the studies the more thorough must be the teacher's knowledge of them, and, especially, proficiency in imparting them. A routine teacher cannot succeed in the primary grade. The little children are too natural to be well instructed by artificial methods.

Another work of the Diocesan Board of Examination is the arranging of a course of studies. To take in just enough and leave out what is superfluous is surely a difficult task. However, one defect may be avoided. This is the "cramming process" of the public schools. The judgment and memory of the child should be allowed to develop naturally during its first years at school. They should be assisted and trained by competent teachers; but this training should not be forced or made up of a jumble of many things, and a real knowledge of nothing. In after years progress will be easier and more rapid if a firm foothold in the elements has been secured in the primary course. Even though the child has at disposal but a few school years, the treatment should be the same. If during these years it acquires the habit of study and learns to like it, a self-educated man will be the superstructure of the solid foundation laid at school. On the contrary, if the child is a victim of the "cramming process," it will never touch a book after leaving the grind of school.

They are to be pitied whose duty it is to select text-books for a diocese. Of course it is supposed they have nothing to do but listen to the agents of various publishing houses; but when these gentlemen are through criticising each other's publications, one is inclined to believe that there is no series of school-books fit for adoption. The practical solution of one board was to adopt no series of books whatever as of obligation. The solution of another was to insist on a revision as a condition of adoption. The revision was made, and thus better text-books secured — an advantage due to the establishment of school boards. Objectionable text-books now seem destined to be excluded

from our schools. The energy of publishing houses is commendable, and promises that good books will be made even better and lower prices obtained; for "competition is the life of trade" in school-books as in everything else. However, these prices are justified by the certainty of a larger and surer trade than could be promised by individual schools.

Text-books should be within the reach of all. The poor as well as the rich should have them. To compass this result the Fourth Council of Cincinnati ordains that "Any gain resulting from the sale of text-books by those in charge of schools shall be used for the benefit of the schools, and chiefly to purchase books for the poorer children." So wise a regulation should have general force.

Effective school work depends not a little on the school-building. With what consistency can a child be taught habits of personal cleanliness at school, while all its surroundings, building, walls, floors and desks, are in a state of untidiness and neglect? How can it be taught to respect the property of others, when it daily sees the walls, desks, fences, and out-houses of the schools defaced by the pupils with impunity? These may seem trifling examples, but school work is made up of trifles. Education is imparted, not as a solid substance and all at once, but is the effect of a gradual process of development by means of minute influences. The school-building should, therefore, be neat and clean; this does not imply that it must be luxurious and expensive. Many a rich person is untidy, while the poor are often neat. Cleanliness is a trait of virtue, and not of wealth.

To do good work, the child should like its school. This cannot be the case if the rooms are so defectively lighted that a constant straining of the eyes is necessary, or if the air of the room is foul and unhealthy. Children must have good air, and plenty of light, in order to be happy. It is only happy school-children that make fair progress in their studies.

Education is threefold, according to the Catholic system — moral, intellectual, and physical. If our schools are careful of the moral and intellectual training of their pupils, they should not be neglectful of their physical development. Calisthenics and other bodily exercises may be used to advantage. They will serve to counteract any incipient tendency towards deformity, and, especially, will render well-developed children more graceful in action. An eminent surgeon states, that nearly ninety per cent. of all cases of spinal curvature occur during school-life. The faulty construction of desks and seats may often be blamed for this and many other deformities. Good and comfortable desks may be bought to-day as cheap as the benches of thirty years ago. Then why not use them? Again, many of the school-children of to-day, especially those who attend the public schools where the "cramming process" is in vogue, appear languid and spiritless. If a school-girl can walk scarcely twenty or thirty minutes without fatigue, her physical development is not what it should be. And still she is expected to spend from six to ten hours each day at study. This is educating one part of the child at the expense of the other. This

is not in accord with good sense, and should be no part of the Catholic system.

The importance of thorough ventilation in schools cannot be overlooked. In Michigan, a State noted for its superior educational system, not one in three of all public school-buildings is properly lighted and ventilated. Possibly the same may be said of some of its older Catholic schools. To secure ventilation, teachers resort to opening windows — a remedy as bad as the defect. A draught of air, by this means of ventilation, is allowed to blow upon the pupils, and chronic catarrhal affections, and diseases of the throat, nose, and ears, are the result. The temperature of the school-room should not be higher than sixty-eight or seventy degrees, whereas, in the majority of school-rooms, it ranges from seventy to seventy-eight degrees. When leaving the dry atmosphere of such a room, and going out into the cold and frosty air of mid-winter, pupils suffer greatly, and pulmonary troubles are often the consequence. Ventilation, to be useful, should be constant, and not spasmodic.

But how shall we support our schools? The just and the American reply is, From an equitable share of the school-tax, paid by Catholics no less than by Protestants. But until this, or some other fair method is introduced, the practical response must be, From our own resources. It is desirable that the parochial schools be free schools. Various plans are in use for this purpose, with greater or less success. Some parishes take from the ordinary revenues of the church what is required to support the school. "The school of to-day is the congregation of to-morrow: take away the school," they say, "and in a few years the church-doors may be closed." Others, though admitting the truth of this remark, prefer to support their schools by collecting fees from each pupil able to pay. Theoretically, this *may* be good, but with free public schools in opposition to it, the practice is rendered difficult. Again, in some parishes school societies are organized, whose members pay dues, which go to support the schools. Quite an amount is collected in this manner, and what more is needed is taken from the ordinary revenues. There is another system, which seems entirely just, and works well in many places. By it, the school is rendered self-supporting. To the free parochial department, consisting of the studies usually taught children, a senior or academic course is added. The pupils of this grade are required to pay charges for tuition. Instrumental music, which to-day has become so general, is also made a source of revenue. Ordinarily, only the wealthier class of children are able to continue at school after their twelfth or thirteenth year. *Up to that time, the education of all is free.* The upper departments of the school thus support the lower, and, together, they afford an excellent education, both in what is necessary and what is optional. Exceptionally bright children of poor parentage may easily be made partakers of this advantage, and given free tuition in the higher grade. The burden of support, according to this plan, is also placed where properly it belongs — on those who require more extensive instruction, and are able to pay for it. If the high-schools of the

country were supported in this manner, they would not be such an injustice to the poorer classes who cannot use them.

Maintaining parochial schools is a burden, but it is one of the sweetest burdens of Catholic life. The lively faith, the fervent devotion, the unsullied innocence of our children, are surely worth preserving. There are too many wrecks on the sea of life, and most of them are caused by defective education in childhood's years. The Catholic Church, which, in the centuries of the past, preserved society from the effects of ruthless barbarian invasions, is determined to defend it now from greater and more destructive enemies — from irreligion and pagan infidelity. She will do this now, as in the past, by her schools.

Marshall, Mich. Rev. P. A. Baart, in Catholic World.

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# Death of Another Dom Bosco.

No death, observes the N. Y. Irish American, that has occurred within the past few years was such a sorrowful surprise to the community, to which it is an almost irreparable loss, as that of the beloved director of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, the Rev. John C. Drumgoole, who died Wednesday, March 28, of pneumonia. This remarkable man, so aptly termed the Dom Bosco of America, accomplished a wonderful work of the most unselfish and devoted philanthropy, and his name will for all time be justly ranked among the greatest public benefactors of his kind and generation. His monument has been raised in the stupendous progress of the Mission from its humble beginning seventeen years ago to the spacious pile that now accommodates the thousands of homeless waifs, his untiring energy and zeal for the helpless and forlorn rescued from the pitfalls and degradation of the streets of this great city. It will speak his praise for all time and to all men. He was a national benefactor, and in his death the Church, the city, and the race of which he was ever an eager and willing champion, share a deep affliction.

Father Drumgoole's death was sudden and unexpected. Although seventy years of age, he was remarkably vigorous and healthy. The Sunday previous he was about as usual. He complained, however, of a cold. On Monday he was confined to his room. Dr. Silva, the house surgeon of the Mission, was summoned, and he deemed the case was so serious that he called Dr. Janeway in consultation. They decided that Father Drumgoole was stricken with a probably fatal attack of pneumonia, and frankly told him so. Without the least sign of agitation the good priest said: — "The will of God be done." The morning before his death, the Archbishop called to see him, and he talked intelligently of his affairs, for he was conscious to within a few moments of his death. The last Sacrament was administered to him, he made final arrangements as to his private affairs, talked with his assistant, Father McNicholl, respecting his plans for the Mission, left instructions for Fathers Redding and Bomford, who have charge of the Mount Loretto

institution, and then sank into the sleep of death. The Sisters of St. Francis, who have charge of the domestic arrangements of the Mission, the physicians, and the colaborers of the Rev. Father were with him when he breathed his last. He has no near relatives in this country.

Father Drumgoole was a man below medium height, of heavy build and magnetic presence. His clear light eyes were windows of a soul of gentleness, and his cheery conversation was pleasantly tinged with a slight brogue. He was born in 1817 in the county Longford, and coming here when only eight years of age, spent his early days in St. Patrick's parish on Mott Street. He was for a time sexton of St. Mary's Church at Ridge and Grand Streets. It was only about twenty years ago that he became a priest. He saw much of the destitution of the poor children of New York, and in 1871 he called upon Archbishop McCloskey and offered to establish a mission for the protection of homeless and destitute children. Some months before this offer, the St. Vincent de Paul Society had established St. Vincent's Newsboys' Lodging House at No. 53 Warren Street. Father Drumgoole assumed charge, and succeeded so well that it was soon necessary to rent additional quarters for the accommodation of the boys. The Archbishop offered him separate quarters, but he said that if he did not make his home with the boys, be content with their fare, and put up with the inconvenience of the house, he could not expect to have influence over them.

Father Drumgoole found the Warren Street place too small, but he had no money with which to build another. Having no inducement but his Masses to offer, he pledged himself to say five Masses each year, for the spiritual welfare of the members of St. Joseph's Union, living and dead, and as a medium of communication between all friends of homeless children he established The Homeless Child and Messenger of St. Joseph's Union, which found its way to all quarters of the globe. All who subscribed twenty-five cents to the paper became members of the Union, and it was with these quarters that Father Drumgoole built the splendid mission house at Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street. His good work increased, and he purchased the splendid estate on Staten Island, known as Mount Loretto, where in pure air and rural surroundings so many children have been trained to lives of industry. Statistics compiled up to March, 1885, showed that 15,730 children had been cared for by the mission, 6,264 poor persons had received clothing, and over 7,680 pairs of shoes had been distributed.

Pope Leo learned of Father Drumgoole's great work in the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin and St. Joseph's Union, and sent him a special blessing, and granted, besides, many spiritual favors.

An army of clerks are employed in the counting-room of the Mission on Lafayette Place, and more than thirteen hundred children are sheltered there and at Mount Loretto. The work of the charity has grown to prodigious proportions, and one of Father Drumgoole's last schemes was to provide for a labor exchange to enable him to get places for the boys from the Mission. His last letter to Archbishop

Corrigan shows that during the past five years, up to the present month, 498 boys had been placed in good positions, among them being 55 on farms, 27 in law, real estate, and insurance offices, 61 as store clerks, three as school teachers, one at the practice of law, and three as painters. A concluding paragraph of the letter will best illustrate the character of Father Drumgoole. After detailing at length the work of the mission and the property under his control, he says: —

"As your Grace knows, none of this property is in my own name, and I have not the slightest personal claim upon it. It has all been lawfully transferred by me to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, a legally incorporated institution of the State of New York, in your Archdiocese and under your control. While you leave it in my charge and care, nothing will be left undone by me to protect and preserve it intact, that it may always be used for the purpose for which it was founded, the protection of homeless, destitute, and friendless children, and the salvation of their souls, and that after my death it may continue to save hundreds of thousands of souls."

**The Funeral**

took place from St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Monday, April 2d, and was attended by a large crowd of worshippers. Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan pontificated; the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, the Right Rev. Bishop Conroy, and the Right Rev. Vitalis Grandin, D. D., O. M. I., of the diocese of St. Albert, British America, were present, together with one hundred clergymen. At the end of the Mass, Mgr. Preston, V. G., preached the funeral sermon. His text was taken from the fifteenth Psalm of David: "I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore, my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope." The preacher gave a brief sketch of Father Drumgoole's life, and his work among the poor and destitute children of the great city. On Tuesday morning the remains were interred in the cemetery adjoining the branch house of the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, at Mount Loretto, S. I.

Mr. Cushing, the eminent sculptor, made a cast of the face of Father Drumgoole, from which two large marble busts will be made, one for the Mission house at Mount Loretto, and the other for the house in this city.

Archbishop Corrigan has selected the Rev. James J. Dougherty, rector of St. Monica's Church, at Seventy-ninth Street and First Avenue, to succeed the late Father Drumgoole in the directorship of the "Mission of the Immaculate Virgin."

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HICCOUGH.—Sit erect and inflate the lungs fully. Then, retaining the breath, bend forward slowly until the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to the erect position, slowly exhale the breath. Repeat this process a second time, and the nerves will be found to have received an excess of energy that will enable them to perform their natural functions.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## THE CHILDREN AND THE MAY-FLOWERS.

LITTLE children! trooping fair,
Thro' the fields this morn in May,—
All the silver daisies there
(With the buttercups so gay),
Seem to whisper, sweet and airy,
"Love our Queen! love Mary!"

All the lilies of the lea,
Shake and shake their snowy bells;
And the violets, with glee,
Murmur thro' the dewy dells:
"Be not, of your service, chary,—
Love our Queen! love Mary!"

Till the crocus, full of light,
And the golden dandelion,
Seem to turn their faces bright
(Like the stars of old Orion),—
Breathing, from their blossoms fairy,—
"Love our Queen! love Mary!"

Down the field, and past the brook,
Thro' the woods, the whisper runs,—
Sweetest words in Nature's book!
'Ever chant them, little ones!
Ever swell that chorus airy,
"Love our Queen! love Mary!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

## SOME MAY FLOWERS.

DURING a silence which fell on our little company, I could not resist inquiring from Ned Warne, how he had resisted the tempting rewards, held out in the name of religion, by those people to whom poor William Moore had so nearly fallen a victim.

"Surely, my boy, you were as much exposed to the baneful influences of those unprincipled proselytizing agents, as many of your neighbors and companions.

"How did you persevere in your resistance to those attacks?"

"It was one month of May, sir," returned the boy, impulsively; but all at once he checked himself, and closed his lips firmly.

His pale cheek had flushed a little with eagerness, and a quiver passed over his lips, to be in an instant displaced by the cunning leer, which I had hoped never again to see disfigure his boyish features.

"Tell it, tell the story, Ned, oh, do," William Moore cried, hastily; "*the* story, Ned, the flowers, you know; you're thinking of it now, you know y'are."

"I'm not, an' I dunno what you mane at all, Bill Moore," was Ned Warne's sullen reply.

Turning in surprise, I gazed for a moment into the boy's face.

He seemed uneasy under my scrutiny, and moved restlessly on his couch.

"There is, then, a tale attached to the question I have asked," I remarked, as carelessly as I could, for I was now really curious to hear what Ned Warne had to tell.

"I dunno what Bill Moore is talkin' about," Ned murmured, impatiently.

"Ye do, Ned, ye know ye do," retorted William Moore; "ye told it to me often, ye know, an' the gentleman would like so much to hear it, wouldn't ye now, sir?"

"I would, indeed," I truthfully declared; "and I hope Ned will gratify our natural desire."

"Ketch me," was Ned's characteristic reply, given with all his old flippancy and cunning.

"Ye want to set me up for a pious sort of fella, don't ye now, Bill Moore, somethin' like what ye are yerself, isn't that it?"

William Moore winced, and the pained look which swept over his features recalled all Ned's natural kindness and good nature.

In a tone of voice which implied sincere apology, Ned Warne again spoke.

"Well, if you like, sir, an' you too, Bill Moore, I'll tell the — the — I mane I'll explain to you, sir, what Bill manes by a story, which after all is no story at all, nor worth tellin' for the matter o' that."

"Leave that decision to us, Ned," I said. "I am really anxious to hear it, notwithstanding."

And then Ned Warne began, with a perfect return of his manner, and the careless freedom of speech which had first attracted me on that New Year's Eve.

"Ye see, sir," he said, "it's a long time ago, when I was only a youngster, and me father was laid up wid a faverish cold, an' very bad wid it, too.

"The hard times was *goin'* in the Coombe just then, and so was the prosletyzing an' you'd see nothin' from mornin' till night but ladies and parsons sailin' up an' down, their hands full o' tracts an' bibles, an' all sorts o' good advice to the cratures that was shiverin' wid cold an' hunger; an' a many time I heerd them warnin' the people agen their own priest, an' talkin' about idolatry an' such like, till the tongue grew dry in their heads.

"When me father began to get better he was terribly wake entirely, an' when he was a'most faintin' away one day, me mother axed one o' the ladies for a little help.

"She kem in, and talked real fine about the blindness of Catholics,

an' wiped her eyes over their lost condition, until me father was gaspin.'

"At last she turned to go, an' thrust a big bible into his hand.

"'There, me poor foolish man,' she sez, 'let the word o' God be yer food and yer drink, an'——'

"'Asy, ma'am,' sez me mother, steppen over an' whippin' the book out ov his hand.

"'I'm very much obliged to ye, ma'am,' she says, 'but I'd rayther not give him food o' that kind 'ithout the doctor's permission; besides, ma'am,' says she, 'the crature's wakely, an' the weight o' that 'd be too heavy on his stummick. It'll save ye the bit of mate on some other crather, ma'am.'

"Oh, la," said Ned, chuckling with all his old vivacity, "if ye'd seen the face o' th' ould apostle, as she darted out like a lightnin' flash, an' every time she'd pass that way, an' me mother'd drop her a curtesy, as respectful-like, be the way, as if it was the cardinal himself, why the look the old lady'd give at her would cut her across if she was any o' yer lath an' plaster build.

"So me mother went to one o' the priests, an' he gev her a letter to a lady, whose young daughter, the priest said, was dyin'; an' the lady herself was very good to us all, as long as she stopped in Dublin.

"I was lobbin' one evenin' near the University Chapel, wid young Jack Neill, whose whole family the neighbors used to say had gone over to the Ragged School Creed.

"There was a lot o' people goin' in, and among the rest Lady Grace's carriage drove up. This was the lady who had been so good to us while father was sick, an' I knew them well.

"The lady helped her daughter out of the carriage, an both went into the chapel, the young lady carrying a fancy basket filled up with the most beautiful flowers I had ever seen.

"The young lady herself looked like what ye'd imagine an angel to be.

"I never seen such a clear white face, such large dark eyes, an' such a lot ov lovely shinin' hair.

"She was as pale an' delicate lookin' as the white flowers she carried in her basket.

"I was longin' to see what she was goin' to do, so I peeped in, an' as no one seemed to be mindin', I got up into the chapel, an' there I saw the young lady kneelin' before the altar as motionless as if she was dead.

"Afther a bit I kem out, an' Jack Neill was standin' at the doore. I axed him what he wanted, an' he said, wid a grin, that he was goin' in to his prayers; but I knew that he was too far gone with the prosletyzing for that.

"In a few minits Lady Grace an' her daughter kem out.

"The young lady missed the carriage step and stumbled, the empty basket she carried rolled under the carriage, and, before I had time to prevent him, Jack Neill had picked it up an' was gone.

"One or two of the beautiful white flowers havin' remained, I suppose, in the bottom, an' rolled out o' the basket as it fell, I picked them

up as carefully as I could, an' when the lady herself had helped her daughter into the carriage, I handed the couple av flowers up to her.

"The servants was pushin' me away, when the young lady whispered somethin' to her mother, an' she beckoned me over, and told the servants to stand aside.

"'I'll make you a present of the flowers, little boy,' said she, smiling in such an innocent-like way, as a little child might, 'and, as this is May eve, I should like you to lay them on the altar of our dear mother Mary.'

"'But where is my basket?' she said, suddenly, 'perhaps there are more in it.'

"Of course I wouldn't say anything, though I knew very well; but just then a policeman kem up, holdin' Jack Neill be the collar, an' carryin' the young lady's basket.

"'Here is the thief, my lady,' said the policeman, and, before he had time to say more, the young lady said, in her own sweet way,—

"'Oh, poor boy, he knew no better; please let him off, policeman, he will do better for the future. Will you not, little boy?'

"Neill made promises enough, and pretended to sob an' cry, an' wiped his eyes over an' over wid the cuff ov his coat, until the young lady didn't seem able to stand much more, and her mother sent them all about their business, pretty smart.

"But the young lady whispered somethin' again to her mother, who said to Jack Neill and me,—

"'Do you boys watch the carriage here to-morrow at this hour; my daughter wants to make a present to each of you.'

"My heart jumped up in my mouth, so did Jack Neill's, I dar say, for he was expectin' somethin' very grand, I knew afther, but at the time I wasn't thinkin' o' what she was goin' to give, only ov seein' her, an' spakin' to her again.

"I dunno," Ned Warne continued, meditatively, "what must o' come over me then; but I thought the young lady's face shone with light, an' I felt glad somehow, as if I'd seen an angel, an' I stood there starin' after the carriage, until Jack Neill's capers roused me. He was dancin' an' chucklin' an' goin' mad wid delight at his good luck, as he called it, till the policeman that had caught him ordered us to move on.

"Then I remembered me flowers, an' went into the chapel to do as the young lady had told me, an' lay them on th' altar.

"The place was nearly empty now, an' as no one was mindin' me, I stole up to the Blessed Virgin's altar, which was done up splendid, an' shinin' wid lights and flowers, the loveliest I ever seen, an' there in the centre, at the very foot o' the statue, I saw the white flowers, the identical same as I held in my hand.

"I stole up nearer an' nearer, lookin' all 'round me now an' again, for I was afeard, you see," said Ned, half shyly, "that anybody, any o' the lads, I mane, would see me puttin' the flowers on th' altar, like, like a girl, you know, so that I felt more as if I was stalin' th' flowers than if I was givin' them. But after a bit I got close enough to the

altar, an' down I laid them along wid th' others, right at the feet o' the statue.

"Then all of a sudden I looked up into the face o' the image, an' I thought it looked straight into me eyes, half smiling and half sorrowful like, an' it seemed to be just the face o' the young lady who had given me the flowers.

"Then, as if somethin' put the thought in me mind, I remembered that that was only meant for a figure o' the Blessed Virgin, an' I began to wonder what I'd think about a good many things, if it was really herself, the Mother of God herself, that was standin' there lookin' at me, an' spakin' to me as the young lady had been spakin' to me just a few minits before.

"Then I wondered which ov all my doin's I'd be the most afeard of, an' somethin' seemed to say over an' over again to me the words I had seen in me catechism.

"'*If you deny me before men, I will also deny you before my Father who is in Heaven*,' an' I grew terrified, an' I went down on my knees an' promised that I'd never forsake me own true religion for money or for food or for anything the world could offer.

"I felt aiser after that, an' then I seen how hard it is for a poor chap like me to stan' by an' see the good things given away an' me left behind, because I wouldn't ridicule the faith I was born in. Then I thought o' what the May devotions, an' all the other devotions that Catholics practise towards the Blessed Virgin, is meant for, as I often heard it explained by the priest, that it was only askin' the Blessed Virgin to get graces from God for us, to intercede for us with her Divine Son, so I felt that she'd help *me* too, an' there an' then I said a Hail Mary with all my heart, an' thank God," said Ned Warne, quaintly and earnestly, "since that the Soupers might offer me Patrick's Church or the full ov it ov goold, an' I wouldn't take it in exchange for me own true Catholic faith."

Ned Warne ceased. I could not speak at the moment, and I was glad to hear William Moore inquire earnestly, —

"Did you go next day, Ned, or did the young lady come?"

"The young lady *did* come," was Ned's emphatic reply. "Jack Neill and meself were waitin' there when they, the servants, *carried* her into the chapel an out ov it again.

"She saw us at once an' beckoned us over, to give us two of the loveliest bunches o' flowers I ever seen in me life. This was when she was goin' in.

"'Little boys,' she said, her voice was only a whisper, 'together we will make our offering on the first of May, and ask our dear Mother Mary for the grace we most need. Do you not think,' she said smiling, 'that the grace of a happy death would be the best request for me to make?'

"I followed the servants as close as I could, an' laid my flowers side by side with hers. I kept one, a weeny half-blown bud, an' stuck it into the inside pocket ov me jacket.

"I saw the young lady's lips movin' an' I knew she asked somethin' very earnestly.

"I prayed, too, the same prayer I made the evenin' before. When I was goin' round wid the telegraph that evenin' I saw Jack Neill sellin' his flowers to a lady who was dressed out like for a party.

"I kep' the little bud up very careful in fresh water every day.

"It began to grow an' open out as if 'twas in the fresh earth. In a week it was a lovely full-blown flower, whiter an' lovelier than any o' th'others.

"Then one mornin' I rowled it careful in white paper, an' brought it wid me to the chapel, intendin' to lay it on the altar like th' others.

"There was a lot o' people round about, an' I was hard set to get in at all; but bein' purty well used to a crowd, I elbowed my way through them, an' saw that Mass was goin' on, an' that a coffin was laid in the middle o' the chapel.

"Feelin' curious to know who was dead, I walked straight up an' read on the breast plate — Mary Agnes Grace, died 6th May, 1880, aged 13 years, R. I. P.

"I laid the flower upon the *coffin*, and I went home.

"That's all!" finished Ned Warne, shortly, and then, with an' awkward laugh and turning his face to the wall, he said, "Yez needn't think from all this that I'm one o' the pious sort o' fella's that they do be laughin' at on the stands."

"Hush, my boy," said one of the good sisters, impressively. "You ought never cease thanking God for that month of May."

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## A MAY BLOSSOM.

THERE were four children in the great house on the hill — Agatha and Frances and Eleanor and Louis. Once there had been eight children there. Between Eleanor and Louis there came three rosy-cheeked, noisy, mirthful boys, and one strong, beautiful girl.

In those days the great house on the hill was full of merriment; from morning to night you heard gay voices and laughter, light steps, snatches of song. Then, suddenly, in one strange month, that seemed longer than the longest year, and yet so terribly short when all was over, those three boys and that strong beautiful girl, were dead.

The month was January. For many a year when January came with its drifting snows and whistling wind Eleanor and Frances and Agatha used to speak to each other in choked whispers, as though their hearts would break with the bitter memories of that sad past, of those hours of pain and waiting, of the glimpses they had, at times, of the darkened rooms where the sick children struggled with the fever, of their mother's white, still face, of her marvellous patience. Her *patience* — this it was which, more than all else, they remembered — this, more than all else, brought the tears still to their eyes.

"Our mamma is very good," said Eleanor.

But much as her children loved her, and deeply as they had felt her suffering and her patience, they could not know how great that suffering and patience had been. Her Lord, who did know, set His own lovely seal upon it, giving her, in return for her constant and joyful submission, a beautiful reward.

When that strange January was over at last, leaving the mother free to come among her other children, because those four sick little ones needed her care no longer, but had gone home to their other Mother — our blessed Lady — who would keep them tenderly in her holy care, — when February was gone, and March and April, and still the house seemed empty and quiet and very sad — when the first day of our Lady's own dear month dawned, bright with sunshine and mild with balmy airs, a baby, a very tiny, very frail, very silent baby, opened its great blue eyes in the house upon the hill.

They thought it best to tell the children at once what the doctor said, lest their joy should be too great, and be followed soon by too keen a grief. "It's life hangs on a thread," said the doctor.

"It may hang on a thread, dear," the mother whispered to the weeping Frances, "but it is a thread that God's hand is holding, and only He can cut it."

"But suppose He should," sobbed Frances; "suppose He should?"

"Then," the mother answered, with her steadfast, upward look, "then His holy and perfect will be done."

And she never once faltered in her wonderful submission, during the months that followed of suspense and trembling hope. When friends said to her, "How can you bear it?" she answered smiling, "It is God's will; whatever He wills is best."

"Whether he live or whether he die," she said, "he is for God alone," and carrying the light form upon her breast, catching the faint, feeble breath upon her cheek, bending her ear often and often close to the heart, to find whether it was still beating, she did not fondle him with the caresses she had lavished on her other darlings, nor say to him the sweet, silly baby words she had said to them. Instead, she whispered to him of God, and of the things of God, sang glorias and alleluiahs and holy hymns and chants about Him, prayed day and night, "Thy will, O God, be done." And His will was the little child should live.

People said the lady of the great house on the hill had altered since her sorrows; that she was more calm and self-contained, and kept her feelings and emotions closely hidden. They would not have said so could they have seen her now.

"It is your true Mother's month which opens with your birthday to-morrow, dear Louis. You shall carry flowers to her altar with your own hands. She stood beside the Cross — she will teach us to stand there. She knows how sweet it is to sorrow and to suffer, since they who suffer and sorrow are comforted by her dearest Lord and ours. If we should shed no tears now, my darling, how could we know the rapture, by-and-by, of feeling His hand wipe them forever from our eyes? Yes, you shall bear flowers to-morrow to our Bright Morning Star, dear child. She will lead you always nearest to the perfect day."

And then she said the blessed Virgin's Litany beside him, and presently he slept; but for a long time still she prayed. So long she prayed that you might have fancied it was the reason that she slept so soundly all that night, and yet, it was her usual habit to pray as long, and still to waken at any movement of the dear child near her. This night she did not wake.

But this night, just as, far away upon the hills, the grey, dim dawn was faintly breaking, and the first low chirping of a bird stole in upon yet hardly seemed to mar the intense silence — while still the moon was shining, and the shadows of the trees lay long and black upon the green sward, sparkling with myriad dewdrops in the moonlight — those great blue eyes opened in the house upon the hill, and, through the curtains, saw the great, white morning star resplendent in the unclouded sky.

Quietly for a time this favored child, our Lady's darling, lay there looking upward at that glorious sign, and in the house everyone else was sleeping, and their angels kept watch and ward beside them, grand and glorious, praising God, and on every altar round about the place the Sacred Heart was throbbing with the fires of a ceaseless love. And presently the child's face began to shine, as with a reflected holy light, and his breath came quick, and his heart beat quick.

"Mamma! mamma!" he called softly; but no one answered.

She had never failed to hear his lightest call before. Perhaps she had risen, then, and gone to our Lady's shrine. She had told him he must come there, too, with flowers. And, with his eyes and his heart turned away by a holy spell from earthly love and fears, led by a star, the child arose, and drawing on with unaccustomed hands some scanty clothing, went down the broad old stairway, dimly lighted by the moonbeams. The ancient portraits on the walls seemed to follow with loving eyes the tiny figure gliding gently, like a moonbeam, from stair to stair, but beside the door the faithful watch-dog lay and slumbered. Ready ever to wake at need, it did not heed the foot that passed close beside it, nor the hand that drew back the bolt and opened the door which Louis had never opened in his life before.

The moon, streaming in full and clearly now, showed a vase upon a table and a great bunch of lilies of the valley. "She said these were for our Lady." Was this the child's thought, or had he any real thought about them? All his heart was full of the fire of love with which the Sacred Heart was burning. He took the lilies, as he did all else that night, led on by a higher power than human reason.

Into the undazzling whiteness of the moonlight flooding all the air the child passed fearlessly. His bare feet pressed the grasses and the violets wet with dew, yet felt no chill. The night breeze pierced his garments, and seemed only to waft him more swiftly to the happy place where his whole soul longed to be. With the spotless lilies lying on his spotless heart of love, with his innocent eyes uplifted to the lustrous guiding star, he sped onward, through the dawning, towards the perfect day. And, grand and glorious, his guardian angel went beside him keeping tireless watch and ward.

Passing in beneath the vast church portal, bending low, and blessing himself with the sign of that "sweetest cause" he had early learned to love, gliding like a spirit up the solemn nave, past many a tomb of knight and lady, onward, onward with his noiseless, fearless feet, with the unearthly lovelight in his eyes, with the rapturous smile parting his innocent lips, on, into the glorious choir and up the marble steps, the child went steadily, and kneeling, laid his pure and fragrant offering at that most dear mother's feet.

And kneeling there he did not know that one by one the stars had gone, and the grey dawn had changed into the brilliant morning. Led by a star, he had come safely to the young child with Mary, His Mother, and he knew nothing more. His lips spoke neither praise nor prayer. Kneeling there, he simply *loved.*

In the great house on the hill the lady wakened, to find the crib beside her empty, and her Louis gone; a pang, like a sharp-piercing sword, went through her.

"Now, God's will be done," she said. "Has the time come, then? God's will alone be done."

Through the great hall door, unbarred, half open — following the traces of white lilies fallen here and there upon the path — calling upon none to help her except the divine help that had come to be her only needed aid — feeling the cold dews send a thrill of deep foreboding over her — on into the church the lady went. And, all alone, before his dearest Mother's altar, scarcely half clad, in the cold stone church, with his uncovered head resting on the cushion where he always knelt, and the morning light through the great painted windows casting a long shadow of the "sweetest cross" upon him, our blessed lady's darling lay, white and silent, as the lilies before her shrine.

His tender human mother stayed her eager footsteps, commanded with heroic strength the faltering of her lips, the human, desperate fear and hungry love that were tearing at her heart.

"Long ago," she said, patiently; then — "long ago," she said, with a ring of triumph in her voice, "I gave him to Thee alone, my God. Claim him and me when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, my God."

And, bending down to listen, as she had often done in his frail babyhood, behold, her child — God's child, was only sleeping, though she could not know what saintly rapture had tired out the strength that, in heaven, would know no limit to its ecstatic love of God.

Nor did he ever suffer more from that night's exposure.

Joyous and pure to its close, his life — and it was a long life — flowed gently on, with nothing in it that the world calls great and worthy of fame; but to the end he loved God, and he pleased God with the ceaseless offering of a clean and holy heart.

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SOLVING THE LABOR PROBLEM.—"Are you going to strike, ma?" asked the little boy, as he tremblingly gazed upon the uplifted shingle.

"That's just what I'm going to do."

"Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you strike?"

"I am just going to arbitrate," she said as the shingle descended

and raised a cloud of dust from the seat of a pair of pantloons. "I am just going to arbitrate, my son, and this shingle is the board of arbitration."

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## THE EAST.

1. That the Apostles turned towards the east while in prayer.

2. That the Holy Spirit descended on them from the east on Pentecost.

3. That we should all turn towards the Holy Land, where our Lord was born.

4. That as our Lord was the great light of the world, we should turn towards the brightest quarter of the world as a figure of his glory.

5. That as our Lord was crucified looking towards the west, the roods, placed in the same position, face the faithful.

6. That the star appeared in the east to the three wise men at the birth of our Lord.

7. To distinguish the faithful from heretics, who, being without faith or unity, turn in any direction.

8. That according to the traditional belief of the Church, our Lord will come from the east to judge the living and the dead.

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MATRIMONIAL SUFFERERS. — In most things in this world that involve error, women suffer more keenly for their imprudence than men. Take unequal marriages, for instance. A young man who marries beneath him is to be pitied; but we cannot commisserate him as we do a young girl who has perpetrated an equally fatal blunder. He had all the world before him from which to choose. He wields by natural right, a more powerful, farther-reaching sceptre than she. Cophetua may woo the beggar maid, and the chances are as ten to one that the beggar maid, wearing royal robes, shall do him honor on the throne she shares. Were the cases reversed, the old homely proverb would be far more likely to be realized, that "you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear." A man's character and tastes are generally formed before he is twenty-one. But a woman's desire to please is so great that she may be almost entirely remolded after marriage, so the marriage be one of love, and the husband good enough, patient enough, and wise enough to conduct the experiment. But if a woman, whose life is spent in her home, makes a mistake with regard to him who is to be the king and lord, the house-bond and support of the home, she is a fit object for the pity of angels and men. Then look after the intimacies of your daughters, and do not leave them to rely upon their own judgment, however wise they may seem for their years.

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COLD FEET.— Use a foot bath each night of cold water, with two pounds of fuller's earth dissolved in the water.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1888.

# NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### Cardinal Newman's Birthday.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S eighty-seventh birthday was celebrated February 21, at the Oratory, Birmingham, in the usual manner. The cardinal, who was in excellent health, said an early Mass in his own room, and later attended High Mass in the Church. Subsequently he received congratulatory visits from various Catholic residents of the neighborhood; and a large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received from all parts of the world. During the day his Eminence corrected the proofs of an article contributed to the Nineteenth Century.

### Destruction of the Emblem of Salvation.

THE grave is not even free from Orange malice and bigotry. The blood-curdling stories of the midnight deeds of vampires which are to be found in a certain class of literature might find an additional chapter in part of the proceedings of the Armagh grand jury lately. Mr. Small, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, erected a monument to his father in the churchyard of Clare, in the county Armagh. On the top was a small cross, and at the bottom the inscription, "*Requiescat in pace.*" These features were brought under the notice of the Church Vestry, but Orange malice and bigotry could not wait, and a midnight raid was made, and the monument smashed. The grand jury of Armagh granted Mr. Small the full amount of the cost of the stone, though not without some bickering on the part of a few of its members. The story is like one from Fiji, only with this difference, that the islanders of the Pacific would have had the courage to demolish the stone in daylight.

THE Catholic Club, of the City of New York, has expelled one of its members, Mr. Sylvester L. Malone, for publicly acting like a bad Catholic by giving sympathy and encouragement to a contumacious priest, whom the Pope has excommunicated by name. The Club would be false to its name if it harbored such a man. There is no middle ground in this crisis. Either a Catholic must obey the ecclesiastical authorities, or he must go out.

### Noble Revenge.

ON last Sunday, March 4, in the Cathedral, His Grace the Archbishop alluded to the calumnies which had recently appeared against him in a letter to a city paper. He said he had made of them a thank-offering to God for the many blessings He had been pleased to bestow on his administration. He had taken the letter, placed it in an envelope, put it in the breast pocket of his soutane, over his heart, and had then gone to make a visit of an hour to the Blessed Sacrament, praying constantly, "My Jesus, mercy" for the souls in purgatory, and for the conversion of his calumniator. — *Catholic Weekly Review, Toronto, Canada.*

### Catholic Young Men's National Union.

THE Catholic Young Men's National Union, embracing seventy-seven societies, and representing ten thousand five hundred and seventy-nine Catholic young men, scattered throughout the United States, will meet in Cincinnati this month. Preparations are being made to royally entertain the visiting brethren by the local societies. The Springer Institute (thanks to Rev. Mackey) has been secured for all sessions of the Convention.

### The Pope's Jubilee.

A CALCULATION, according to which the Jubilee gifts of the Holy Father include no less than 800 episcopal rings, 9,000 chalices, 30,000 stoles, 100,000 pectoral crosses (can this be correct?), 50,000 vestments

for Mass, and 40,000 albs! And yet cases are daily arriving and being unpacked. With reference to the marvellous stole, presented by the ladies of Bogotà, the capital of Colombia, it is affirmed to contain 14,800 pearls, 800 emeralds, and 340 diamonds. Really, the Vatican Exhibition recalls the Arabian Nights.

### The Social Question.

CARDINAL MANNING'S articles and letters on the Social Question have attracted considerable attention in the Catholic press abroad. In the Observateur Française there is an article signed by the Vicomte de Foucault; whilst an article of very similar tone and sentiment appears in the Moniteur de Rome. The leading German Catholic organ, Germania, calls his Eminence's action in this question, "A new service rendered by the great English Prince of the Church, upon whom the German Catholics look with joyful veneration and the deepest reverence; and that service is one on behalf of the poor and needy, whose cause has so often been taken in hand by Cardinal Manning."

A SUCCESSOR to the lamented Archabbot Wimmer, of St. Vincent's Benedictine Abbey in Westmoreland County, Pa., has been elected in the person of the Very Rev. Father A. Hintenach, O. S. B. The first choice of the chapter fell on the Right Rev. Abbot Innocent Wolfe, of Kansas, but he declined the office.

A WRITER in the Boston Transcript who signs himself a "Protestant," speaking of the great growth of Catholic education in New England, says: "I honor the Catholic Church for its zeal in the cause of education, and as a Saxon I admire the Irish for their love of knowledge. Nor shall I ever forget that Irish missionaries helped to convert my ancestors to the Christian religion."

ALL Catholic parents should send their children to their parochial schools. The salvation of their souls should not be endangered.

IN Morris's interesting Life of St. Patrick, which has just reached a third edition, he calls attention to the mass of material which exists for a history of ancient Ireland. Hundreds of Gaelic works in manuscript are awaiting the enterprising student in the libraries of Trinity College, Dublin, and the British Museum and Bodleian. Ancient annals of Ireland and historic tales probably make up the bulk of these unexplored literary treasures.

### A Good Report by Father Conaty.

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|---|---|
| Br. 304, Ware | $100 00 |
| So. Framingham, per J. Fennessy | 25 00 |
| Wm. O'Brien Br., West Fitchburg | 110 00 |
| Br. 212, Taunton | 325 00 |
| Br. 704, Blackstone | 50 00 |
| Danvers Br., per W. B. Sullivan | 101 00 |
| Gloucester Br. 353, Margaret O'Reilly | 150 00 |
| Boston Municipal Council | 1,000 00 |
| Br. 770, Fall River | 100 00 |
| Millville Br., per John Connolly | 30 00 |
| Robert Emmet Br., Fitchburg | 400 00 |
| Somerville Br. | 336 00 |
| Newburyport Br., 508 | 44 00 |
| Waltham Br., per Joseph Martin | 7 00 |
| Salem Br. | 500 00 |
| Springfield Br | 500 00 |
| Chicopee Falls Br. | 28 00 |
| Quincy Br. | 20 00 |
| Brockton Br. | 100 00 |
| Lowell Br. | 502 00 |
| Grattan Br., East Cambridge | 290 00 |
| Natick Br. | 230 00 |
| Medford | 70 00 |
| Parnell Br., New Bedford | 200 00 |
| Gloucester, Esmonde Demonstration | 72 85 |
| East Cambridge, Cambriege, Somerville, Arlington Brs. | 421 21 |
| Worcester Br. | 159 00 |
| Milbury Br., per J. J. Mack | 95 00 |
| Parnell Literary Assoc., Attleboro' | 350 00 |
| Nashua, N. H. Br., per Rev. W. J. Connor | 323 29 |
| Total | $6,639 35 |
| Previously reported | 6,483 52 |
| | $13,122 87 |

REV. T. J. CONATY, Treas. I. N. L.
Worcester, Mass., March, 1888.

### More Money for the Irish Cause.

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association, held at the Hoffman House, New York, it was decided to forward to Mr. Parnell $10,000 from the fund now in the hands of the Treasurer, Eugene Kelly.

WE (Dramatic Times) are in receipt of the following:

*To the Editor:* The "Fulton Crusade Syndicate," in consequence of a constant demand for Editor's Copies, have decided to mail a prepaid copy to each of those papers which insert the attached notice, or one of kindred nature. On receipt of marked copy of paper, the book will be promptly forwarded. Address, A. A. WOODBRIDGE, Manager Fulton's Crusade.

Accompanying the above was a long printed notice puffing up the book yclept, Why Priests Should Wed. We notice the book with pleasure, but we must decline to publish the rigmarole sent. The volume, we have no hesitation in saying, should be consigned to the sewer, and the author, or alleged author, one Justin D. Fulton, a blatant, foul-mouthed, and indecent sensationalist, judging from his public utterances, should be tarred, feathered, and flung into the gutter.

THE publishers of Fulton's infamously dirty book find, in some cities, but few of the most needy newspapers willing to soil their columns by advertising it. It is to the credit of St. Louis that not one newspaper proprietor would accept of the "dollars" at the expense of "decency."

THE Holy Father received a Jubilee address and offering from 351 houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, containing eight thousand Sisters and thirty thousand aged poor, transmitted by the founder of the institute, the Abbé le Pailleur.

EARL DUFFERIN'S sympathies are unquestionably with his Irish countrymen in the present struggle. It is reported that Parnell recently received a lengthy epistle from him, in which he tendered not only financial aid to the Home Rule cause, but also promised his support on his return to England. With Gladstone, Morley and Dufferin by their side the gallant Parnellites may well feel confident of success, observes the Michigan Catholic.

MAUCH CHUNK, PA., Feb. 28, 1888.
MR. PATRICK DONAHOE, Dear Sir:—
Enclosed please find post-office order for the sum of four dollars, in payment for your able MAGAZINE for the last and present year. And may God give you many more years to work for our race, and in the field of which you are the pioneer, and in which you made your name honored and respected the world over. Yours truly,
JAMES J. BOYLE, J. P.

### The Great University.

THE contract for the stonework and brickwork of the new Catholic University at Washington, D. C., has been awarded to Mr. Bryan Hanrahan, of Baltimore. The work of excavating the cellar for the first building is nearly completed, and the building will commence immediately. The material will be of Potomac Bluestone, with Ohio sandstone trimmings. The corner-stone will be laid on the 24th of May.

### Don't Wed A Protestant.

OUR priests and other spiritual leaders have been again and again teaching — nay, more, anxiously exhorting us not to enter into mixed marriages. No matter what the wealth is, no matter how evenly tempered the pair may be — each think! And thoughts are the seats of action. The husband thinks this spiritually, and the wife thinks that. True, the husband, when he got married, promised that he would permit his wife to follow the True Faith, and gave her permission to bring up her children in her faith, but still the old heresy is rancouring in the husband's mind. He never loses his thoughts; she never loses hers, and here is one, only one result. The daily papers recently printed this telegram from a Western City, giving the names of the parties to the tragedy: "A Catholic girl married a Lutheran, a child was born to them, the Catholic mother took it to a priest to be baptized, the father in a rage beat the mother, cut the child's throat, and committed suicide."

### Gladstone and the Anglican Clergy.

16 JAMES STREET, S. W., March 2.

MY DEAR MR. DEAN:—I have had the honor to receive a letter addressed to me by a body of more than two hundred and fifty clergymen of the Church of England, who in it have strongly expressed their approval of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland. I rejoice to perceive in this list so many names besides your own, distinguished for sound judgment and wide practical experience, for learning and ability, for self-denying and devoted service. Other names are known to me of distinguished men, who, without concurring in every phrase of this letter, agree heartily in its cardinal proposition, or who, having no example as to any of its expressions, have shrunk from exposing themselves and their families, or the work they have in hand, to the consequences of a public declaration of this kind, consequences known to me in more than one painful instance. I entertain a lively hope that reflection and further information as to many odious proceedings now carried on in Ireland, and thinly covered (as has for centuries been the established practice), by the desecrated name of law and order, will greatly widen among the established clergy, as they have already so much widened among our countrymen at large, the conviction that no honor and no advantage can be gained by a continued refusal to accede to the moderately and constitutionally expressed demands of the Irish people. I remain, with much regard, faithfully yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

BISHOP IRELAND said the other day at Baltimore: "I was once asked to preach on St. Patrick's Day, and I felt proud of

the invitation. Oh! I gave it to whiskey, and I horrified the pastor. He said: 'You'll ruin me; the pillars of my church are liquor dealers.' After the sermon I went to see the parade, and I found every marshal a saloon keeper. To-day in that town, out of three hundred or four hundred saloon keepers, but three or four are Irish."

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By a special decree the Pope has granted a plenary indulgence once a month to those who recite each day the little Office of the Blessed Virgin.

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### Chinese Labor.

The new treaty between China and the United States was signed by the officials on both sides in Washington on the 14th of March. It provides for an indemnity of $275,000 for violence to the Chinese in the Pacific territories of the United States; and it prohibits the entrance into this country of coolie labor from Chinese ports during a period of twenty years. It allows Chinese having families here, or property of a value of $1,000 or more, to go to China and return to this country, provided they return within a year, or with a consular certificate if longer detained by specified causes. As, however, the bulk of the coolie labor imported into America comes from British ports, over which the Chinese Government has no jurisdiction, it is evident this treaty will have no practical effect in checking Chinese immigration unless Congress takes action to supplement its provisions by direct legislation. And right here lies the danger that such legislation may easily be so perverted that the remedy may speedily prove worse than the evil it is designed to correct.

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### Ireland Free From Crime!

The so-called "outrage return" shows that in all Ireland, last year, there were six murders, two cases of manslaughter, one of attempted murder, all other offences against the person being only ninety-two. This was the year it was deemed necessary to pass a Coercion Act. A single Old Bailey sessions in London would have shown a larger calendar.

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### The Shields' Swords.

A bill appropriating $10,000 for the purchase of certain swords belonging to the widow of Gen. James Shields, was, on motion of Mr. Tilman of South Carolina, taken up in the House of Representatives on Thursday, by unanimous consent and passed. Before its passage several members indulged in eulogies of Gen. Shields. Mr. Mansur, of Missouri, said that Gen. Shields had displayed on the field of battle a courage of an almost superlative order. Mr. Baker, of Illinois, said he was a man uniting the character of lawyer, judge, senator, knight-errant, General — a man whose name was immortally connected with the battlefields of Cerro Gordo and Chepultepec. Mr. Warner, of Missouri, said that Gen. Shields had the courage of a Marshal Ney, and was imbued with the love of patriotism of a Winklereid. Mr. Springer, of Illinois, said that the pending proposition was a tribute which the country owed to one of the greatest men who ever adorned our history. Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, referring to the fact that Gen. Shields was an Irishman by birth, said that never had history pointed to an Irishman who had not fought with great courage on the field of battle. Mr. Glover, of Missouri, said that Gen. Shields was the Irish Lafayette. If glory could be appraised, the swords were worth millions, and belonged to the people of the United States as part of the imperishable glory of its record. Mr. Tillman, referring to the admiration of the South for Gen. Shields' bravery in the Mexican War, said that that admiration had not been lessened by the fact that he fought against the South in the unfortunate Civil War. The bill was then passed.

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There are 1,390 churches in the United States dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the various titles; 560 to St. Joseph, and 466 to St. Patrick.

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### For Australia.

The Rev. Dr. Verdon, who has so long filled the office of Vice-President of the Irish College, will leave Rome, to accept the position of President of St. Patrick's College at Sydney, Australia. This new college has been recently erected by his Eminence Cardinal Moran, at a cost of £64,000, and will provide accommodation for one hundred and fifty students. The Rev. Dr. Verdon will visit Ireland, and will return to embark at Naples. The Rev. gentleman has received at the hands of the Holy Father the honorary title of Monsignor, previous to his assuming charge of St. John's College at Sydney.

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### The Population of Ireland.

The registrar-general has issued statistics showing the estimated population

of Ireland. Last year it was 4,837,352, of which during the quarter ending 31st of December last, 9,628 persons, comprising 4,670 males and 4,958 females, emigrated, being 550 more than in the corresponding quarter of 1886, and 42 over the average number for the fourth quarter of the preceding ten years. There is an increase of pauperism.

BISHOP WALSH, of London, Ont., met with a painful mishap at the Gilsey House, New York, on the night of March 19. In attempting to close the transom over the door in his room, he slipped from the chair, on which he stood, and fell, breaking his right leg at the knee. He was removed to the New York Hospital.

UNDER the will of the late W. W. Corcoran, whose death at Washington we announced recently, the three Orphan Asylums in the District receive $5,000 each, and the Little Sisters of the Poor, $3,000.

A SAD calamity has befallen the historic Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps. The immunity it had enjoyed for centuries from the avalanches that thundered round its hospitable cloisters was broken on Sunday, the 4th of March, when its church was buried beneath one of these destructive snowslips. Happily, however, the monks were prepared for such a contingency, and no loss of life ensued on the occasion. The incident possesses general interest from the fact of the good monks and their famous breed of dogs — comrades in the charitable rescue of bewildered and perishing travellers in the snowy passes — being amongst the earliest known of our household words.

### High License.

MR. WILLIAM J. ONAHAN testifies that high license in Chicago "has driven out of existence the pest of the home, the curse of the family — the bar in the family grocery, which is no longer seen here." Besides, it "has aided to lift us out of the quagmire of saloon politics, though much yet remains to be done in order that our emancipation may be complete." It has checked the increase of saloons aud raised a revenue (nearly two millions) "more than sufficient to cover the outlay for our police."

ON the recommendation of Bishop Ireland, the Rev. JOHN F. DOLPHIN, of Hastings, Minn., has been appointed by President Cleveland post-chaplain in the United States Army. Father Dolphin is a native of Boston, and was educated in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained for the Diocese of St. Paul, two years ago.

### Commissioners of Savings Banks.

THE Saturday Evening Gazette has these timely remarks: "Are the Savings Banks Commissioners of Massachusetts sound asleep? Do they know what duties the State and the people expect them to perform, and why they receive appointment? Is it right that a man should be president of a savings bank, with a salary amounting to a quarter of one per cent. of the deposits paid him by the depositors to look after their interests; that that same man should at the same time, be president of a National bank, which pays him another large salary and is entitled to a considerable portion of his time; and that the same man should be a politician and office-holder, with a bee in his bonnet for higher position, which requires more of his time than both of the banks receive put together? This is a case which is said to exist actually, and our Savings Banks Commissioners either do not know it or for certain reasons wink at it. Do these commissioners think that any one man with all these divided interests, duties, and rewards, is a perfectly safe custodian of the deposited money of poor people? Must we have a commission appointed to oversee our commissioners?"

THE celebration of the sacerdotal jubilee of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, will take placeat Notre Dame, Indiana, on the Feast of the Assumption.

TO the many persons who still regard Gen. Sheridan as a possible candidate for the Presidency, the General says he will not be badgered into discussing the question further. When the time comes he may think proper to say something on the subject. In the little side talk about the prominence of the mention of his name for the Presidency, he said: "I have led forlorn hopes enough in the army. I do not feel like being pushed ahead to lead the forlorn hope of a political party. This being pulled and hauled by politicians does not suit a soldier."

THE President of the United States was fifty-one years old on the 18th of March. His good wife is only twenty-four years.

"He who feareth man," says Solomon, "shall quickly fall. He who trusteth in the Lord shall be set on high."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor says in his Star, "I am able to state that, before Sir Michael Hicks-Beach consented to enter the Cabinet, he required and obtained a distinct guarantee that no more Press prosecutions should be undertaken.

By the death of the Emperor William of Germany, William III., King of the Netherlands, becomes the *doyen* of reigning monarchs. He was born February, 1817. Dom Pedro of Brazil has been the longest on the throne, having succeeded his father, who abdicated in April, 1831. Alfonso, King of Spain, is the youngest in the list of rulers.

While attending her duties in retirement and prayer, St. Frances of Rome attended promptly to every household duty, saying: "A married woman must leave God at the altar to find Him in her domestic cares."

### Journalism Before the Revolution.

That Irishmen played prominent parts in the newspaper history of our country, previous to the American Revolution, is proven by the records of Hugh Gaine and Andrew Brown, two able and tireless workers who were the first to start journals in the great States of New York and Pennsylvania. Hugh Gaine began the publication of the New York Mercury in 1752, and Andrew Brown was the co-worker with Ben Franklin in the establishment of the Pennsylvania Gazette. They were both ardent patriots and knew how to give and take hard knocks.

The St. Patrick's Day procession in Boston, under the management of Col. R. F. Scannell, was a marked success. The horsemanship, from the Colonel and his aids, down to the rank and file, was equal to veteran riders.

Donahoe's Magazine is said to have a circulation of ten thousand copies. Patrick Donahoe, the proprietor, is to be congratulated on his successful enterprise. He can justly claim first rank as a founder of flourishing literary enterprises. — *The Newsman, for March.*

Thanks, Brother Daly. Donahoe's has the largest circulation of any Catholic magazine in the world.

### The Working Boys' Home.

The concert and lecture for the benefit of this institution on St. Patrick's Night, was a great success. Father Conaty's address was a masterpiece of eloquence. He concluded: — "Ireland appeals to the world by the Gospel which her apostles have preached to the nations of Europe. She appeals by the learning of her schools, and the sanctity of her teachers; she appeals by the blood shed for conscience; she appeals by her children dying in the ditches, wasting in the workhouse and withering away in famine ships, all victims of alien misrule. She appeals by her devotion to liberty, shown on the world's battlefields from Fontenoy to Fredericksburg. She appeals by seven hundred years of suffering under oppression, never yielding, but ever crying out for liberty. She appeals by her homes, her altars, and her land — and the world will hear her, and she will have her own again.

"Erin, Mother Erin, must your sons always dream of independence? Must they always stretch the hand to liberty and never grasp it? Will the hope of patriot and of lover never be realized? Forbid it, God, for whom our fathers died. Forbid it, countries, for whom our countrymen suffered. Forbid it, justice! No, my country, in rags and in chains, thou hast long sat by the waters of Babylon mourning for Zion; thy day star appears; liberty is at hand; England's heart is stirred; her sons fight for thee; the emerald gem will be drawn from the stranger's crown and we will salute you, Erin, free and independent nation!"

The silver jubilee of Archbishop Gross of Portland, Oregon; of Rev. William Leowenkamp, provincial of the Order of Redemptorists for the Province of St. Louis, and of Rev. Elias F. Shauer, provincial of the Eastern province of the same order at Baltimore, were celebrated on the same day, March 21, in their respective dioceses.

### New Bishop of Harrisburg.

The lately consecrated Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa., the Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, D. D., was born in Swadlinbar, County Cavan, Ireland, in 1832. His native diocese, Kilmore, has, perhaps, given more priests to the American and other foreign missions than any other single diocese in the English-speaking world. His parents emigrated to America in his infancy, and were among the pioneer settlers of Bradford County, Pa. The future bishop made

his ecclesiastical studies at Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, Md., and at St. Charles Borromeo's, Overbrook, Pa. He was ordained priest in 1861, and, after good work as assistant pastor or pastor in various city and country congregations, was, in 1873, placed in charge of the important parish of St. Joseph's, Danville, Pa., where he remained till he was chosen Bishop of Harrisburg. The official residence of the Bishop of Harrisburg is at Sylvan Heights, just outside the city, and is probably the most picturesque bishop's residence in the United States.

### A Tough Story.

THE Buenos Ayres Standard thus describes the murder of an English engineer, who was constructing a local railway: "A question arose with the navvies about their wages, and some seventy of them suddenly fell on Mr. Clark, and his assistant, Mr. Honeyman. Mr. Clark, in this terribly unequal struggle, showed all the grand pluck and cool heroism of his race. Six times he levelled and fired his revolver, and as many of his assailants rolled dead to the ground. While trying to reload, the furious navvies closed on him. With a last effort he hurled the empty pistol at the nearest of his foes, with such strength and true aim that the fellow was dashed to the earth with his head smashed. Then the rest rushed on him, and the gallant gentleman was absolutely hacked and cut to pieces by them with their spades and picks. Mr. Honeyman barely escaped with his life." The journal quoted is appalled at the idea of "the respect for an Englishman's life descending to zero," and so it suggests that it would "have a good moral effect if a statue were erected to Mr. Clark, with the simple inscription: 'He killed six of the assassins.'" The best feature of the story, says the Pall Mall, remains to be told. Mr. Clark, the picturesquely murdered man, writes to a gentleman in London, who was recently travelling in South America, to the effect that he was not aware that he had been murdered for more than a week after the occurrence, when he read the account in the Standard. He adds that a few weeks ago he bought a new six-barrel revolver, and in order to try it he fired at a number of beer bottles in a row, and knocked six over in succession. Evidently these were the six assassins.

BROTHER LINUS, late of the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston Highlands, has been appointed Superior of the community of the Brothers of Charity, in charge of Buckley Hall Orphanage, recently opened in Rochdale, Eng. A more able, zealous, and devoted director than Brother Linus will be hard to find. In a lengthy article descriptive of the institution, the Rochdale Observer says that "an ordinary elementary education will be given to the children, and it is intended to bring the school up to the requirements of the Elementary Education Acts, so that the grant may be earned after the necessary government inspection. . . . Our representative was assured that the community intend to make the hall (originally a private residence) a real home for the children."

THE Western Watchman is authority for the statement that there are more beggars in the United States to-day than are to be found in all Europe.

### The Mormonism Iniquity.

WHILE the Mormons are permitted to carry on their work of proselytism in Europe, unchecked either by law or by public opinion, in America, where feeling is fresher and younger, they are having a bad time. Six elders went to recruit in Alabama and Georgia, and, we are told by the Chicago Times, were promptly asked to move on. As they hesitated to take the good advice other measures were adopted. Two of the elders were captured and tarred and feathered, and the next day two others were chased into the woods with hounds and kept up in the trees all night. It was afterwards discovered that the Mormons had succeeded in inducing six women to leave their homes. The local papers declare that in the present state of public feeling, if the Mormons re-appear, they will be just shot at sight.

### Two Precious Purchases.

AMONG the interesting archæological works of art purchased for the Science and Art Museum, Dublin, are an unique electrotype reproduction and restoration of the beautiful shrine of St. Manchan, an Irish work of the twelfth century, preserved in the chapel of Boher, parish of Lemanaghan, King's County, which was made by the late Dr. Alexander Carte, and a plaster cast of the shrine of the holy hand of St. Patrick, the original of which was, in the year 1835, in the possession of Mr. McHenry, a farmer living about two miles from Portaferry, county Down.

### German Catholics.

THAT the German Catholics have still many real injustices to groan under, may be seen from the following extraordinary facts: At Boppard-on-the-Rhine there is a Catholic population of over 4,000 souls. The parish church at their disposal is seriously damaged, and in considerable danger of falling in. Moreover, owing to repairs taking place at present, the space within is much cramped, so that the faithful can with difficulty be accommodated. Now, there is in the little town another spacious church, that of the Carmelites. Why cannot this be utilized? Because, at the outbreak of the Kulturkampf, a few years ago, it was violently taken away by the Government from the Catholics and given to the "Old Catholic" sect. At present, according to the *official* statistics of this sect, there are just seventy "Old Catholics" at Boppard; and of these, last Sunday week, only *eight* attended church at all! Applications have been, naturally enough, made to the authorities for a restoration of the Carmelite church to the Catholic bodies, but so far without result. So 4,000 Catholics must wait out in the cold for the sake of eight members of a moribund schism!

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REV. FR. TEELING was an invited guest at the celebration of St. Patrick's Day by the Shields division, No. 9, Ancient Order of Hibernians. The children of St. Patrick, said the reverend gentleman, are known the world over. St. Patrick, himself one of the great men of history, one of the greatest men who ever lived, is not dead; his children live, and he lives in his children. Go where you will, you will find his children. While in the East, he continued, after visiting one of the big pyramids of Egypt, he was asked to partake of a cup of coffee by a man whom he found to be an Irishman and a son of St. Patrick. When St. Patrick died, he may be said to have spread his whole being over the world, so thoroughly besprinkled may the world be said to be by his children. We have no need, he said, to be ashamed of ourselves on account of our race or of our creed; and, in pursuing this line of thought, the speaker outlined the great change in the treatment of the Irish people since he was a boy. He came, he said, from Ireland to this country when two years old, and went to school in Boston and Cambridge. In my boyhood days, he continued, to be an Irishman, or even to be the son of an Irishman, was to be almost a criminal — almost like one coming out of hell. While going to school, he said, he was the only Irish boy there, and he was called an Irishman because he was a Catholic, of which he was proud, since to be Irish and not a Catholic was to be simply an Orangeman and a Protestant, or anti-Catholic. From those days, to look down to the treatment of the Irishmen of to-day, was to observe a mighty change. The grandeur of the sentiment which this country of itself gives forth to the people of the Irish race was worth living to see, and he was moved to thank God that his life had been spared to see it. When a boy at school, he said that had he dared breathe that he would live to see the day when the city of Fall River, the city of Lowell, Lawrence, Boston, and Holyoke, would have a Catholic mayor, he would have been torn to pieces; and yet, thanks be to God, he had lived to see that day, and to be able to observe the wonderful changes which had been made toward his people, in a grandly beautiful country, whose broad catholicity was the result of living and breathing in the air of liberty. Referring to the time when America threw off the British yoke, he claimed that the sentiments of liberty-loving Americans were identical with the spirit actuating the movements of, and beating in the hearts of Irishmen, sentiments congenial to both, and which go hand in hand. We are all Americans, he continued, and we are glad to-day that we have a country for a habitation open for all people who wish to obey its laws, and who wish to abide by its grand dictation. He was thankful to live long enough to witness the downfall of the infernal sentiment which existed against his people when a boy, and desired to return all praise and thanks to God that it exists no longer.

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### Pauperism in London.

ONE out of every forty persons in London is a pauper — that is, out of the four millions that inhabit London there are one hundred thousand who are in receipt of parochial assistance. This estimate takes no account of the relief afforded by private charity, either in an organized form or otherwise; it includes only those who are a direct burden on the rates, either as inmates of workhouses or recipients of outdoor or casual relief. In all the casual wards of the metropolis, the number of berths is one thousand five hundred and nineteen, of which nine hundred and fifty-six are reserved for men, four hundred and seventy-four for women, and eighty-nine for children. It may safely be

assumed that there are more than fifteen hundred people who seek a lodging for the night in London.

### Katharine A. O'Keeffe as a Lecturer.

THIS young lady has been quite successful in her lectures the past winter. Her subjects are: 1. A trip to Ireland, illustrated; 2. Landmarks of English History, interesting to the Irish and Catholic student, illustrated; 3. Mary, Queen of Scots, illustrated; 4. An evening with Longfellow; 5. An evening with Moore; 6. Catholic and Irish pages of American History; 7. An evening with Milton: recitations from Paradise Lost, illustrated by fifty views from Doré; 8. An evening with Dante: recitations from The Divine Comedy, illustrated by seventy-six views from Doré. For dates and terms apply to M. E. Scannell, Lawrence, Mass. Box 214.

It is not too late in the season for parties, lyceums, &c., to engage Miss O'Keeffe. Wherever she has lectured, large audiences have been present.

### High Priced Eggs.

AT a London auction a large number of ornithologists assembled to witness the sale of an egg of the great auk. Before offering the lot, the auctioneer remarked that, in 1880, two eggs of this bird, both of which had been broken, were sold by him, and that they fetched one hundred, and one hundred and two guineas, respectively. Of the recorded eggs, twenty-five were in eighteen museums, and forty-one in nineteen private collections—forty-three out of the sixty-six being in Great Britain. The first bid of fifty guineas was made by a well-known ornithologist, and this was followed by sixty guineas from Mr. L. Field, to whom the egg was eventually knocked down at one hundred and sixty guineas. ($800.)

THE month of April is, in the Church, distinguished by special devotions to the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Most Blessed Trinity, whose gifts are Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord.

### Theatres and Music Halls.

FOUR million pounds sterling are invested in the theatres and music halls of London; these places of amusement give employment to one hundred and fifty thousand persons. It was this vast histrionic population and huge capital that were represented by a deputation to the Home Secretary, in reference to the safety of theatres and similar places. The deputation, it seems, startled the Minister by objecting *in toto* against local authorities having any power to inspect.


### Do you Keep Hens?

AT this season of the year when poultry raisers will soon be considering what is the best food for hastening the growth of their chickens, we have no hesitancy in recommending the Poultry food of the Hollis Dressed Meat and Wool Company. It is finely chopped mutton, cooked, seasoned, and put up in eight-pound cans, and comes cheap. Well-known, prominent poultrymen extol it, and it seems very reasonable that a good fresh meat, cooked, seasoned, and ground fine so as to be mixed with the soft food of poultry, would be a great help in the business. It is packed in hermetically sealed eight-pound cans, which will keep in any climate until opened, so that it is always sweet and wholesome. Containing, as it does, needed elements of nutrition, and being fine and sound, it is superior to anything that is known for causing chickens to grow rapidly and become strong and healthy. It can be easily eaten and digested by them, and is readily assimilated. It is not a stimulant like some of the more highly seasoned preparations in the market, but is just what its name implies—a food supplying the body with what is needed to make the most flesh in the shortest time. You cannot do any better than send for a trial can. This is one of those honest made preparations that sells on its merits wherever known, and a trial of the goods will convince you of this fact. Prices 30 cents per can; $3.00 per dozen. Hollis Dressed Meat & Wool Co., 22 North Street, Boston.


### The Day We Celebrate.

THE festival of Ireland's Patron Saint was universally celebrated in every clime, from the rising to the setting of the sun. England, Ireland and Scotland, and many other great centres of population were the scenes of large and enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of Ireland. But beyond question the most notable and important was the immense gathering which greeted Mr. William O'Brien at Birmingham. The graphic account of the procession in the streets, and Mr. O'Brien's speech in the Town Hall to 3,000 people, was well received, and indicates that the struggle between the Coercionists and Home Rulers is fast approaching a crisis.

### The Honey Industry.

ONE hundred million pounds of honey are annually produced in the United States, representing a value of $15,000,000. The output of wax from this industry is estimated at $1,000,000. The number of persons engaged in bee culture is about 300,000, with an invested capital of nearly $30,000,000. So says the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington.

IT seems to be pretty generally conceded that City Clerk O'Neil will step into Congressman Collins' shoes in the 4th district (South Boston) this fall. Mr. O'Neil is a very shrewd politician, and doesn't allow his popularity to wane among the boys in the political trenches. — *Boston Daily Globe.*

IT is always gratifying to us to note the welfare and prosperity of our people collectively, or individually, and in many instances, the progress they make all alone and *unaided*, and how rapidly they rise to fortune and to fame and position by honest perseverance and industry.

We have among the leading brewers of this city several firms, young men comparatively speaking, of our race who can lay claim to every word written above, and amongst the youngest of them all is M. I. Flynn, Esq., proprietor of the Empire Brewery, 11, 13, 15, 17, and 19, Hampden Street, 808, 810, and 812 Albany Street, Boston Highlands. Mr. Flynn is a gentleman, social, generous, and kind, and worthy of confidence every way. We wish him success.

### Wonderful and Powerful.

IT is not often that we have the opportunity of inspecting so large a number of original letters of praise of an article in general use as we have this week, relating to the THERMO ELECTRIC FINGER RING for the cure of rheumatism and neuralgia. These letters were written by some of the most prominent and best known citizens of Boston, who want everybody to wear one of those wonderful rings. Messrs. LORING & CO., NO. 37 WINTER STREET, BOSTON, have sold these rings for years, and cure about sixty cases a week. Every good article is imitated. This has been also, but it is so well known that no trash can be palmed off for the genuine ring. We mention this that our friends may know where to get the rings that cure Rheumatism.

FIRST-CLASS plumbers and gas-fitters are always in demand for sanitary purposes and ventilation. We recommend Mr. F. I. Hartnett, 234 Pleasant Street, near the Providence Depot, Boston, Mass. What he does he does well, and can be relied upon.

### Scenery To Let.

SOCIETIES, churches, and institutions can have scenery and stage fittings of every description made, painted to order, and to let at O. L. Story's, 109 Haverhill Street, Boston. This is the largest and best place of its kind in New England.

### Lockwood's Circular.

TO the Catholic Clergy of New England: — The undersigned for many years in charge of the Watch Repairing and French Clock Repairing Department of The E. Howard Watch and Clock Co., desires to notify his friends and the public that he has rented the store No. 27 Bromfield Street, where he will have for sale a carefully selected stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, and by continued exertion, on his part to please, hopes to merit the large patronage that has heretofore been so liberally bestowed upon The E. Howard Watch and Clock Co.

Watch Repairing and French Clock Repairing a specialty.

H. N. LOCKWOOD.

MARCH 1, 1888.

HAVING relinquished the retail portion of our business, The E. Howard Watch and Clock Co. take pleasure in indorsing MR. LOCKWOOD as a most competent and faithful workman and trustworthy man, and entitled to the confidence heretofore bestowed upon him by our customers and the public.

THE E. HOWARD WATCH AND CLOCK CO.
By SAMUEL LITTLE, *President.*

### Beware of Round Dances.

A YOUNG lady at a party in Charlestown during Lent, after waltzing around the hall several times, dropped dead upon the floor. Beware of round dances, particularly in Lent.

### To Our Advertisers.

REMEMBER that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has the largest circulation of any Catholic monthly published in this country. An evidence of its value as an advertising medium is the fact that we have several prominent firms and extensive advertisers with us since the MAGAZINE was started.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cincinnati, Chicago.*

STORIES FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS for the Time and after Holy Communion. Drawn from the best authorities, by Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Keller. Translated by permission of the author by Frances M. Kent. Price 25c.

This is a seasonable book and one calculated to increase in the hearts of young readers fervor and devotion for the Blessed Sacrament. It should be in every family where there are children.

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH. Price 35c.

This edition, printed from new electrotype plates, has the advantage of being carefully edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. S.S. R., which insures its freedom from the errors common to most editions.

*D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.*

THE CRIME AGAINST IRELAND. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents; paper 25c.

The Crime against Ireland is the title which Mrs. J. Ellen Foster gives to her collected letters from Ireland to the Boston Journal, just published in book-form, with a preface by John Boyle O'Reilly, by D. Lothrop Company of Boston. One of the strongest proofs of the intrinsic justice of the Irish cause, and of the importance to all humanity of its triumph, is in the fact that it is constantly winning its warmest advocates among other nationalities. Take for example, in America, James Redpath, the late D. R. Locke, and Mrs. Foster—all of whom at the outset were filled with strong, inherited prejudice against all things Irish. Mrs. Foster studied the Irish question on Irish soil. She witnessed for herself the workings of the Coercion Act. We have never seen, within so brief a compass, a clearer and more forcible presentation of the land question, England's destruction of Irish manufactures, and in short, every one of the multiplied Irish grievances, for one and all of which there is no remedy save through Irish legislative independence, than is given by Mrs. Foster in The Crime Against Ireland. We heartily commend this book, which is destined to do a great work for Ireland and for humanity in helping to complete the education of the American people on the Irish question.

*T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston, Mass.*

A DAUGHTER OF ST. DOMINIC. Amélie Lautard: by Kathleen O'Meara. American Edition; edited by Margaret E. Jordan, introduction by Rev. I. L. O'Neil, O. P. Price 60c.

In the introduction, Father O'Neil says: "Amelie Lautard seems a blessed model for Catholic women, especially for those called, as she was, to live in the world, and yet not of it. Freedom from the ties of married life afford to these opportunities for 'going about and doing good,' particularly among the poor and the suffering who have few to visit and console them. No one, it is hoped, will read this book without finding edification and encouragement. Originally published in the Catholic World, A Daughter of St. Dominic, was afterwards issued, with some changes from the pen of the author, Kathleen O'Meara, by a London house. Conscious of the influence for good that will result from the wide knowledge and more extended reading of the saintly Amelie's life, the venture is made of an American edition. The arrangement into chapters, and the general supervision of this edition, are the work of Margaret E. Jordan, who has made it truly a labor of love, Miss Jordan's contributions to the Ave Maria, besides Echoes from the Pines, and much work done in behalf of Catholic literature entitle her to the attention of the Catholic reading public. To the liberality of the publishers, a grateful expression of recognition is due. Realizing, as one must, the poor return, financially, for enterprise in publishing Catholic books, a tribute of appreciation and thankfulness is due to Messrs. Noonan & Co., who undertake the entire expense of this edition."

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.*

IRISH WONDERS, The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Demons, Leprechaws, Banshees, Fairies, Witches, Widows, Old Maids, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle. Popular tales as told by the people, By Dr. McNally, Jr. Illustrated by H. R. Heaton. Price $2.00.

The letter press and illustrations of this book, sustain the reputation of this house for issuing works in the highest style of the typographical art. A fair idea of the contents can be gleaned from the author's preface which we give in full: "The wonderful imaginative power of the Celtic mind is never more strikingly displayed than in the legends and fanciful tales which people of the humbler walks of life never tire of telling. Go where you will in Ireland, the story-teller is there, and on

slightest provocation will repeat his narrative, amplifying, explaining, embellishing, till from a single fact, a connected history is evolved, giving motives, particulars, action and result, the whole surrounded by a rosy wreath of rustic imagery and told with dramatic force an actor might envy. The various chapters comprise an effort to present this phase of unwritten Celtic literature, the materials having been collected during a lengthy visit, in the course of which, every county in the island was traversed from end to end, and constant association had with the peasantry. As, however, in perusing a drama, each reader for himself, supplies stage action, so, in these pages, he is requested to imagine the charms of gesticulation and intonation, for no pen can do justice to a story told by Irish lips amid Irish surroundings."

## MUSIC.

*Fred G. Read, 20 Devonshire St., Boston.*

"Whispering Sea, or Only a Year ago." Song and Chorus, words and music by Frank Collins, author of "Don't forget Old Ireland, or Dear Old Home beyond the Sea." "What is your little Dog's Name," by the same. "Don't forget Old Ireland," by the same.

*White, Smith & Co.*

*Vocal:* "Queenie" Waltz Song, words by Michael Watson, music by J. S. McMurray. "Spring" mixed Quartette, words by May Cowden Clarke, music by Walter MacFarren. "The Earth is the Lord's," Anthem by Carl Pflueger. "Give Way Now to Pleasure," Air with Chorus, by Van Bree. "Kyrie," from Messe Solenelle by Gounod. "Forever With the Lord," Duet, by Gounod. "The Wave Sweeps My Breast," Air with Chorus from "The Crusaders," by Gade. "Hail Glorious Apostle." "Their Country was Calling," Male Quartette, by C. A. White. "Saved From the Storm," words by Fred E. Weatherby, music by Odaordo Barri. "In Questa Tomba," Aria by Beethoven. "Come We Again," Male Quartette for Decoration Day, by C. A. White. "When Years Ago Sweetheart We Parted," words by Edgar Smith, music by P. Lacome. "The Shepherd's Daughter," Song and Chorus by R. H. Shefton. "The Shipwrecked Sailor's Return," Song by Eben H. Bailey. "Ave Maria," for Tenor or Soprano by Moses Carpenter.

*Instrumental:* "Mazurka No. 3," by Josef Hofman. "Folio Schottische," by Geo. C. Dolson. "Forest Flowers Waltzes," by Laurence Neebe. "Graceful Dance," by Alfred Cellier. "Second Military Polka, the Fifers of the Guard," by J. Ascher. "La Gitana Waltzes," for Violin and Piano by E. Bucallossi. "Violin Studies," by H. E. Kayser. "Spanish Dance," for Violin and Piano by W. F. Taylor. "La Nowlgienne," Caprice by Eugene Ketterer. "Iris Waltz," by E. Bucalossi. "Irish Diamonds No. 6," by Willie Pape, comprising "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," and "The Girl I Left Behind me." "Mazurka No. 1," by Josef Hofman. "Prettiest of All Schottische," by Leo A. Klein. "Love's Secret, Polka Mazurka," by Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney. "Gavotte," (De Vestris) arranged by B. M. "Isabella Grand Valse," by G. Bachman. "Nocturne," by H. Lichner. "Etude" Op. 14 No. 1, by Josef Hofman.

"Children's Festival Mass," by C. C. Stearns. A very useful Mass for the use of Sunday Schools, well written and attractive.

The Folio, for April. Always entertaining and very interesting is this journal, and this number is no exception to the rule, being filled with very choice reading matter as well as good music.

### Books to Buy.

TICKNOR & Co., Boston, deserve the support of the people, for the issuing of a series of excellent works. First comes Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints, a book which we commend to teachers and school directors as an excellent gift for the commencement season. Boston's Irish American poets have furnished the material for three excellent volumes, which this house brings out in handsome style. They are Songs and Satires, by James J. Roche, The White Sail, by Louise Imogene Guiney and Libes Amoris, by Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter. Ticknor's latest book for our people is Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament, by Justin McCarthy, a book which ought to be in the hands of every Irish Nationalist in America. The Irish National League should circulate this volume as a missionary of the cause. Every reader of it must inevitably become a convert to Home Rule.

LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the past and present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. **Don't** forget.

# OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

## BISHOP.

WE briefly announced last month the death of the venerable Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the Most Rev. Dr. Walshe. He was the oldest member of the Irish Episcopacy, though not the senior bishop. The Most Rev. Dr. Walshe had reached the great age of eighty-five years. He was born before Napoleon the First was crowned Emperor. He was seven years more than half a century a priest, and he was also seven years more than a quarter of a century a bishop. A native of New Ross, he received his early education at the Commercial and Classical School in that town nearly eighty years ago. He was first intended for the medical profession, but very soon showing a vocation for the Church, he was sent to St. Peter's Seminary, Wexford, whence he was transferred to the well-known College of St. Patrick's at Carlow. There at Pentecost, 1830, he was ordained priest. Though on the mission at intervals, most of his labors as a priest were collegiate. In Carlow College he filled the Humanity Chair, and afterwards that of Moral Philosophy. After discharging the duties of Professor for some time he was appointed curate in Carlow, and subsequently became Administrator of the Cathedral parish. But soon he rejoined the College staff, becoming Professor of Greek and Sacred Scripture. In 1849 Dr. Walshe was made president, in which high position he proved not only his personal ability but his great administrative power, and on the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Haly he was consecrated bishop. From the 30th of March, 1856, the date of his consecration, he ruled the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin with a firm but gentle hand. For many years indefatigable in the discharge of the duties of his dignified and sacred office, in the beginning of 1869, finding his strength unequal to the conscientious discharge of his functions without assistance, he repeated in the most pressing manner his prayer to the Holy See to appoint a coadjutor, and in the April of the same year the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, then acting as assistant to the Vicar Apostolic of the Western District of Scotland, was translated to the diocese with the right of succession. Since that time the two bishops have acted as one in the important diocese over which their pastoral charge extended. It includes the county of Carlow, and parts of Kildare, King's County, Kilkenny, Wicklow, and Wexford, and embraces forty-nine parishes. Clongowes Wood, and St. Patrick's College, Carlow; Mountrath Monastery, Tullow Monastery, and St. Thomas's, Newbridge, are in the diocese. There are several convents of the Presentation Order, four of St. Bridget's Order, three of the Sisters of Mercy, and one of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. There are one hundred and twenty-eight secular clergy, eighteen regulars, and one hundred and sixty-six churches, besides six colleges, and fourteen convents. The regular Orders of the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, the Oblates of Mary, all have colleges and abbeys within the bounds of Kildare and Leighlin; and between the schools at Carlow, Maryborough, Portarlington, Monasterevan, Naas, and Kilcock, the Christian Brothers educate about fifteen hundred pupils. These figures will give some idea of the progress of Catholicity and education during the patriarchal life of the venerated bishop now deceased. The aged Bishop of Derry and the venerated prelate of Dromore were consecrated bishops before the Most Rev. Dr. Walshe, but they are junior to him in age.

## CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Very Rev. Sadoc Vilarrasa, Provincial of the Dominicans in California, will cause the hearts of thousands of people to throb with grief at the thought that this great, humble, pious, prudent, patient, and persevering servant of God has been removed from their midst. No glowing words or set eulogistic phrases are necessary to depict the deplorable loss of such a model man. His humble life in promoting the glory of God, the spread of the great Order of St. Dominic, and the propagation of the true Faith in this new field of Christianity, are the best testimonials which the beloved departed can present to his Heavenly Father, or his earthly brethren, as his credentials for an eter-

nity of bliss, or an incentive to those he left behind him to follow in his footsteps, and thus to find favor with God when life's fleeting time has passed into heavenly eternity. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," but even more blessed is that man who, like Father Vilarrasa, both *lived for* and *died in* the Lord. Born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1814, he was educated in the academies for which his native city has for centuries been celebrated, but the suppression of the monasteries in Spain, compelled him to fly, with his teachers, to Rome, in order to complete his studies for the priesthood. Having thus grown up in an atmosphere of piety until his sixteenth year, and whilst yet the sweet soul of Sadoc Vilarrasa was unsullied by a single stain of mortal sin, the young aspirant for heaven took, in September, 1830, the first vows in that life of lowliness, of piety, and of virtue, which came to an end so calmly upon the feast of a saint he dearly loved—the glorious Apostle of Ireland.

Rev. Michael A. Maginn, whose last mission was that of assistant at St. Peter's Church, Reading, Pa., died on Sunday, March 11th, in Jacksonville, Florida, which he reached only two days before in a vain search for a restoration of health. As soon as convenient the remains were sent on to his friends in Philadelphia, where, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, a solemn funeral service was held. The deceased young clergyman was a native of the county Tyrone, Ireland, where he was born nearly thirty-two years ago. He came to this country quite young.

The death is announced on the 17th of March, in St. Luke's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., of Rev. T. J. O'Toole, who has been assistant at St. Mary's Church in Taunton, Mass., for the past three years. About three weeks ago he went to the hospital for treatment. He was born sixty-five years ago in the county Galway, Ireland, and was educated at Maynooth. He was ordained thirty-five years ago, and served for many years as pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, and during that time, in Buchanan's administration, he had the honor of being the first priest who ever opened Congress with prayer. He was afterward for several years professor of moral theology at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Father O'Toole was a man of rich and varied attainments, a most charming conversationalist, with an exhaustless fund of reminiscences of public men and the stirring events through which he passed at the national capital. He was also an ardent lover of his native land, but it was as a priest and in the practice of his chosen calling that his virtues shone most prominent, and by members of his congregation and all Catholics who knew him he was universally beloved and respected.

Rev. James Igoe, Pastor of St. Peter's Catholic Church, Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., died at his residence in South Second Street, Philadelphia, on Feb. 9. The principal cause of his death was heart disease, although he was a sufferer for the past ten years with catarrh. Rev. Father Igoe was born in Ireland thirty-seven years ago, and was educated in Paris for the priesthood. He came to America in 1870, being then twenty years old, and for the next five years was at the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia. He was a classmate of Rev. Dr. P. J. McCullagh, of St. Mary's Church, Lancaster and was ordained with him in the Harrisburgh Cathedral in 1875. For two years Father Igoe remained at the Cathedral as an assistant, and was then stationed at Renovo. He remained there until September, 1887, when he was transferred to St. Peter's Church of Columbia. Although he was in Columbia but a few months, he greatly endeared himself to the congregation, and there is mourning among the people of his parish over the unexpected death.

The Rev. Canton Pierre Janvier, Superior of the "Priests of the Holy Face," at Tours, France, died on the feast of St. Veronica, the 4th of February. The coincidence will strike the pious, and in particular the many having special devotion to the Holy Face of Our Lord.

## SISTER.

Rev. Mother Mary John, Superior of all the communities of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and of those in the States of New Jersey and Maryland, died at the Mother-house, Mt. St. Joseph's, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, at half-past five o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 27. Elizabeth Kieran, for such was her name in the world, was born in the city of Armagh, Ireland, sixty-three years ago. She was the eldest of nine children, five of whom chose to serve God in the religious life, two becoming priests and three nuns; the former, the late Rev. Thomas Kieran,

for many years Rector of St. Ann's Church, in this city, and Rev. William Kieran, D. D., the present Rector of St. Patrick's; and the latter, besides the late Mother Mary John, Sister M. Baptista, also of the Order of St. Joseph, and the late Mother Gabriel a Sister of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who died a good many years ago. The many relatives who were priests in Ireland and elsewhere, are also evidences of the ecclesiastical character of the family.

## LAY PEOPLE.

We sincerely regret to announce the death of Mr. Francis Xavier Kaine, which occurred at his house in Cambridge, Mass., on the evening of March 22d. Consumption, which had already claimed three members of his family, began to assert itself in him some ten years ago, but so great was his courage and zeal in behalf of his employers, that he continued at work up to three months ago, when his strength utterly failed him. His rapid decline thereafter is evidence of how loyally he labored to remain at his post. At the time of his death he had nearly completed his 33rd year.

In 1868 Mr. Kaine entered the retail department of the publishing house of his uncle, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, then located on Franklin St., Boston. He there laid the foundation of his remarkable knowledge of Catholic literature, which earned for him later the reputation of being one of the best posted men in the trade. When Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co. succeeded to the book publishing department of Mr. Donahoe's business, Mr. Kaine cast his fortunes with them, taking charge of their retail department, which position he held up to the time of his death.

Mr. Kaine was endowed with a rare faculty of making friends, the reverend clergy especially being much attached to him. Some months ago a few of his clerical friends subscribed a liberal purse, to enable him to visit Florida, in the hope that a change of climate would restore his health, but it was already too late.

A Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Wm. Orr, pastor, on Monday morning March 26th. Although short notice had been given many clergymen were to be seen in the body of the church, whilst in the Sanctuary were assembled the Revs. T. A. Metcalf, P. M. O'Connor, James Lee, H. Mulligan, F. J. Curran, and Father Kline S. J. The Rev. J. F. Broderick acted as celebrant. At the conclusion of the services the Rev. T. A. Metcalf, pastor of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, advanced to the altar rail, and, in a few touching remarks, eulogized the character of the deceased. Alluding to his great faith—the purity of his character, his zeal in behalf of his employers, his fidelity to duty, and his kindliness of heart—he held him up as an example to those he addressed. The speaker was sensibly affected during the course of his remarks, which feeling was shared by every one present.

The remains were interred at St. Paul's Cemetery, Arlington. Mr. Kaine leaves a widow and three children. May he rest in peace!

Edmund Dwyer Gray, a distinguished member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, died in Dublin on the night of the 22d of March of heart disease. Mr. Gray was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1880, and was Chairman of the Dublin Mansion House Committee which in that year collected £180,000 for the relief of distress in Ireland. At the time of his death he represented the St. Stephen's Green division of Dublin in Parliament. He represented Tipperary for several years, and afterwards sat for Carlow County. He was proprietor of the Freeman's Journal and the Belfast Morning News. Mr. Gray was born in Dublin in 1845. He was the son of Sir John Gray, from whom the Freeman's Journal descended. On August 16, 1882, while the freedom of the city of Dublin was being conferred, in the City Hall, upon Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon, against whose imprisonment at the beginning of February, Mr. Gray had protested in the House of Commons, considerable excitement was caused by the arrival of the news that Mr. Gray then serving as High Sheriff, had been fined and imprisoned by Mr. Justice Lawson, for contempt of court, for publishing an article written by himself upon the conduct of a jury which had condemned a man named Haynes to death. Mr. Gray was confined in prison for two months, while his fine (£500) was paid by public subscription. It was while Mr. Gray was Chairman of the Mansion House Committee that he came into fierce collision with James Carey whom he exposed for an attempted fraud upon the corporation, and who thenceforth was Mr. Gray's bitter and relentless enemy. Mr. Gray was a convert to the Church.

Died, on Jan. 15, at her residence in Coolelam, Parish of Rathangan, county Kildare, Ireland, Bridget Dempsey, aged

106 years. The deceased was the mother of Patrick Dempsey, Dixon County, Ill. She enjoyed perfect health until within four days of her death, when she passed away in a slumber. She was 56 years a widow, and raised nine children, seven boys and two girls, all of whom are living with one exception. She was a strong advocate of temperance, and never permitted any of her children to use intoxicants or tobacco while they were in her care. She was of a long-lived family. Her father died at 95 years, and her grandfather, Tady Doorley, of Tullamore, died at the age of 123 years. She was an early riser, and a strict and faithful member of the Catholic Church, in whose communion she died. May she rest in peace!

DANIEL SWEENY, proprietor of Sweeny's Hotel, at Park row and Duane Street, New York, died on the morning of March 19, at the hotel. Before New York had outgrown the lower part of the island Sweeny's Hotel was a popular resort for politicians and out-of-town merchants, and as such was known the country over. Mr. Sweeny was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1810. The funeral took place from St. Peter's Church.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, nephew of his celebrated namesake, died on February 27. He had spent some years at Ryde, where he had many friends; but he left the Isle of Wight a short time ago, and went to his estate near Killarney.

### Deaf Mutes.

A NEW Catholic association has been formed in Baltimore for the education of deaf mutes, and is called the De Haerne Association. It derives its name from the oldest and most eminent teacher of these unfortunate children of silence—Right Rev. Mgr. de Haerne, member of the Chambre des Representants, in Brussels, who was born in Courtrai, Belgium, of a noble family, in the year 1804. Little, or very little, is known of his early life, until the day he met his illustrious friend, Canon Carton, the De l'Epee of Belgium. Abbe de Haerne did not hesitate; a noble career opened before his eyes was enough to stimulate his pious ambition, and he undertook the hard task of regenerating the deaf and dumb. Belgium at that time belonged to the Netherlands, which was under the control of a Protestant government. A movement was started to free Belgium, and Abbe de Haerne's name appears among the leaders. In 1830 independence was proclaimed and a new constitution, bearing, among others, the signature of Abbe de Haerne, was promulgated. This brought him into prominence. The glory of his achievements did not affect his zeal in his chosen work, and soon after we see him at the head of the Royal Institution for the Deaf, in the City of Brussels. His efforts were not confined by the narrow frontiers of Belgium, however. Seeing Catholic children abandoned everywhere to Protestant hands and in danger of losing their faith, Mgr. de Haerne established the first and only Catholic institution for deaf mutes in England. This institution is situated in Boston-Spa, near the city of Leed's and, under the good care of the Sisters of Charity, has borne abundant fruits. Three years ago, in spite of his eighty years, Abbe de Haerne opened the first institution for the deaf in Bombay, India; and now his energetic efforts are directed towards the establishment of another school in China, where the number of deaf and dumb seems to be extremely large. Mgr. de Haerne can be called a real benefactor of humanity, having set a wonderful example of self-sacrificing charity and extending its influence in many quarters of the world.

ALL our friends, who contemplate leaving the city, during the summer now approaching, and want storage room for furniture, carriages, pianos, pictures, sleighs, trunks, or any kind of valuable property, we recommend to apply to the Boston Storage Warehouse, Frederick W. Lincoln Esq., General Manager West Chester Park, near Huntington Avenue, Telephone No. 4268. Private rooms of all sizes can be obtained at low rates, and property guaranteed secure.

ARE any of our readers suffering from Rheumatic Troubles, chills, fever, and ague, or malaria of any kind? If so, we recommend them to try a bottle or two of Dr. Minard's Liniment, head-quarters 273 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass. The price is so small it comes within the reach of every person, only 25 cts. per bottle. Try it by all means; it was never known to fail. We highly recommend it.

THE Redemptorist Fathers have purchased a farm of eighty acres at Rosedale, near Kirkwood, Mo., on which they propose to build a scholastic for their western province.

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. BOSTON, JUNE, 1888. No. 6.


"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics. — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## An Irish Commonwealth.

CONNECTICUT is a progressive State and fair to look upon. Her pleasant valleys, majestic rivers and rolling hills, form a fitting background to the smoke that rises from ten thousand factory chimneys and to the mist and spray from a thousand dams and waterfalls. From the placid bosom of the silvery Thames to the broad waters of the Housatonic, the roar of machinery is seldom hushed, and the voice of trade and commerce seldom stilled. Few States in the Union can point to a prouder past, and none can aspire to a nobler future.

When Charles II., "by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith, etc.," signed the Connecticut charter of 1662, he never dreamed that two hundred and twenty-five years later the descendants of the "mere Irish" of his day would be practically in control of this fair land of Connecticut. Such, however, is the fact, and Connecticut, to-day, by reason of her secure past, her growing present and her inevitable future, may fairly be termed an Irish Commonwealth.

Irish immigration to Connecticut covers a period of nearly two centuries; at first, small like unto a grain of mustard seed, then gradually, but irresistibly increasing, until at last with the impetuosity of an avalanche — but without its destructive quality — the wave of Irish immigration rolled over the State from north to south and from east to west. It filled the valleys with prosperous villages, peopled the hillsides with sturdy husbandmen, and crowded the ports with fearless mariners. Many of the old pioneers who sailed up the rivers in bark canoes, fought the savage foe and levelled the forests, first drew the breath of life in Ireland.

Coming down to the period of the Revolution, we find the Connecticut Irish numerically increased, and ready to meet the cohorts of tyrannical Britain. Among those who espoused the side of the patriots, was Rev. Robert Ross of Bridgeport. He was a son of Irish parents, and was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1753. Although

a Protestant, he was remarkably liberal and tolerant in his views, and loved Ireland unceasingly and well. His biographer states that he was a remarkable man, six feet in height and well proportioned. His presence was imposing, and his ruffled shirt, wig, and cocked hat seemed peculiarly in keeping with it. But he most strongly impressed himself upon the community through the warmth of his patriotism, and the decisiveness of his political convictions. He became a man of influence on the patriotic side and proportionally obnoxious to the royalist. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he preached on the text, "For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart." A company of soldiers, raised to join the invasion of Canada in the fall of 1775, mustered in his door-yard and was commended to God in a fervent prayer by him before starting on their expedition.

Hundreds of men, Irish by birth or descent, were among the volunteers that sprang to arms when the news at Lexington and Concord was heard, while at Bunker Hill many a heart beneath a British red coat, was stilled forever, by an Irish bullet from Connecticut. During the late Civil War, every squadron of cavalry, every regiment of infantry, and every battery of artillery, that went to the front from Connecticut, contained men of Irish blood, while one regiment was entirely composed of such. In the present National Guard of the State, the Irish element is well represented: In the First Regiment are Capt. Thomas F. Flanigan, Capt. John Hickey, Lieut. Patrick H. Smith, Lieut. John J. Leahy, Lieut. John McBriarty, and Lieut. Thomas J. Quirk; in the Second Regiment we find Lieut.-Col. John B. Doherty, Q.-M. Francis J. Duffy, Capt. Timothy F. Callahan, Lieut. Michael Creed, Lieut. James J. Kennedy, Lieut. Daniel E. Fitzpatrick, and Lieut. Patrick Halpin. The Third Regiment includes Lieut.-Col. Michael Twomey, Capt. Michael J. Roach, Capt. Daniel Kelleher, Capt. Patrick Fitzpatrick, Lieut. John F. Murray, Lieut. Edmund Kelleher, and Lieut. J. H. Morrison. A glance at the Fourth Regiment shows Capt. James Sheridan, Capt. Edward Finn, Lieut. James Donnelly, Lieut. John J. Glennon, and Lieut. Michael J. Finn. In addition to the regular military arm of the State, there is a distinctively Irish organization known as the A. O. H. Rifles. It comprises five companies, located as follows: A at New London, B at Hartford, C at Meriden, D at Middletown, and East Waterbury. The officers are, Colonel, William H. Smith, Hartford; Lieut.-Col. William Donahue, Hartford; Major, D. J. Casey, Waterbury.

Ex-Governor Waller, now Consul General to England, while Governor of Connecticut, never hid his light under a bushel, but at all times and in all places, was proud to acknowledge his Irish lineage. He met a zealous equal in Qm.-Gen. McManus. In the legislative, as well as the military department of the State, the Irish hold proud positions. Take a trip with me to the marble capitol, at Hartford, during a session of the Legislature, and we find among the members present, such significant names as: Gallagher, Scanlan, Kennedy, Kehoe, Conner, Skelly, Maloney, Murphy, McCormick, Coughlin, Kelly, Congdon, and Brady. Let us look still further: James Gallagher, of New Ha-

ven, is a member of the State Board of Charities; John E. Scanlan, of Hartford, is Auditor of Public Accounts; William P. Kelley, of Killingly, is Inspector of Factories; Edward Murphy, of Hartford, is Secretary of the State Prison, and so on through a long list of other positions of trust and responsibility.

We often hear it said that the Irish cling too closely to the cities, while neglecting the country towns and farming districts. However this may be in other States, it is not so in Connecticut. Go through Connecticut's cities, and you find the Irish there, it is true; but go through the remote rural districts and you discover them there likewise. You find them everywhere, in city, town and village, as bankers, merchants and manufacturers, or engaged in the more quiet occupation of pastoral pursuits. But they are always and everywhere contributing to the prosperity, wealth, honor, and welfare of the community. In order to secure a proper idea of the positions held by the Irish element in the government of Connecticut counties, cities, towns, and boroughs, I append a list hereto in which Irish names appear as at present holding office. It will be remembered that each city has two governments — that of the city and that of the town — this will explain the reason why Bridgeport, for instance, has not only a Mayor and Aldermen, but a town clerk and selectmen as well. With this brief preface I will first go through the counties of the State, taking up the cities afterwards:

Hartford County, deputy sheriff, Thomas Flannigan; stenographer, John Walsh; Judge of probate, Berlin and New Britain, John Walsh.

New Haven County, deputy sheriffs, W. E. Higgins, James E. Sweeney, Michael Farrell; medical examiner, Dr. James D. McGaughey; prosecuting agent, John M. Sweeney; Judge of probate, Naugatuck and Beacon Falls, John M. Sweeney.

New London County, deputy sheriff, J. N. Carroll.

Fairfield County, deputy sheriffs, Patrick J. Leonard, Daniel Driscoll; medical examiner, Dr. W. C. Burke; prosecuting agent, William Burke.

Windham County, county commissioner, John Kelly.

Litchfield County, deputy sheriffs, Michael Slocum, James A. Cochran.

Middlesex County, medical examiner, Dr. G. W. Burke.

The growth of the Irish element in Boston, New York, and other great cities, has become proverbial. But right here in Connecticut the same element shows a growth just as pronounced and remarkable as can be found anywhere in the Republic. Here, as elsewhere, this is owing to immigration, ancient and modern, and to the well-known fecundity of the Irish race. From one instance judge of many: a few weeks since there died in the city of Waterbury, Mrs. Mary McDonald, mother of Sheriff McDonald of that place. She settled in Waterbury forty years ago, and dying leaves nine children, sixty-four grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren. There are thousands of similar instances where Irish parents have reared large families to build up and protect the State. The ten cities of the Commonwealth all bear evidence of Irish

thrift, enterprise and irresistible merit as will be seen by a perusal of the following list:

Bridgeport, mayor, Patrick Coughlin; city clerk, Christopher A. Mooney; city auditor, Bernard Keating; collector of taxes, Patrick Kennelly; aldermen, Michael Dowling, Michael Frawley, Thomas Flynn; councilmen, Edward O'Neil, Nicholas J. Phalen, Joseph Finn, Edward Casey, Patrick J. Fahey, George T. Kelley, James Feeley, Edward O'Brien, Patrick Cuddy; registrars of voters, Joseph M. Cummings, John Maloney, Thomas F. White, John M. Johnson; grand jurors, John Dowling, Richard J. Barry.

Hartford, city clerk, John E. Higgins; city auditor, Cornelius J. Lyons; aldermen, Patrick McGovern, Matthew Hogan, Thomas Moanhan, Martin McKeough; councilmen, W. H. Malone, Owen Martin, John Murray, F. H. Fallon; assessor, Michael F. Dooley (recently appointed United States bank examiner), grand Juror, John W. Coogan; board of relief, Hugh J. Donahoe; school visitor, John E. Scanlan.

Meriden, common council, James Fannon, John McWeeney, Michael Grady, P. F. Murphy, Thomas F. Nolan; registrar of voters, William J. Hughes.

Middletown, collector, W. P. Conran; constables, Michael Lucey, Patrick E. Leahy; assessor, Nicholas V. Fagan; school visitor, Patrick Meegan; associate judge of city court, Daniel J. Donahoe; registrar of voters, Thomas O'Connell.

New Britain, water commissioner, Thomas H. Kehoe; police commissioner, John C. O'Brien; fire commissioners, John Garvey, John J. Mulvihill; street commissioners, Lawrence Crean, James Claffey, Thomas Fagan; aldermen, John T. Dwyer, Thomas J. Toohey; councilmen, Patrick O'Leary, Patrick Eagan, Patrick Clark, Patrick Ryan, Francis Hart.

New Haven, city clerk, Bernard J. Shanley; city attorney, Hugh Dailey; aldermen, John W. Kenney, James E. McGann, John Glancey, Morris T. Lynch, Daniel Gilhuly, Richard M. Sheridan, John T. Doyle, Hugh Dailey, Owen A. Groark, Patrick Kent; common council, James T. Moran, James Bohen, Maurice McHugh, Joseph R. Manning, James B. Martin, Daniel Sheehan, Terrence B. Kelly, Edward Keavenney, James F. Hayes, John F. Coyne; registrar, James J. Carr; town agent, James Reynolds; registrar of voters, William O'Keefe; member of the board of relief, David O'Donnell; board of education, Thomas O'Brien.

New London, city treasurer, John McGinley; grand juror, David Conner; water commissioner, Bryan F. Mahan; clerk of police court, John McGinley; alderman, John McCormick; selectman, Michael J. Roche; school visitor, Thomas C. Collier.

Norwich, assessor, Patrick O'Sullivan; school visitors, Patrick McLaughlin, Joseph T. Fanning; school committee, P. O'Mahoney, Patrick Cassidy.

South Norwalk, city inspector, James Costello; registrar, Thomas C. Cavanagh.

Waterbury, city clerk, Edward G. Kilduff; city treasurer, William

C. Keenan; sheriff, John W. McDonald; water commissioners, John J. McDonald, Dennis J. Casey; chief of police, George Eagan; aldermen, Timothy O'Rourke, J. Kelley; councilmen, Thomas R. Martin, Edward B. Reilly, James H. Slavin, Thomas Kane, Terrence Coyle, Terrence Coughlan. Selectmen, John B. Doherty, John Shanly; members of board of education, Thomas Donahue, J. A. Mulcahey; registrar of voters, Dennis J. Casey.

As in the cities, so it is in the towns and boroughs throughout the commonwealth, the Irish and their descendants are everywhere typical Americans, everywhere enjoy the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens, and everywhere exercise a watchful care over the dignity, honor and prosperity of the people's interests and the people's rights. It matters not what place you visit, whether it be Cornwall away out among the hills of Litchfield County or the more prosperous town of Winsdor Locks, twelve miles from Hartford, you find this condition of things practically unchanged. Take, for instance, the town of Winsdor Locks. It was incorporated thirty-four years ago, and is a railroad and manufacturing centre. Who constitute the government of the town? Let us see! Well, among them are the following: clerk, registrar and treasurer, John W. Furey; selectmen, Patrick Murphy, Martin Furey; collector, Patrick Gaynor; constables, Timothy F. McCarthy, Michael Kinney, Thomas F. Gogarty, Michael T. Furey, Patrick Johnson; assessor, Patrick Healy; member of the board of relief, Michael Connelly; school visitors, J. O. R. Sheridan, E. D. Coogan, J. P. Healy; registrar of voters, John F. Laflin. Let the grand roll of the towns be called, and let further evidence be adduced to show that in Connecticut at least, the term "New England" has become a misnomer and that the term "New Ireland," has incontrovertible claims to present and future recognition. Hence I call:

Berlin, grand jurors, William J. Corrigan, James Dempsey; school visitor, James Roche; registrar of voters, James Roche.

Bloomfield, registrar, John Joyce; constables, John Joyce, Frank McLaughlin.

Branford, grand jurors, John P. Callahan, W. H. Farrell; school visitors, Thomas P. Carney, Daniel O'Brien; registrar of voters, John P. Callahan; board of relief, William Regan; constables, Martin Burke, John Monahan.

Brookfield, assessor, Daniel D. Joyce; grand juror, John McMahon.

Burlington, board of relief, Thomas Conway; school visitors Maurice J. Crowley; registrar of voters, Michael Moroney.

Colchester, school visitor, John Cooney; registrar of voters, J. J. Sullivan.

Cornwall, head constable, Patrick O'Donnell.

Cromwell, school visitor, J. F. Murphy; grand juror, John Caffrey; constable, Richard Hogan.

Danbury, selectman, Michael McPhelemy; grand jurors, Charles W. Murphy, Edward Burke; school visitor, P. H. Lynch; registrar of voters, Thomas F. O'Rourke.

Derby, first selectman, John B. Quillinan; grand juror, James H. Queenan; board of relief, Matthew Donnelly; school visitors, William D. O'Brien, Dr. Thomas J. O'Sullivan; registrars of voters, Thomas F. Molloy, Michael H. Roach; prosecuting attorney, Daniel E. McMahon.

East Hartford, first selectman, John Kennedy; school visitors, James J. Gleason, Patrick Garvan; registrars of voters, William H. Flannigan, Thomas Dowd.

Enfield, selectman, Morris Sullivan; assessor, Martin J. Gorman; constable, Thomas W. Moore.

Fairfield, town clerk, Daniel Moloney; selectman, William T. Bulkley; collector, Daniel Moloney; grand jurors, Martin Shaughnessy, John Kelly, Patrick Collins; registrar of voters, Martin Shaughnessy; constables, James Kelly, James Mooney.

Greenwich, board of relief, Patrick T. Mongon; grand juror, Bernard Daly; constable, Philip Finnegan.

Griswold, school visitors, F. P. O'Keefe, J. H. Finn; registrars of voters, Joseph E. Leonard, Timothy J. Sullivan.

Hamden, selectman, Thomas Cannon; grand juror, John W. Burns; board of relief, Patrick Maher; school visitors, Patrick Maher, John Kinney; registrar of voters, Andrew McKeon.

Litchfield, selectman Malachi Tracy; constables, Michael Kirwin, Daniel H. Burns; grand juror, Felix Quigley.

Milford, selectman, James McCarthy; grand juror, Thomas Beahan; board of relief, James E. Ford.

Naugatuck, town clerk, Arthur W. Kane; selectmen, Thomas Conran, Owen Connell; grand jurors, Thomas Clansey, Michael McNally; school visitors, Thomas Davey, James Fagan, Patrick Brennan; registrar of voters, John Kennedy; constables, Thomas McKiernan, William Brophy, Michael Ford, Timothy McAulif, James Gallagher.

New Milford, grand jurors, John Dolan, Andrew J. McMahon.

Newtown, town clerk, Michael J. Houlihan; board of relief, Patrick Carroll; school visitors, James E. Madigan, Michael F. Bradley; assessor, Patrick Reane; registrars of voters, John F. Houlihan, J. E. Madigan; constables, Michael J. Cavanagh, T. F. Bradley, Patrick Gannan.

Norfolk, registrar of voters, Patrick J. O'Connell; school visitor, Michael Murphy.

Putnam, town clerk, James W. Manning; assessor, Daniel F. X. McEvoy; board of relief, Patrick O'Leary.

Seymour, grand juror, Patrick Sheehan; assessor, Robert Healey; school visitor, H. S. Halligin.

Southington, selectman, Thomas Scanlon; school visitors, Richard F. Moore, David H. Monahan.

Sprague, town clerk, William D. Nolan; selectmen, Thomas McCormick, John H. Dwyer; registrars of voters, Patrick Burns, C. F. Nugent; grand jurors, Peter Donnelly, J. W. Flynn, F. C. Logan; constables, Patrick Keefe, John Donovan.

Stamford, town collector, Edward Duffy; assessors, Daniel Hanrahan, James Mitchell.

Stonington, selectman, Eugene O'Neil; registrars of voters, James McDonough, James Quigley.

Vernon, grand jurors, Frank Fay, John E. Fahey; school visitor, William McNerney; registrar of voters, Patrick J. Falvey.

The above list could be greatly extended. There are many other towns throughout the State in which the Irish and their descendants, to the third and fourth generation, hold offices of trust, power, and emolument. Many, too, in which such historic names as O'Brien, O'Sullivan, O'Donovan, O'Hara, O'Toole, O'Conner, McCarthy, McGuire, Murphy, Mahoney, and Eagan appear, borne by the most prosperous and honored citizens of the community. The twenty-two boroughs of the commonwealth bear out the glorious record, as a glance at the most prominent will show:

Birmingham, burgesses, Edward Condon, T. J. O'Sullivan, William D. Houlihan; bailiff and chief of police, John W. Nolan.

Colchester, burgesses, Jerry Kelly, John O'Brien, Jr.

Danbury, prosecuting attorney, William Burke; bailiff, Terence E. Brady.

Greenwich, borough attorney, R. J. Walsh; assessor, James H. Haggerty.

Newtown, burgesses, M. J. Cavanaugh, Michael J. Houlihan.

Norwalk, registrar of voters, Bernard C. Feeney.

Stafford Springs, burgesses, J. J. Sullivan, Florence McCarthy; bailiff, D. F. Mullin; assessors, John Brosnan, James McLaughlin.

Stamford, burgesses, Michael Coghlan, Frank Shea.

Torrington, burgess, James F. Hearty.

Wallingford, burgesses, Thomas S. Kenney, Thomas Kavanaugh; assessor, Patrick Concannon; water commissioner, M. O'Callaghan.

Willimantic, burgess, James A. McAvoy.

Winsted, burgesses, James Fallon, D. R. Rankin; water commissioner, Michael Finn.

A few more instances of Irish worth and progressiveness, and this article will be concluded: Dr. Patrick Cassiddy is President of the New London County Medical Society; Michael F. Dooley, already mentioned, has just been confirmed by President Cleveland as United States Bank Examiner for Connecticut. He has a general supervision over the affairs of all the National banks in the State. James E. Walsh is assistant United States District Attorney; Gen. Thomas McManus is a member of the executive committee of the Connecticut Humane Society; F. W. Lynch, J. J. Kennedy, W. H. Harty, F. J. Higgins, J. P. Murphy, and J. R. Daley are deputies in the United States Internal Revenue Service, while the following are custom house officers: John J. Brennan, John Logan, Thomas O'Brien, John F. Moore, and Peter McKeon, New Haven; Walter Fitzmaurice and B. L. Lynch, New London. And so the golden drapery continues to unfold, and showing at each advance the unmistakable imprint of Celtic vigor contributing to Connecticut's fame. Like the light-houses that dot her coast, the influence of this wonderful and far reaching element has ever been and will ever be devoted to protecting the Ship of State from shoals and rocks without and within.

rt, Conn., April 10, 1888. Thomas Hamilton Murray.

# Erin.

APART she stands from all the world,
The Diadem of Isles;
Her wooded hills, like flags unfurled,
Wave o'er her deep defiles;
Her castles — aged a thousand years —
Her towers, as old as they,
Seem fresher grown from her sad tears,
And know not of decay.

The sea-birds seek her rocky cliffs,
The eagle seeks her sky,
The gallant ships, and painted skiffs
Within her havens lie;
Her torrents leap in silver showers,
In silver fall her rains,
The Shamrock, intertwined with flowers,
Lie sleeping on her plains.

The red deer 'mid her crags leap free,
The lark's song stirs her air,
Her thrushes squander melody
Around them everywhere;
There's music in her abbey-bells,
And in her sparkling rills,
There's beauty in her tuneful dells —,
And grandeur on her hills.

Her ruins old, with glories shine,
With glories like the morn's;
There's glory on her cross divine,
And round her crown of thorns;
There's glory round her peasant homes,
Or where those homes have been,
There's glory on her shining domes, —
Such glory ne'er was seen.

Unchained to any vulgar land,
Our Isle glows in the West,
While winds and waves sleep on her strand,
And in her caves find rest;
But we, poor exiles, far away,
Sad pilgrims through the world,
Can only wait, and watch, and pray
'Till her loved Flag's unfurled.

But when that day upon us breaks,
Like glory from the skies;
When Freedom from her sleep awakes
And — "Death or Freedom," — cries,
Then like the dead from out their graves,
Like lightning from the cloud,
We'll fill dark ships, we'll plough green waves
And round our Nation crowd.

We'll kiss her strand with burning love,
We'll bless her o'er and o'er,
We'll grasp her Flag that floats above,
And wave it o'er her shore;
We'll sing *Te Deums* on her strand
'Till all the world will see,
And all men know that our green land —
Thank God! — IS FREE! IS FREE!

Rev. William P. Treacy.

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## THE YEAR OF PROPHECY.

THIS is said to be "the year of prophecy," and certainly "the shadows of coming events," seem to acquire substance and form. As far as the outlook of the Church is concerned, the future is bright with promise. Canon Vallet has published a work on Pope Leo's golden jubilee, in which he says: "Seek to dissemble the situation as you may, astonishing events are about to take place; the future will see the germ of a new and glorious era. The present epoch reminds us of the time of the coming of the Messiah, when there existed a universal anticipation that humility was about to enter on fresh paths of moral and religious regeneration. Despite the onward march of impiety, tendencies toward the real good are manifesting themselves in the upper classes on the continent; men are found who have profound convictions, and who have the courage to propagate them; thousands of truly religious volumes are being circulated everywhere: truly religious institutions are starting from the soil wherever the eye gazes. What century has ever been more fertile than ours in miracles of zeal, lively faith, and ardent charity?"

# Dom Bosco.

## Part II.

The house of God being completed, Dom Bosco turned all his thoughts towards building a home for his children, so that he might save them altogether from the dangers of the streets. After untold difficulties, which space prevents my relating, he had the happiness, at last, of seeing the building completed, and open for the reception of the children. But sorrow, of one kind or other, is ever the portion of God's saints; and, lest his joy at being at last able to house his children should be too great, our Lord sent him one of the most severe afflictions he could have had, which was the loss of his devoted and noble mother. Whether the overwork consequent on the new foundation, or the dampness of the house, caused the serious inflammation of the lungs, which then attacked her, no one could tell; but, from the first, there was little or no hope. The boys were in despair. She had been a real mother to them all, and they redoubled their prayers and sacrifices, hoping, thereby, to obtain her cure. But it was not to be. On the 25th of November she died, in the arms of her son, after having received all the Sacraments of the Church. Dom Bosco, for the first time in his life, gave way to floods of tears. Then, rising, he hastened to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul; after which, kneeling before the image of our Lady, he murmured: "Oh, Mother of Mercy, my children and I have no longer a mother on earth. Be, then, more than ever henceforth a Mother to us all." The funeral, which was followed by all her adopted children, was one of the most touching sights possible. The order was perfect, yet the grief of so many young lads moved all the spectators to tears.

It seemed as if our Lady had, indeed, listened to Dom Bosco's prayer, for the oratory from that time increased in a most marvellous manner. In 1862 and 1863, fresh buildings were added, including workshops for every trade, large recreation rooms and playgrounds, and sleeping apartments for upwards of a thousand persons, not counting the external pupils. The children were divided between artisans and students, the latter being boys of a higher class, or of superior intelligence, to whom Dom Bosco gave special instruction himself. This branch of his work has been especially blessed by God, for hundreds of young men have thus received an admirable education, and have gone out into the world as professors, schoolmasters, doctors, civil servants, or lawyers, while a very large number embraced the ecclesiastical state. So that, not only have the Salesian Houses been thus recruited with priests and teachers, but throughout the north of Italy the bishops have obtained some hundreds of zealous priests from the same source.

One thing only was not wanting to give stability to Dom Bosco's work, and that was to form a society of priests trained on his own system who should perpetuate his institutions when he himself should have passed away. Strangely enough, while he was deliberating on the best means

of carrying out this idea, the Minister Ratazzi sent for him and made him a similar suggestion, assuring him that the government would throw no obstacles in the way. Yet this was the very Minister who, with Cavour, had brought about the suppression of the religious orders in Italy. Dom Bosco then took counsel of Archbishop Franzoni, who warmly encouraged him in the idea, and advised him to go to Rome, and lay his proposal at the feet of the Holy Father, Pius IX., who from the first had thoroughly understood and appreciated Dom Bosco, received him with marked honor and affection, approved of all his plans and laid upon him a command to carry them out without delay. And thus the Salesian Society was founded, whose members are now laboring so effectually not only throughout Italy, but in France, in Spain, even in South America.

In 1865, Dom Bosco laid the first stone of a new church dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians, which was completed in 1868, and at once attracted an enormous congregation.

Of the workshops we will only speak of the printing press, which has already furnished many hundred works of education, morals, and piety, and many written by Dom Bosco himself. There is likewise a foundry for the letters, an elaborate machinery for glazing the paper, a bookbinding establishment, and another for photographs and phototypes — in fact, everything that is required for the production of books, and even of fine editions. All other trades have likewise their distinct workshops, masters and apprentices. Foundations of the same kind have been made throughout Italy, where there are already seventeen houses. There are also four in France, three in Spain, and twelve in South America. More than a hundred thousand children are now gathered in these homes, and upwards of six thousand priests are laboring amongst them. Besides this, thousands of savages have been baptized, and a Congregation of Sisters (also founded by Dom Bosco) are teaching the Patagonian children and helping to evangelize the nations, who know not God.

When one considers all that Dom Bosco has done in such a short space of time, it is impossible not to feel that the hand of God is with him. But he is a wonderful administrator. He begins his houses always in poverty and humility, and is quite content if his priests and children have the barest necessaries of life to start with. But when he sees that the work must be enlarged and increased, or the children will be lost, he has never yet failed to meet with reward. His memory is astonishing. He never forgets a face or person; and there is no one of his priests or children in his houses whom he does not know thoroughly, and remember every detail concerning them. In the Seminary, during his theological studies, he never required to read or hear anything more than once, for he always remembered every word. And, to this hour, he can repeat whole cantos of Virgil or Danté by heart.

This astonishing facility explains how, being simply a shepherd (like St. Vincent de Paul) till he was fifteen, he was enabled to acquire such solid and profound knowledge, and pass such brilliant examina-

tions. People often wonder how, with weak health, worn-out eyes, and swelled legs, he can get through daily with such an enormous amount of work. For, besides the direction of so many houses, Dom Bosco is always ready to console all that suffer, or who need his aid. He receives upwards of two hundred letters a day, and the number of people he sees in the twenty-four hours is something incredible. The secret of it is, the invariable rule he has laid down for himself, to do everything which comes before him with the greatest care, and without hurry, and to concentrate his entire attention upon it. Although naturally quick-tempered, he has acquired such mastery over himself, that he has arrived at a really imperturbable calmness and serenity. If you go to see him, he receives you as if you were a most honored guest; and although many people abuse his kindness and try his patience to the utmost, he never makes them feel that they are indiscreet, or that he has anything else to do with his precious time than to listen to them. He carries out the great surgeon, Nelaton's axiom, who used to say to his young assistants, "Above all, do not hurry, for there is no time to lose." But the marvellous thing in his work is the way in which the boys are managed without beating or punishment of any kind. And I would venture to call special attention to this fact, when, unhappily, we see even priests advocating the brutal system of flogging as the only panacea for moral evils of children.

All his Salesian houses are managed on the same system. The children are trained on what one may call the *preventive* method: that is, that all occasions for faults are carefully avoided, so that no recourse should be had to punishment. It is the pure spirit of St. Francis of Sales, love,—to love the boys, and make oneself loved by them. *Charitas benigna est, patiens est; omnia sufferat, omnia sperat, omnia sustinet.* In their mutual relations, affection takes the place of restraints; and one look, one word of sorrow, on the part of the Salesian Father, is enough to stop a boy who is about to do wrong. The Fathers mix continually with the children, and share in their play as in their work; their principle being that of St. Philip Neri, who used to say to his boys, "Do what you like, only avoid sin." "Frequent Confession and Communion and daily Mass, are the columns which support our educational system," wrote Dom Bosco, on one occasion, "and in this way we have banished all threats and punishments." Several times a day, and always in the evening after their work, he would say a few words to the children, reminding them how labor had been glorified by our Lord, who, in His mortal life, chose to be a simple workman, like themselves. He ever put before them this Adorable Model, and the thought of the Father who will receive them in heaven when all the troubles and toils of this world are over; and he only accept it, and bless God for it. It was this feeling amongst them which so struck Lord Palmerston, when he went to Valdocco. He called on Dom Bosco simply as an English stranger, without giving his name. He examined all the workshops, talked with the children, and, after the simple dinner to which Dom Bosco had invited him, asked him the question of "how he managed a thousand boys without any punish-

ments?" Dom Bosco smiled, and said, "Stay with us till evening, and you will see." Lord Palmerston stayed, and went into the chapel, where, after the evening recreation, the boys had all assembled, and then he heard Dom Bosco speak to them. He witnessed their simple and voluntary confession of the faults of the day, and Dom Bosco's little words of counsel and loving encouragement to each, and, when he came out, he wrung Dom Bosco's hand, and said, "Now I understand. You have won all their hearts, and so you can mould them as you please." Then he gave his name, and said that, "for the first time, he had realized what love could do with those untaught, rough natures."

One fact is undeniable, and that is, the Salesian Society, wherever it has made a foundation, has conferred the most signal services on the working classes and on society at large. Upwards of twenty-five thousand children leave their houses yearly, while the same number are received. And these boys become good and honored citizens, with the fear of God before their eyes; and whether they fill humble or high positions, they never forget the home which has sheltered them in their childhood. Continually they return to make little retreats there; and Dom Bosco and all the Salesian Fathers are to them objects of the tenderest gratitude and affection.

There is one portion of Dom Bosco's work of which we have not yet spoken, and that is the foundation of a pious association called "Salesian Coöperators" (both male and female), which at this moment numbers upwards of eighty thousand, and which received the special approval of Pope Pius IX. in a brief dated May 9th, 1876, together with a plenary Indulgence at the hour of death for each of its members. Leo XIII. has confirmed all these privileges; and in speaking to Dom Bosco, said: "Each time that you address your Salesian Coöperators, you must tell them that I bless them from my heart, for the object of your society is to save youth from ruin, and I trust that they will all labor with one mind and soul to assist you in this arduous and most vital work." At the same time, March, 1879, the Pope nominated his Eminence, Cardinal Nina, as Proctor of the Society.

It is, in fact, a kind of Third Order, in which members may be enrolled from the age of sixteen. Each receives a ticket of membership, and no religious practices are exacted save one Pater and Ave in honor of St. Francis of Sales. Their work is to assist the Salesian Fathers as much as they possibly can in hunting out destitute and neglected children; in collecting small sums towards their clothing and maintenance; in distributing good books among the elder ones; in fact, in the words of Dom Bosco himself, "in forming a holy league to arrest the progress of immorality and atheism in the rising generation, and help to train them in the fear and love of God." These Coöperators participate in all the spiritual favors granted to the Salesians throughout the world, and have a special part in the prayers and intercessions of the Fathers both in life and death.

To sum up the principal works founded by Dom Bosco (in addition to his gigantic orphanages and workshops), we must reckon:

1. The "Salesian Society," with its thousands of priests and missionaries.

2. The institution of Daughters of "Mary Help of Christians," for the education of girls.

3. The work under the same patronage to favor ecclesiastical vocations amongst the elder students.

4. "The Coöperators" of St. Francis of Sales of both sexes.

There are, therefore, many ways in which the poorest and humblest amongst us can help Dom Bosco in his noble work. He has trained several English priests, among his Salesians, who are to be attached to this new foundation, and so precludes the prejudice which might arise from the idea of a home managed entirely by foreigners. I have said nothing of the miraculous way in which Dom Bosco has been enabled to carry on his works; nor of the wonderful cures which have been effected by his intercession. To begin with, he himself, never suffers the smallest allusion to be made to them, and attributes all the graces he receives to the intercession of "Mary, Help of Christians," to whom he has so special a devotion. When he has gone to his reward, and the Church has given her judgment on his great virtues, then will be the time to speak of the miracles of which those around him are constant witnesses.

"A tender love toward our neighbor is one of the grandest and most excellent gifts which Divine Providence can bestow on man."

These words of St. Francis of Sales, which Dom Bosco has taken for the motto of his monthly periodical, is in fact, the keynote of his own life. No one one can see him without being attracted by him, for under those worn and rugged features there beams an expression of love which we have never seen on any other human face.

To found a house in England and rescue some of our poor children in London from their miserable and perilous surroundings was long his earnest wish, but God called him to his home.

Lady Herbert.

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REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLICS. — Dr. Mahar, in the Catholic Universe: "We have among us a number of men who are held to be representative Catholics. They are anxious to be considered such. They are men without much education regarding the 'one thing necessary,' and, in fact, with very little knowledge of other matters. Yet, by little political manœuvres of the lower order, and a glib tongue — not a great quality, for even the most ignorant of women can have it — they have risen to positions which, coupled with their religion, entitle them to be styled by the world as prominent Catholics. They are generally men who are ready to make compromises of Catholic faith at any time for political purposes. They can grandly ignore it, if not barter it. With a generation or two of well-educated, manly Catholic collegians, we could drive these men from the political market, and replace them with men who could and would really be representative Catholics. God grant that the day may soon come."

# Frederick Lucas: A Retrospect.

## Part III.

On February 17, 1848, a Bill was introduced for the restoration of diplomatic relations with the Pope. A public protest was organized by the Society of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, and, at an overflowing meeting, Lucas moved a resolution, stating, that, in the opinion of the meeting, it was:

"Absolutely certain that the main design, in this measure, was to have an effectual means of interfering in Catholic ecclesiastical affairs, and of applying threats and other temporal coercion to compel the Holy See to use its spiritual influence for the promotion of their own political views in this Empire, and particularly in Ireland."

He also read extracts from the speeches of Lords Lansdowne and Stanley, which, while being as offensively patronizing to the Holy Father as the Tory Standard is to-day, must have carried conviction to the minds of any but soulless party hacks, as to the true intentions of the Whig government.

He then noticed the childish argument set forth by some timid souls, that the Almighty would not permit the Holy See to be forced into any course injurious to the Church, and quoted, in contravention of this absurd theory, the action of Pius VII. at Fontainebleau, and of the ministers of Gregory XVI. and Czar Nicholas, in the earlier part of that Pontificate, and mentioned an admission of Lord John Russell, to the effect, that, having failed to govern Ireland by coercion and by conciliation, nothing now remained except "to govern it through Rome."

Continuing, Lucas said, ". . . They wish to cajole Pius IX. Having made Ireland a desolation — the Poland of the West — they wish to degrade this great Pope from the position he occupies as the Supreme Head and Father of the whole Catholic Church, into a miserable party chief. . . . With a perfidy worthy of their traditional character, . . . they labor to interpose the Holy See between Ireland and their iniquities; to make Rome the breakwater of that raging ocean, which, whatever interposes, will burst through all obstacles, and swallow up their accursed policy at last. . . . I say they cannot, they will not, they shall not, make Rome their instrument for governing Ireland. . . . England govern Ireland through Rome! Never, never, shall that day dawn upon the world!" Then he pointed out — and time has added the weight of verification to his words — the lesson to be drawn from the inter-dependence of Church and State, having regard more especially to France, when France was "governed through Rome in the perverted sense, in which those who use the words, would have Ireland governed through Rome." He pointed out how the civil influence had permeated and polluted every department of the French Church, and how, when the day of Revolution came, the daggers of the conspirators plunged through her sides to reach the heart of the monarchy. . . . "What a stupid blasphemy it is to talk of governing Ireland through Rome! They shall do no such thing. They shall not pollute the

Church which they have already ceased to persecute. They shall not insult it with gilded fetters. They shall not handle, with their adulterous hands, the sacred Spouse of Christ. They shall not make the Handmaid of the Almighty a slave to grind at their mill . . . ."

The Bill was passed, but the Houses of Parliament, in their insular narrow-mindedness, would not consent to receive an ecclesiastic as ambassador from the Priest of Priests! And thus the matter ended for the time being.

Throughout this incident, and on all other occasions of similar acts on the part of the Whigs, Lucas was animated by the most profound distrust of that party. He believed them to be, at the core, fully as anti-Catholic as the Tories, and far more dangerous, by reason of their capacity for intrigue, at home and abroad. The accuracy of this estimate of Russell and Palmerston is sufficiently approved, when such a tolerant man as W. E. Gladstone could have written to the Bishop of Oxford such a sentiment as, "The Church of England will not fully have done her work till the Church of Rome has ceased to exist and operate in these realms."

We have now brought our retrospect down to the revolutionary era of 1848. Although its electrical thrill pulsated far beyond the European countries, whose thrones reeled amid its heart-throbs, its expression in England was chiefly constitutional. This may be accounted for in two ways. Those who see an almost Divine perfection in things that are, especially when these things be British, will complacently ascribe the comparatively light shock from the revolutionary earthquake to the credit of the English politico-social system. Others, lacking the inclination to take such a roseate view of the English system, might say that the Englishman, because of his phlegmatic disposition, satisfies himself with a letter to the Times, when the ardent and volatile disposition of his Gallic neighbor urges him to prepare for "a barricade in the city streets." Be this as it may. But how was it in the Green Isle across that channel which, Grattan says, at once forbids administrative union, and defies absolute separation? There, both people and leaders were as desperate as men could well be. With the Devil, *i.e.*, Castle Government, on one side, and that deep sea of famine and fever, whose depths seemed fathomless, on the other, their case was truly wretched. Men placed in such a predicament are seldom, I ween, disposed to stand upon strict etiquette, and wait, with folded hands, while grim Death stalks to the front, under his most terrific aspect. The mortality was, even now, appalling, and the prospect of inducing the government to lift its hand for the salvation of the people, seemed more remote than any other mundane contingency. The outlook was one which might well have tempted men of more sober cast of thought than the rebels of '48, to ask themselves, whether it were not "sweeter to die on some green hillside, fighting for liberty," than to linger on through the weary stages of semi-starvation, inanity, and idiocy, to a miserable death — inglorious and unprofitable. But what am I saying? Unprofitable? Inglorious? Surely not. Has not the blood of the victims of '47–'48 cried to Heaven for vengeance? And

has not the memory of that holocaust stimulated the leaders of to-day to incept the Plan of Campaign? Ireland's sons die, but their cause lives after them.

The preparations made by the fiery young men, who would not tamely give the English Cossack the opportunity to proclaim the peace of death in the Irish Warsaw, set Lucas thinking of, and searching into, the history of guerilla warfare in ancient and modern times.

He did not believe that a guerilla war could succeed in Ireland. But, while zealously endeavoring to impress this opinion upon the people, he was very careful to show, that he was speaking without any sympathy for the governmental system, or any hostility to the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people. He told them, what he had previously stated in 1843, that "the English government in Ireland is an illegal government, and that, consequently, to take up arms against it would be no treason, but a perfectly legal act;" but, still, viewing the question in its *practical* aspect, he felt compelled to discourage any such proceeding. Had the aged Chief of Repeal, when in his pristine vigor of intellect, acted in like manner, his enemies and our enemies could not have used his name in later years as a stalking-horse for the aspersion of the character and motives of Ireland's noblest sons; and, instead of having him thrown in our faces as an example for the present leaders, we could cheerfully conform to the dictates of our hearts, and give him his due meed of praise, without restriction or reservation.

Lucas, while disapproving of the contemplated insurrection, was not blinded as to who were the real traitors against the peace of the realm. It was, therefore, no surprise to him, when the insurrection was announced on July 27, to learn that the Whig government proposed to quell the insurrection before urging the passage of a Landlord and Tenant Bill, which they had already introduced. And he very pertinently reminded all whom it might concern, that, "until bloodshed seemed imminent, remedial measures were forgotten altogether," and, when the outbreak had passed over, he urged that Ireland, though having failed in two ways, still should stand fast to the cardinal principle of her struggle. He urged a new commencement, beginning with small things that they might achieve great things. In his opinion, the most urgent questions of the moment, were, the land question, and the reform of the Irish representative system, including the representatives themselves. He desired to know, how could Irish members make themselves felt on Irish affairs or public questions, when "those who are honest want ability, and those who possess ability are despised for their personal character . . ." This was a severe arraignment, but who shall say it was unjust? Filled with a prophetic insight, he must have felt some premonition of the triumphs which would be counted by an Irish Parliamentary Party in our era. This is how it appeared to his mind's vision. "Any association which should employ itself in preparing and sending to Parliament twelve representatives of capacity and practical skill, would revolutionize the Imperial Parliament on Irish affairs." As was afterwards seen, a much smaller number — just the half of twelve — inaugurated the Parliamentary revolution. But there was a long

and melancholy period to intervene between the forecast and its fulfilment, and Ireland was fated to groan on the rack, for four decades, ere the inscrutable Providence of God supplied Eighty-six cogent reasons to W. E. Gladstone, for holding out the palm of peace to the sorely-tried Irish nation.

During the judicial farces of the State trials, with their hideous accompaniment of jury-packing, — prior to, during, and after the rebellion — Lucas was neither idle nor silent. He says, "Every man who dislikes the English government, holds his life on the tenure of the Attorney General's employers not choosing to murder him. . . . if I were charged with shooting the man in the moon, he would find a sheriff to pack a jury, a judge to charge, a jury to convict, a hangman to adjust the noose, and a whig journalist to attest the honesty, impartiality, and veracity of the court, and the delicacy of the hangman."

When Mitchell had been removed, pursuant to the sentence of his sovereign lady, etc., Lucas, who was deeply grieved at the loss of Mitchell, vigorously vindicated the character of that patriot, who had been maligned as a foolish, cowardly braggadocio, a lover of revolutions, an enemy of order, and one who delighted in blood. Lucas declared this view to be diametrically opposed to the truth. He said, "There are few men now breathing whom I venerate more than John Mitchell. So far from being foolish, he possessed genius and character of a high order. He is no coward . . . I believe him . . . the bravest man I have ever known. He is no braggadocio, but modest, composed, reserved, unostentatious, disinterested, free from ambition, humane, generous, affectionate, and, on good cause shown, as ready to lay his head upon a block as upon a pillow; a man not for a moment to be compared with most exemplary and decorous whig inheritors of plundered abbey lands. . . ."

Of course I am aware, that writing for Irish-American readers, no man's praise can increase the lustre which shines from the character of John Mitchell. My object in giving this, and other lengthy quotations, is to exhibit in his true light this noblest of Englishmen — the man who realized, as no other man did, the old proverb, more Irish than the Irish. Some live for Ireland; others die for her, but Lucas lived and died for her, and his all too brief life was an unceasing battle for Ireland, during which he took no quarter, and gave none.

During the trial of C. G. Duffy, Lucas spoke very strongly of the high estimation in which Duffy was generally held. He gave Duffy credit for having done most to found and promote the Nation, "a journal. . . . overflowing with ability of every kind, uniformly directed by the purest motives, and appealing to none but the loftiest sentiments. . . ." From the private correspondence of Lucas to Duffy, whilst incarcerated in Richmond prison, we gather sentiments which do equal honor to the writer and to the one to whom they were addressed. Thus, on Oct. 17, 1848, Lucas writes, "You know how I differ from you on the question of prudence, but taking, as I did, the obviously safe side, I have often said to myself, that I should be glad to be sure of the perfect disinterestedness of my course as I was of yours."

And again in reference to a virulent attack made upon Duffy by Atty.-Gen. Hatchell, "Gracious Heavens! when one thinks who prosecutes, and who is prosecuted, it takes off something from the edge of the relish for worldly prosperity. There is something better, even in this world than being Attorney General, or Solicitor General, or Lord this, or Earl of that — or the deuce is in it."

Towards the end of November, Lucas had under consideration the removal of his paper to Dublin. Just about this time, in friendly correspondence with Duffy, he thus refers to the temporal power of the Popes: —

"As to foreign interference, I am as averse to it as you; but when we come to the extreme right, I consider that Catholic Christendom has rights in the matter which are not to be overlooked. . . . Political rights are not abstract but practical, and extreme cases require extreme rules. . . In comparison with the rights of the Church in this matter, I think no more of the rights of the Romans than I think of the rights of a dozen of oysters when I am hungry."

This is, I think, a most effective and pithy exposition of the case on its own merits; and those who would make the loudest outcry against these sentiments — expressed in his own vigorous Saxon style — would be the first to illustrate his final sentence, by gobbling up the oysters, with but scant regard for the abstract rights of these excellent edibles.

When in 1849, Macaulay brought out the earlier volumes of his — miscalled — History of England, Lucas in a series of critical articles in the Tablet, showed how utterly unreliable were the glittering generalities, and rhetorical sophistries which were made to do duty for the sober relation of the actual facts.

In the latter part of the year 1849, Lucas moved the Tablet to Dublin. It had not secured a good foothold in England, nor was it likely to attain that position among a community (with noble exceptions) whose highest ambition was to stand well with the neighboring Philistine, and who little recked what was sacrificed were this object but achieved, when they could find nothing else to carp at in the management of the Tablet, they querously objected to the amount of space devoted to Irish affairs. This, from a people who, in the main, were worshipping in churches built and maintained by the pennies of the poor Irish exiles. But what else could be expected from those who persistently reviled and ruthlessly calumniated the Emancipator, who had swept the shackles from limbs which were better fitted for the yoke of slavery than for that of freedom which, unaided, they would never have regained. But where the blood of all the Howards fell short of its obligations, faithful Ireland could safely be appealed to and not be found wanting. So, trusting to the magnanimous Irish character, which has never failed, and never will fail those who trusted to it, Lucas transferred his paper to Dublin. Henceforth, he had the advantage of living on Irish ground, and how well he established his claims to Ireland's love and Ireland's gratitude, it is the central purpose of this crude sketch to make evident. He personally found a

warmth of welcome to his new home, which went far to recompense him for the sundering of social and family ties involved in the change.

He had intended, when removing, to devote his paper in a large degree to the general interests of the Church, but the wretched condition of Irish affairs almost entirely precluded his doing so. Finding the people in a state of starvation, he threw himself with his accustomed ardor into — and soon became a leader in — the movement, just starting, to secure to the tenants the value of their improvements of the soil. This movement is known as the Tenant Right movement. At its inception and for long afterwards the bulk of the work seemed to devolve upon the indefatigable Lucas, and continued till his return as member for Meath in May, 1852.

When the Parliamentary session of 1850 opened, the condition of Ireland had become so desperate, that even the government felt shamed into making a pretence of doing something to alleviate the intense misery. Such an awakening on the part of the government follows a vigorous agitation as surely as day succeeds night. So now a bill was introduced by the chief secretary, with the ostensible purpose of securing to the tiller of soil the improvements by which he has made the land valuable. Its good effects were simply apparent, and there ended its worth. As is the custom with such bills, when the tenant's claims cannot be shamelessly disregarded, every possible difficulty was placed in his path, while every assistance was given to the landlord to enforce his legal blackmail. We need not go back forty years for instances. The present generation know how it works. At this time the population, which under natural laws, should have stood at nine millions, could only muster six and a half millions — two and a half millions having been *civilized* into America, or coffinless graves, in two and a half years!

With this unparalleled national destruction staring them in the face, Parliament was stolidly indifferent to the woes of Ireland. But it was sympathetically "pained" with Lord Castlereagh, when he adverted to a meeting in Down, where a Presbyterian clergyman referred to an estate yielding a rental of £4,000 at the end of the last century. The rents now amounted to £24,000 [$20,000 and $120,000 respectively] and the House of Commons shared the shock which thrilled the noble Lord, when the meeting, in reply to the question of "who caused the increase?" responded with cries of "The tenants."

Several meetings were now held in various parts of the country, with the object of bringing about a national coöperation in the demand for Tenant Right. Four hundred delegates met in convention at Dublin on Aug. 6, 1850, and with great unanimity formulated a definite platform. The resolutions (chiefly drafted by Lucas), were first submitted to a large public meeting in Dublin, and adopted with the utmost enthusiasm. The most important of these, as estimated by Lucas, declared: —

"That our efforts will be ineffectual unless we have as representatives men of known honesty, who will withhold support from any cabinet that will not advance the principles of Tenant Right."

This was the beginning of Independent Opposition. The principle

of this policy had always been maintained by the Tablet and now it seemed to have a fair chance of practical accomplishment.

Some of the speakers anticipated the prairie value of Parnell, but this was not insisted upon. The great object of the Tenant Righters was, not so much to obtain restitution for past robbery, as to make it cease for the future. Of course they were denounced as communists and confiscators, by the classes who have always enjoyed an accursed community in confiscation. But these whilom revolutionary theories would be more than welcome to-day, could the classes, who perceive the handwriting on the wall, but move backward the index on the dial of time.

The Times, then as now, (how much these three words imply), violently denounced the Tenant Righters for proposing to abrogate the divine right of the landlord to do as he pleased with his own. Lucas, serenely practical, pointed out the numerous instances, where the legislature had interfered to protect the weak and defenceless from the inevitable effects of unfettered competition; and in confirmation he instanced the Factory Act, the Truck Act, and acts controlling various occupations. The principle was already established, all that was now needed was its practical application to the agricultural industry in Ireland.

His description of how the enforced union of England and Ireland, had failed to secure uniformity in the administration of the laws, supposed to govern both, is too good to pass unnoticed. He says: "In one case the power given by the law is used; in the other it is abused. In the former it is employed as an instrument of protection; in the latter it is employed as an instrument of destruction. In the former it is the staff with which the wayfarer upholds his steps; in the latter it is the bludgeon with which he is smitten to the ground."

The many meetings held, and speeches made, in the effort to extend the Tenant Right principle, must be hurriedly passed over. At a meeting, numbering 6,000, held in Ennis, after two Presbyterian ministers had spoken, Lucas followed. He forcibly answered the taunts of those who sneered at the comparatively small attendance of the Tenant Right meetings. He reminded the meeting, how, in the workhouses of Clare alone, there were shut up 12,000 adults, who would have been with them that day, had not landlord greed and brutality destroyed their means of living, and reduced them to the melancholy alternative of receiving alms to eke out a miserable existence.

He added that the limited time at the command of the organizers of the meeting did not permit the secretaries to send notices to the banks of the Mississippi, to recall the exiled sons of Clare. He also mentioned another body of their kindred, who might have attended; but the secretaries of the meeting "possessed no power to summon men, women, and children from the grave." But there will come a time, when we shall have, in another place, a county meeting of a different character to this; there will come a time when the Creator of this world, the Judge of the living and the dead, shall come in Almighty Power to open the graves and raise from their hideous burial-places

the martyrs of landlord oppression. It will be a strange meeting, when, at the day of the great resurrection, these miserable skeletons, through whose attenuated bodies, when they died, the winds might almost have blown; it will be a strange meeting when they meet face to face the landlord and the agent, by whom they were driven to an untimely grave."

Continuing his speech, he very vigorously defended the poor people from the charges of idleness made against them by that class which was itself the very incarnation of laziness.

J. W. O'Ryan.

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# The Sacred Heart.

CHRIST loved us with infinite love, and that love was tabernacled by an orb of human flesh. In Christ's heart dwelt the love which decked Eden with its beauties, and Adam with his superior gifts. There dwelt the love which, in the beginning, prompted God the Son, to offer Himself at the Counsel of the Most Holy Trinity, as a victim of Divine Justice; so that man might not be estranged from Eternal Love. There dwelt the love which could not be diminished or destroyed by human hate, for Love loved even hate, and this made Love itself all the more lovable. There dwelt the love, which gave us Christ himself in the Sacrament of the Altar, at which Nature stands appalled, saying: I saw God walking on Earth, clothed in the seamless robe His mother knit for Him, and at the mysterious condescension of the "Word made flesh," I was beaten flat to the Earth, marked with His footsteps. Now, I am utterly overcome when I see Him in a meaner manner, still — clothed in the appearance of bread, — when I behold Him borne along by His feeble minister, aye, passively as was the widow's son of Naim, whose bier he once, with gentle hand, touched — borne up by the two fingers of the Priest, the Being whose one finger sustains the Universe; whose "fiat" made all things, whose smile sends summer to the world.

Oh! what heart ever loved like our Lord's heart, and yet could, because of its very delicacy, so keenly feel the touch of scorn and pain? What heart so pure and still in sorrow, so felt the ruinous consequences of impurity in the world? What heart so generous, sacrificing rest in Nazareth, for weariness in Jerusalem? What heart so dutiful as to suffer the love that vivified it, to leave its native Heaven for Earth, to shiver in cold, to shake in sorrow, to thrill in anguish, to turn in death. Oh, grand heart of Christ, from the abundance of which His mouth spoke such kindly Gospel! Oh, zealous heart, with its flames of love, giving new zeal to the missionary, who goes far into the depths of darkness of barbarism to pray to God with the eloquence of action, "Thy Kingdom come!" Oh, kind heart, loving us still, who gave you a chilly cradle and a colder death-bed! Oh, liberal heart, shedding blood for us, whose hearts are as hard as the rocks of Golgotha, purpled

over with Deicide! Oh, immense heart, full of the love which reaches from pole to pole of Eternity! Oh, heart of our God, which, though drained of its blood, could never be emptied of its Divinity!

The heart of Christ may well, indeed, be adored; for it suffered more than all Christ's other members. The hands, it is true, were pierced, and the poor fingers felt in death, not the soft pressure of friendship, but the hard, cold iron of cruelty. Down His noble forehead and blinding eyes, which the ignominy of Calvary robbed not of their mild majesty, came blood from his torn temples. His feet were pinioned, so that the Great God could not "turn in his anguish."

All this was terrible; but it was His heart so perfect, hence so sensitive, that intensified the pains of head and hand and foot. It was His Heart intensified its own dolors, until Nature could bear no more, and the Sacred Heart of Christ, mighty in its sorrows, infinite in its loves, *Broke* in the side of God. Oh, what pain must have succeeded sorrow, what woe must have followed pain, to break a heart so mighty; a heart whose last throbbings, judging naturally, would be supposed to go forth in hate, and yet were the outcome of a love which died not with Calvary's death. "Behold, then, the heart which has loved men so much;" a heart not far away, for while I am writing, and you are reading, it is beating on the Altar; not, indeed, as Mary heard it, when she hugged closer the dear infant, lest the desert wind might reach Him; —not as St. John heard it, while it was bounding with the enthusiasm which prompted the institution of the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist; not, indeed, bruised and blue and broken, as the Centurion's javelin found it; but, substantially, the same heart as the Angels see and feel in Heaven, bright with its light and loveliness.

Zaleski. Rev. Jas. H. Cotter.

# An Interesting Book of Travels.

THE volume by Rev. Father Fairbanks, will be sincerely welcomed by many Catholics, especially by those intending to travel in Europe and Palestine. There are very few works of Catholics covering the same grounds, and Father Fairbanks has a keen appreciation of all the places and scenes he visited, and writes in a most pleasing and entertaining manner. During his travels, Father Fairbanks constantly made notes on the spot, of whatever interested him or his companions, and while not describing one tenth of what he saw and learned, his work is just about the size to commend itself to a traveller, who should not start to Europe or the Orient as if he were going to some American watering place, or summer resort for a few months.

We trust this latest volume of travels will have a large sale, and we sincerely and strongly recommend it to our friends, as well worthy of their perusal. Father Fairbanks's visit to Europe and the Holy Land is certainly the most interesting, reliable, and entertaining work on foreign travel ever written for American Catholics.

# The Glories of Ireland.

"A new star now shines upon the Universe." Thus might some holy seer justly exclaim, when Ireland was baptized in Christian waters. "A sacred fire has been kindled that will never be extinguished. Rejoice, O, ye Nations, and be glad, O Earth."

AND well might the nations then existing, and the whole Earth then known, rejoice and be glad at Ireland's conversion to the faith of the crucified One. For, in it they were to find a fountain of perpetual benefits, graces and blessings. Ireland was Divinely called to be an Apostolic Nation, and the fair mother of saints, heroes, and sages. Ireland wedded Christian Perfection, and her mantle of beauty, on her marriage-day, was woven and placed around her by three queenly sisters — Faith, Hope, and Charity. And this trinity of sisters, like her own Shamrock, was to be with her during her long pilgrimage of joy and sorrow, of victory and defeat.

History affords us no vision more beautiful than that of Ireland, even soon after its conversion, with its priests, and monks, and nuns, and hermits, — with its churches, and monasteries, and convents, and sacred grottos, and cells. This was the time, "when," as Doctor Johnson says, "Ireland was the School of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity." "While the flames of war were blazing around her," writes Garres, "the Green Isle enjoyed the sweets of repose. When we look into the ecclesiastical life of the Irish people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirit had transplanted over the sea, the cells of the Valley of the Nile, with all their hermits, and its monasteries with all their inmates, and had settled them down in the Western Isle." The Protestant Bishop, Wordsworth, enthusiastically exclaims: — "More than a thousand years ago, the Church of Ireland was the *burning and shining light* of the Western World. Ireland was the University of the West. She was rich in libraries, colleges, and schools. She was famous, as now, for hospitality. She received those who came to her with affectionate generosity, and provided them with books and instructors. She trained them in sound learning, especially in the Word of God." Among those who flocked to the Irish Schools could be named great saints, distinguished men of learning, and mighty princes. The venerable Bede, Alcuin, and other distinguished authorities, tell us that students from every nation repaired to the schools of Ireland, and that *Irish religious were often summoned from their monasteries to take part in the councils of kings and princes.* From this we see that Irishmen could rule not only their own country, wisely and well, but could also help in governing the rest of Christendom. If Bede and Alcuin could arise from their graves, they would give ample testimony against the present Tory Government — they would, undoubtedly, be *Home Rulers.* But I have digressed. Camden, in his Britannia, assures us that it was a common saying in those days, when any renowned literary man had disappeared from other countries, *that he had gone to prosecute his studies in Ireland.* In the office of St. Cataldus, the Irish Bishop of St. Tarentum, "who once enriched the

halls of Lismore with the treasures of his erudition," we read that French, German, and Scotch scholars and students of almost every other nationality went to hear him. The Duke of Argyle writes: "In the time and in the country of Columba, the Celtic monasteries were not only the great missionary colleges of the Church, but they seemed to have embraced and absorbed almost all that existed then of an ecclesiastical organization." With historical accuracy the Hon. Colin Lindsay says: "When the foundations of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were laid, the colleges of Ireland had been long flourishing seats of learning, imparting to all who came to her schools Knowledge and Truth."

When pilgrims from all nations were wafted by all the winds of heaven to the beautiful and holy shores of Ireland, what manner of people did they meet? A people heroically devoted to the service of God, generous to friend and foe, happy and contented in their virtue, learning, and might, — fond of music, unrivalled in architecture, skilled in the artistic use of silver and gold and precious stones, — a people blessed with a beautiful land and fruitful soil, and living under a wise and paternal code of laws. Is this an exaggerated account of Ireland under ancient *Home Rule?* "Before England was born into the family of nations," says a distinguished English writer, "Ireland was an autonomy, recognized as such by contemporary races. When Albion was inhabited by a barbarous and savage people, Ireland was in the height of prosperity. When the Anglo-Saxons were tearing each other to pieces, Ireland was possessed of a settled government, and was administered by wise laws, so ancient, that no one knows precisely the period of their first promulgation. When England was remarkable for its ignorance and brutality, Ireland was celebrated for her culture and civilization. Ireland can assert, what no other existing kingdom or state can say, that her history is lost in the mazes of antiquity, and that her era of barbarism belongs to pre-historic times." I would even say, that Ireland was never the asylum of barbaric hordes. There is no proof, and no proof can now be found, to show that savage feet once trod the Emerald Isle. The most ancient authorities give us to understand that the first settlers in Ireland were civilized — commercial travellers or bold explorers — precursors of the great Genoese. The eloquent Dominican, Father Thomas Burke, in one of his most beautiful lectures, says: "Now, it was Ireland's fortune that the sons of Milesius came and settled there. They came from Spain in the earliest ages, and they brought with them a tradition of civilization, of law, and of national melody. They established a system of jurisprudence, established the reign of law, and of national government in the land; they made Ireland a nation, governed by kings recognizing her constitution and laws — governed by an elective constitutional monarch."

The passionate fondness of the ancient Irish for music, the perfection to which they had brought it, gives us a high idea of their culture and spiritual elevation of character. Not unjustly has Erin been called "the Island of Song." Bards sat in the councils of chiefs and princes — the harp of golden strings was seen upon the national banner. The

first to give welcome to St. Patrick, in Tara's royal hall, was the Arch-Bard, Dhubhac, who had the honor to sound the prelude of Ireland's Christian Song. St. Bride of Kildare, "the Virgin of Ireland," St. Fiech, St. Oncho, St. Livinus, St. Eochaid Dallan, the Blind, St. Sedulius, the Classic, St. Columba, the Dove, and Marianus Scotus, the Beautiful, made the hills and the valleys of Erin ring with Christian music — made the old Pagan Harp speak out its soul in Christian accents."

Count Montalembert speaks of the Irish saints as having "a passionate love for travelling." So had all true Apostles, from the time of the Chosen Twelve down to St. Francis Xavier, and from his time to our own. By the hands of Irish missionaries, the Cross was planted in the villages, in the fields, and in most of the capitals of Europe. The lamp of Faith was lit in "Sainted Iona" by renowned Irish monks. Holy men from Ireland first preached the gospel with success among the Britons, among the Anglo-Saxons, and in America. Many of the towns of Wales are, to this day, called after Irish saints, and the miners of that country, though they have lost the Light that Piran brought them, still celebrate his Feast, and honor him as their benefactor — their Apostle. Irish monasteries and schools and chapels and cathedrals, arose along the rivers of France, Spain, Italy and Germany, and high up among the glaciers of Switzerland, — and Irish Faith and Irish love, and Irish generosity and Irish music and Irish learning could be found in all of them, as so many treasures from the Emerald Isle. The radiance of Ireland's glory flooded all civilized nations, and the going forth of Erin's sons to foreign lands was like the bursting of a great star, whose golden fragments lit up, with a pure, and steady, and sacred light, the clouded skies of Christendom.

Such was Ireland when a Free Nation, ruled by its own sons, and at peace with the world. Surely liberty did not weaken or destroy her. In its light she advanced in virtue, in power, in beauty, in learning, in all that makes a nation great and glorious — in all that makes a people happy, contented, and prosperous.

The Danish hosts destroyed her peace for hundreds of years. While menaced by their frequent invasions she could not let the sword sleep for a moment in its scabbard. Her sacred hymns had often to end with the war-cry of the Celt. Her bravery, and constancy, and patriotism, and love of homes and altars, were continually put to the test. Did they fail her for a moment? Was there one day out of three hundred years when they allowed the Danish Raven to float above her sacred shores, in the flush and pride of complete victory? No, day by day, and hour by hour, they took the field against the hated invaders, and made fertile her valleys, and dyed red her hill-sides with the blood of the foemen. The victorious plains of Clontarf, with their heaps of slain, show that all the virtues of the Irish race still survived and flourished, after a three-centuried death-struggle with a fierce and war-like people. Brian Boroimhe — on that memorable Good Friday — with his gleaming and victor-sword — with his golden cross — with his sweet-sounding harp — tells us, that Ireland was still brave and patriotic,

that she still clung with ardor to the Faith, that she was still a cultured land, and still deserved to be styled "the Child of Song."

Such was Free Ireland, when she had to battle daily for the fruits of peace, for religion, for freedom. In war, as in peace, she showed herself great, and equal to the terrible circumstances in which she found herself placed.

Henry II. invaded the land that had never seen the Roman Eagle, and had refused the Raven for the Sunburst and the Harp. And after four centuries of mortal combat, when Henry VIII. gave up the Faith of his royal ancestors, Ireland was found bleeding from a thousand wounds, but still defiant, still ready and eager to continue the noblest of fights. Seven hundred years of fierce and deadly strife have not broken her sword, nor bent her indomitable spirit. Her flag still floats above many "a noble tower and town." In many a princely hall the chiefs and kerns are still as free as when St. Patrick's voice first sounded in Tara's hall.

Persecution for the Faith came with Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and their tyrannical successors. For centuries the bloodiest persecution that ever arose, swept over Ireland. It is needless to dwell upon this horrible theme. But, what was the result of the wholesale slaughter of bishops, and priests and monks and nuns— of chiefs and kerns, of women and children? Did it conquer Ireland? Did it make her give up her faith? Did it make her grow weary of the combat? No, it made Ireland win a new title — The Land of Martyrs.

England banned education, and hunted priests and teachers with bloodhounds. With what result? The priests and teachers whom she forced to quit the country, at the point of the sword, rose into eminence in every Catholic nation in Europe. They sat amid the wisest and holiest men, in the Eternal City, in their gravest deliberations; they became rectors of the first universities on the old Continent; they were chosen as ambassadors to different courts; they became eminent professors of theology and philosophy; they became the friends and advisers of kings, and the chaplains of royal families. The exiled Irish priests founded schools, and convents, and erected churches in France, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Italy. They had their schools at Lisle, Antwerp, Tournay, Douay, and St. Omer. They had seminaries in Bourdeaux, Toulouse, and Nantes. They opened seats of learning at Louvain, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, Paris, Seville, Valencia, Valladolid, Alcala, and Salamanca. They recruited the slaughtered priesthood of Ireland, excited the sympathy of foreign governments for their bleeding country, and fanned the fire of patriotism in the breasts of chiefs and kerns at home, while they guided and sustained the exiled warriors, who were scattered through all the armies of Europe.

The bravery of Irish soldiers, and the military skill of Irish officers shine brightly in many a desperate Continental battle. While the names of Cremona, Blenheim, Ramillies, Fontenoy, Cambray, and Malplaquet remain, their fame at least is secure. When we speak of Europe's battles, "names and exploits that are dear to the Irish soldier, arise in quick succession and star the field of memory. The names of

O'Neill, O'Donnell, Mountcashel, Sarsfield, Dillon and De Lacy, wake, like the echoes of a trumpet, from the rugged heights and recesses of the past."

It is with no small pride we recall the glorious fact that many of Ireland's exiled soldiers became grandees of Spain, aulic councillors in Austria, marshals in France, general officers in Sardinia, and won the highest posts of honor in Russia under Peter the Great. The esteem in which the military ability of Hugh O'Neill was held on the Continent may be gathered from what Camden relates: "Henry IV. used to call O'Neill the third soldier of his age, meaning that he himself was the first, and Conde de Fuentes the second." The war tactics and bravery of Owen Roe O'Neill was proved at Arras where he ably fought against the two greatest French Marshals — Chatillon and Meillarie. Macaulay was an enthusiastic admirer of Sarsfield. When Maria Theresa of Hungary instituted fifty crosses of the Legion of Honor, forty-six of them were worn on the breasts of Irishmen.

But why continue? The civilized world owes Ireland a debt of gratitude which it can never fully repay. The throbbings of Erin's generous heart has sent a tide of love, of joy, of magnanimity through every quarter of the globe. Irish genius has brightened, and Irish virtue has lifted up and adorned every nation in Christendom.

Burlington, N. J. Rev. William P. Treacy.

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# Recent Attacks upon the Jesuits.

In the discussion on phases of the school question which has been filling the atmosphere of late, several Protestant clergymen on Boston platforms have, like so many in the past, made the Jesuit Fathers the objective point of their attacks, and in doing so have not scrupled to revive old falsehoods, which even non-Catholic writers have refuted, and to take new positions which, but a short time previous, they would have repudiated. A novel example of the latter is that of assuming the defence of Catholics against the domination of the Jesuits, and of referring patronizingly to the "white Pope" (Leo XIII.) as against the "black Pope" (the Superior General of the Jesuit Society at Rome). One speaker on this topic admitted that his desire was to make a breach between one class of Catholics and another. In this connection it is proper to note the utterances of these speakers to the effect that it was the closeness of their affiliation with the See of Rome that brought upon the Jesuits most of the persecutions from which they suffered in Europe. If other testimony were needed to show the harmony between the Society and the head of the Church it would be sufficient to point to the eight popes furnished to the Church by a single Jesuit College, and to the numerous ecclesiastical privileges and incentives to zeal given to its membership by the Pontiffs.

One of the assailants recently declared that it was against the Jesuits and not against such men as the Carrolls of Maryland that he

brought the charge of antagonism to our free institutions. He manifestly was ignorant of the fact that Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, a relative of the celebrated signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a Jesuit; the Pope having honored the Society by selecting the first Bishop in America from its ranks. They give out the insinuation that the members of this Society contemplate some dangerous form of union between Church and State, forgetful of the fact that such Protestant writers as Dr. Schaff of the Union Seminary, New York, in the Religious Encyclopedia, declare that the effects of the Revolution of 1849 in Europe "in causing the separation of Church and State were very favorable to the Jesuits." As to the various sufferings and persecutions which the Jesuits have suffered because their zeal kept them in the van of the religious, educational, and missionary battle, it is hard to see how Christian ministers in our day can exult over these things, as in so doing they range themselves, and assume a common object of attack with the licentious courts, infidel mobs, and cruel savages at the hands of whom, as admitted by Protestant authorities, more than eight hundred Jesuit fathers heroically encountered martyrdom in order to win souls to God.

All who have read accounts of the terrible tortures inflicted by the Iroquois Indians in Maine, on such Jesuit heroes as Fathers Breboef and Daniel, will be shocked to learn that a minister of the Gospel on a Boston platform should have spoken with satisfaction of the work wrought by those savages, who seemed to have been possessed of no other impulse than a fiendish hatred of God and Christianity.

On a par with this, is the spirit that would move for expulsion from America, of the members of a society that nearly three hundred years ago were the pioneers of Christianity and civilization in this land, men of fine culture and exalted lives, who braved the menaces of the savages and the wilderness, to plant the standard of the cross in every part of the new world, while not only ready, but eager, to die beside the symbol of salvation; men who at the same time performed a vital work of exploration and diplomacy in pioneering the way for the great republic that was destined to utilize the mines which they discovered and the mighty rivers and fruitful regions which they mapped out.

But perhaps a still greater spirit of injustice is seen in charging with a lax system of morals, men of such heroic mould, whose unyielding strictness of religious principles was the cause of so much of their suffering. The Boston preacher in doing this has revived the worn out calumnies to the effect that the Jesuits taught that the end justified the means, that temptation was not to be long resisted, and that the Jesuit Superior had a right to order a member to commit sin. It is needless to say that these are excerpta from that anonymous libel, the Monita Secreta, of which, as that unfriendly authority, McClintock's Biblical Encyclopedia admits, "the best historians acquit them." The same authority declares that "its spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice of members of the order has not met with deserved recognition among Protestants." But it is unnecessary to defend from the charge of lax morals or luxurious lives, the men, who, like their recently canonized Peter Claver, are ready to cleanse the leprous bodies of poor negroes,

or like St. Francis Xavier to give up the life of a noble to suffer and perform unparalleled labors among heathens of India and Japan. As to these assailants it may be said with Sir James Stephen, that when we hear of them toiling for the gospel amid the snows of the Himalayas, we may acknowledge their right to speak. Even the infidel Voltaire felt impelled to pay a warm tribute to the lives of the Jesuit Fathers, of which he could speak from personal knowledge. Those assailants when they hiss out the word "Jesuit," as if the name was to be execrated, should remember that the society of Jesus upholds the most sacred name on earth, and when they denounced the discipline and the motto: "A. M. D. G." — of its organization should realize that only such discipline and such a motto could have inspired the members to go at a word to any part of the earth, ready to match their mental equipments against that of the keenest intellects, or their fortitude against the most cruel and cunningly wrought persecutions.

Henry O'Meara, Boston.

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# A Catholic Lady on Woman Suffrage.

IT has been stated that the full reports of the Woman's Convention recently held in Washington, were not published by the newspapers, for the reason that some of the addresses spoken, or read there, were unfit for modest eyes, and that subjects were treated of there that are fit only for doctors, midwives and — others. We do not say this statement is true, indeed we ran across one address delivered at the convention, the publication of which in a daily newspaper — sent to it by telegraph, too, — would contradict the statement. We forget the woman's name who spoke it and the country whence she came; but we thought while reading it that we would not care to have her for our mother.

Those women came together to show what they could be if they had the woman suffrage. And they succeeded in their purpose. They forced almost every man in Washington (except Senator Palmer, of New York State) to tremble at the thought of woman suffrage. *Those* women are best without suffrage. There is not a false ism nor a form of infidelity that was not advocated in that convention.

But there are some women of an opposite kind in Washington. One of these is Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, the widow of Admiral Dahlgren. She is a Catholic woman,— a lady as well as a woman. Mrs. Dahlgren has issued an address to the women of the United States to counteract the effect of the published portions of the discussions of the Woman's Congress. She says that the women of the convention came here from every clime to tell the world what women have accomplished, and what women are doing; but, she says, "it is a matter of especial felicitation, and to be carefully noted, that all this scope and freedom can exist, and does exist *without* the exercise of political suffrage by women." She says that no avocation that the sex may grasp is closed to women, but this is not freedom enough for the women suffragists.

They bodily threaten to re-enact the hideous scenes of license enacted by the demon-women of the French Revolution. Their hands convulsively stretch out to grasp the reeking, blood-stained hands of the anarchists for aid. In a word, they proclaim that to attain their ends all means are just. "Forewarned is forearmed." Before high heaven the host of contented women, presiding over the happy homes of this fair land of liberty, are ready to come to the rescue of their imperiled homes.

Mrs. Dahlgren refers to the approach of the period when the nation will be once again in the ordeal of a presidential campaign, "when excited men will be filled with the angry passions engendered by the heated debate of the political arena, when the women of the country must be true to their trust." In that exciting time, Mrs. Dahlgren says: "We hold the balance of power, so long as we are a neutral force and non-combatants. It is our noblest mission to calm and soothe the passions of men. My country-women do not be misled. Your chief privilege is to mediate as peacemakers. When your fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers come to your fireside defiant and turbulent from the polls, fill their hearts with the repose, the peace of home. You will thus best direct the destinies of the republic; you will thus gain control. True women, true patriots, true citizens of the greatest of nations, hold firm to your high and sacred trust. Guard your endangered fireside. Hold fast to this palladium of liberty! Do not ignore what these revolutionists have forgotten to teach, that motherhood is the one glorious crown with which God invests womanhood. Being mothers of men, you form men and rule men. Do not be confused by the snares these agitators cast upon holy matrimony. When men are good and brave it is no shame to be their help-mate, and if so be God's will their "relict." It is in the choice of life partners that taste and discrimination must be exercised. But once chosen, remember it is for 'better or worse,' and that the scriptural epitaph of the 'valiant woman' reads thus adown the ages, 'And her children shall rise up and call her blessed.'"

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INGROWING NAIL.—M. Monod states that during the last twenty years he has treated ingrowing nail by a very simple and effectual method, which does not involve the removal of the nail. He makes a free application of nitrate of silver at the commencement of the affection, without isolating the nail. If the cauterization is carried into diseased furrow, the patient has usually even by the next day, derived considerable relief, and is able, even thus early, to walk in moderation with an easy shoe. Extirpation of the nail should be reserved for quite exceptional cases.

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LIKE severed locks that keep their light
When all the stately frame is dust,
A nation's songs preserve from blight
A nation's name, their sacred trust.— *Aubrey de Vere.*

# The Papal Irish Brigade.

AMONGST the beautiful Jubilee gifts prepared for presentation to his holiness Pope Leo XIII. none surpass in interest the exquisite work of art subscribed for by the holders of orders and distinctions conferred by the Popes, and by the remnant of those who offered their lives in defence of the Temporal Power and were decorated with the "Pro Petri Sede" medal for special service to the Holy See. This offering is made as an act of homage and renewed devotion, and consists of a large Pontifical triple processional cross of gold, emblazoned with brilliants and precious gems. The following description is abridged from L'Univers:—

"The cross in the upper part is entirely gold, the lower part or staff being silver gilt, wound round by a ribbon of gold on which is engraved the dedication in Latin. At the upper extremity there is a medallion in the Gothic style containing on one side the statuette, in gold, of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and on the other side the Divine monogram. At the extremities of the upper arms of the cross are statuettes, in gold, of the holy Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul; at the extremities of the second arms are statuettes, in gold, of Saints Mark and Mathew, and at the ends of the third arms are statuettes in gold of Saint Luke and Saint John. At the intersecting points of each arm are placed three medallions containing the emblems in precious stones of the three theological virtues: Faith, symbolized by a cross in diamonds; Hope, by an anchor in emeralds; Charity, by a heart in rubies. At a short distance below the third arms of the cross, the staff is surrounded by four medallions representing (1) Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary, (2) St. Joseph, (3) St. Michael: (4) the tiara, with the Papal keys, and the exergue Leo P. P. XIII. Further down, is the place for holding the cross, which is covered with white velvet bordered by two great rings of gold, on which are carved the sheep and the lambs. The base of the staff is ornamented by a golden collar having carved on it, the lion, the eagle, the pelican and the dove."

Twenty-seven years have passed away since the Irish Papal Brigade left Ireland amidst the acclaim and benedictions of their countrymen to make a practical act of faith, by laying their lives at the feet of Pius IX. for the protection of his person and the defence of his rights. At Spoleto their bravery in offering resistance to an overwhelming force, though ill supplied with either ammunition or stores, won the profound admiration of the Piedmontese general, who generously accorded them under the terms of capitulation all the honors of war. At Castelfidardo a small detachment of Irish held their honor undimmed amidst the fierce valor of the "French Belge," and proved themselves worthy companions in arms of that devoted corps. The main body of the Brigade quartered at Ancona were not afforded the opportunity for which they longed, and the short struggle had ended before they could cross swords with the enemy. The survivors returned home, having failed in the object of their chivalrous endeavor; but they wrote the name of Ireland in the history of the Church, and in so far, their sacrifice was not made in vain. Soldiers by nature, they could not again settle into civil life, and the greater number enrolled themselves under the star-spangled banner and fought with distinction in the American war. A quarter of a century has gone by, and how few, alas! remain to offer a renewal of their homage to the head of the Church. Pius IX., himself the object of their love and devotion, has been called by his Master. His enemies, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour,

and Garibaldi, have disappeared. The page of history recording the services of Lamoriciere and his little army is scarcely dry, and a mere handful of the Irish Papal Brigade remain to reinscribe their names as faithful sons of the Church. Proudly would they have taken their place beside the illustrious Frenchmen who have carried to success the movement for presenting this tribute of affection and reverence to Pope Leo XIII.

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## INDECENT PLAYS.

IT is a matter of great regret that the theatre which in all ages of the world has been capable of such beneficial influence on the community, should become the vehicle of indecent suggestion and degraded thought. Its possibilities we learn, when we recall that some of the finest efforts of the human intellect, some of the sublimest legacies of human genius have been bequeathed to us through the instrumentality of the Greek and Roman Theatres; and we measure the demoralization of the drama in our own time by such gross representations as La Tosca and other similar productions, especially of the French school.

These plays are much more insidious than the vile and vulgar variety shows, which give fair warning of their loose conception of what is delicate and proper, while these French monstrosities are nothing else than an attempt to "elevate" and render "classically tragic" most that is beastly and deplorable in human nature.

What the authors and actresses of such productions really do is to furnish an opportunity at which people can sit through two hours of nasty suggestion and still retain their standing, if not their self-respect, in decent society. Nevertheless, such plays do not help either the morals or the position of those who attend them, and it is a pity that the theatre-going public does not always speak out with the emphatic condemnation with which certain old play-goers of New York recently have visited La Tosca. If the stage needs elevating — and who will deny that it does? — then the patron, not the actor, must do it. One method is to frown on filthy plays.— *Catholic Union and Times.*

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TOOTHACHE — One of the best and most pleasant things that can be used to relieve this painful state of the dental nerves is chewing cinnamon bark. It destroys the sensibility of the nerves and suspends the pain immediately, if the bark is of good quality. It is generally as efficacious as any of the other remedies, and not attended with the unpleasant consequences of creosote, carbolic acid, etc., which relieve the pain, but leave the mouth as sore and painful as the tooth was previously, though these results are usually due to carelessness in using.

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THE several Latin courts are closed by our differences of religion as the happy matrimonial hunting grounds of our English Princes. But there is much to reconcile us to the inevitable German connections in the fact of the national strength and sweetness which the Teutonic races keep in elementary human freshness in the family.

# "The Saloon."

## ITS TERRIBLE RAVAGES PHYSICALLY AND MORALLY, INDIVIDUALLY AND NATIONALLY.—LECTURE BY BISHOP IRELAND IN CHICAGO.

A VAST audience, limited in numbers only by the capacity of the great auditorium, assembled in Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill., to listen to a lecture by Bishop Ireland on "The Saloon." Gen. George W. Smith presided; and amongst those present were the leading representatives of every class of the citizens of Chicago, statesmen, journalists, men of business, clergymen of all denominations, students, etc. Having been introduced by a graceful speech from Gen. Smith, Bishop Ireland said:

A characteristic feature of our times is, undoubtedly, an intense application in the study of social questions. As never before we submit to closest analysis the whole social body, scrutinizing the several parts, seeking to grasp their mutual relations, and to define their respective rights and duties. The intent is to elevate the human family, to make the conditions of life more endurable and more hopeful, and the classes especially concerned are those whose lot most needs improvement, the poor, the suffering, the hard-working, the depraved, the victims of untoward circumstances, the children of misery, whatever the form, whatever the name. We would teach them higher aspirations, rouse them to earnest and fruitful efforts, and remove from their pathway the obstacles that block their advance, and we would, too, bring their more fortunate fellow-beings to understand the common brotherhood of men, the claims of the lowliest upon the charity and the justice of the highest. This, the meaning of world-wide discussions as to labor and capitalist, tenant and landlord; this the purpose of national and international conferences on charity, on prison reform, on public health; this the reason of red-cross societies, of white-cross leagues, of temperance organizations. I view with delight all such discussions, and all such movements, and, although for the moment they give room to inharmonious accents and uncomfortable jarrings, and in the pleadings sophistry gains a hearing as well as wisdom, and the wrong is clamored for as well as the right, I am convinced the ultimate result will be a better humanity, with more liberty and more happiness for all. I love the restless spirit of my age, which, never satisfied with things as they are, because they happen to be, ceaselessly goes around to find what it may reform, what it may lift up, what evil it may take away, what good it may add to present store. I abhor stagnation—the stagnation of evil which permits evil to last, and the stagnation of good, which deprives good of its most blessed power, its diffusiveness.

Foremost among social questions demanding our attention I place temperance; and I am not afraid to say there are few other questions relating to social welfare as important as this, or which are not intimately allied with it, and need not for their own solution seek from it countenance and aid.

I have the strongest convictions on the importance of this question of temperance, and I would earnestly hope to press it in your minds to a most thoughtful consideration. But my very interest in the subject, and my great respect for the intelligence of my hearers will, *I* am sure, guard me from the danger of hearkening to my feelings at the expense of reason, and saying one word which might be construed as an exaggeration not warranted by simplest truths and plainest facts.

### NOT WRONG IN ITSELF.

There are concessions to be made in favor of alcoholic beverages. The use of them, in itself, assuredly is not wrong, physically or morally. No sin necessarily lurks in the wine-cup, or even the punch-bowl. The gay throngs in Sunny France and Spain, gathering from the hill-side the luscious grape, and carrying it to the presser's vat, violate, in this rural feat, no divine command. He is not a breaker of natural law who barters in those beverages, transmitting them from producer to consumer, all due conditions accompanying the transmission. Civilized and Christian nations, we freely confess, have drunk wine, beer, and divers alcoholic fluids. In our most dreamy fancies we do not permit ourselves to see the millennium, when America or any other country of Christendom, shall have but total abstainers for its citizens; nor do we believe the Republic is doomed, unless we have universal teetotalism. We are not blind to the rules and dictates of common sense. Strange theories are put into the mouths of temperance advocates. It is so easy to toss those theories into the air with the point of one's stylus, and so pleasant to enjoy a victory, though it be cheaply won.

### BUT NOT NECESSARY.

We do not grant, however, that the use of alcoholic beverages is in any wise necessary to men in the enjoyment of their nor-

mal health. I state the calm verdict of science and of experience. In one of his valuable lectures, the eminent Dr. Richardson says: "Alcohol gives no strength, reduces the tone of the blood-vessels and heart, reduces the nervous power, builds up no tissues, and can be of no use to me, or any other animal, as a substitute for food."

On the authority of the Nestor of the medical profession in America — whose deep studies and wondrous achievements, in a most extensive practice of fifty years' duration, command for his words respectful and universal attention — Dr. S. N. Davis, of Chicago, we may go farther, and assert that, "in the treatment of disease, the use of all form of alcoholic drink may be abandoned, not only with safety, but with positive benefit to patients." Dr. Davis has driven alcohol from its last citadel, and, in the name of humanity, I thank him for the noble deed.

INSIDIOUS AND DANGEROUS.

Alcoholic beverages are insidious and dangerous potions, to be handled by their votaries, on peril of body and soul, with extreme caution. As a matter of fact, the caution often fails, and alcohol damns to horrid misery innumerable victims. The draught must be, indeed, moderate and infrequent, that will not cloud the mind, unsteady the limb, and stir up passion. Alcohol, demon-like in cunning and malicious intent, courts admission into the mouth amid smiles and promises. It flatters and caresses to distract the prey from its perfidy, and, meanwhile, it sinks its fangs into palate and stomach, to create an irritation, which its own fluid alone can temper; it shoots its venom through every nerve, which, in ceaseless vibration, will afterwards clamor for a renewal of its fatal touch. The craving for alcohol, begotten of alcohol, ever waxes stronger; the moment comes when it is a wild passion, a fierce madness. It commands and obtains the most fearful sacrifice. In slavery to it, woman forgets honor; the father, in hellish laughter, casts to the vender of liquor that solitary dime that would stay the starvation of the child; the husband pawns the cot of the dying wife. The power of alcohol is mysterious. The muscular giant crouches in terror before its shrine; youth yields up freshness of mien and hopes of fortune, and mocks, for its sake, a mother's tears and a bride's love. Old age, at its bidding, puts on the garment of idiocy, and closes its earthly journey in disgrace and sin. Intelligence will not ward off its arrows: poet, orator, and statesman go forward, chained to its chariot, into Mamertine gloom. Piety does not withstand the fury of its breath. The very cedars of Lebanon have been laid low, the royal oaks of the forest have been uncrowned, and flung into the deep valleys of ignominy and death.

THE EVILS ARE DREADFUL.

The evils wrought by alcohol are dreadful. There is no other element in the material world equaling it in evil doing. There are poisons more potent; but they kill quickly, while alcohol gnaws away life slowly, so as meanwhile to pile upon its victim the full weight of sorrow and sin. Observe its accursed work — tearing up by the roots all virtues, bringing into action the latent passions, breathing particular vigor into the vilest and most beastly, closing out Heaven's light from the mind, which expires in dense darkness, and Heaven's grace from the soul, which loses all semblance with its Creator. It reaches over the body its clammy hand, wresting from it strength and fairness, planting deeply in the blood channels the seeds of disease and death. O, spirit of wine, be thy name Demon, for demon thou art!

The drunkard becomes for it an entrenched camp, from which, in concentric circles, it hurls ruin upon men and women, who, refusing its domination in their own hearts, are yet, despite themselves, brought under its vengeance. The home is made desolate. How sacred the home! It is God's appointed treasury of pure and sweet love. There, happiness bubbles forth from ever-living springs; virtue germinates and blooms in native soil, watered by propitious dews from the skies. The homes of the land are the social units of which the aggregate is the nation. The nation, in its wider sphere of action, is the reflection of its homes. The poisonous breath of alcohol passes over the home; it is the passage of death. The drunkard's soul exhales hatred and sin; hearts of wife and mother break in anguish; the ceaseless tear-drop of sorrow glistens on the eye-lid, and the veil of gloom and despair darkens their faces. Infancy is joyless; the atmosphere of shame and crime leavens the whole nature of sons and daughters, and the putrid miasma thickens the air, which other families, and the nation at large, must breathe. Alcohol's hellish work goes beyond the drunkard's home. There is physical and moral contagion; other homes are smitten, and alcohol lifts up its sceptre within their enclosure. The drunkenness of an employee endangers an entire industry; that of a trusted guardian of public interests ruins fortunes, and destroys precious lives. Poverty is begotten,

the sober and industrious are taxed to relieve it. The producers diminish, the drones increase, the course of general prosperity is retarded. Crime stalks forth, suggested and emboldened by drink; and robberies and assaults, and murders, and wreckages of holy purity make up the record of its riotings.

Alcohol's evil fruits are not limited to earth. Drunkenness is a heinous sin, which, unrepented of, forbids the doors of Paradise to open. It is a sin-making sin, and nearly all the doings of the soul which it has subdued are so many sins. The Christian who loves the Saviour, and, for His sake, loves souls redeemed by Him, stands appalled before the dread ravages of alcohol in the spiritual world.

CITIZENS OF AMERICA.

Citizens of America, know and realize the danger. Evil-bearing alcohol floods your land; its murky and noxious billows are dashing against your homes, and their angry crests rise to the very summits of the pillars upon which are set your free republican institutions.

Official government returns permit us to put at $900,000,000 the annual cost of alcoholic liquor in the United States. Deduct what you may from the figures for alcohol used as an industrial agency, and for medicinal purposes — the quantity consumed in drink is appalling. In 1883, according to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, there were 206,970 liquor dealers and manufacturers. There is invested in the liquor business an immense capital. A writer in the North American Review estimates this capital at $1,000,000,000.

These statements prove, beyond a doubt, the alarming extent among us of intemperate and hurtful drinking. Take from the population of the country the children, and the adults, fortunately yet numerous, who drink very moderately or not at all, you have the working saloon patronage, who, without baneful intemperance, could not maintain in life and prosperity our vast army of dealers and manufacturers. Statistics are not possible, that will reveal our actual intemperance. Intemperance is often an intangible quantity. The sufferer himself is not conscious of its ravages; its evil effects are laid to the charge of other causes; friends and relatives spread over it the mantle of obscurity. Dark lines are traceable, however, on the surface of society, which suggest painful conclusions. Your neighborhood whisperings tell of several, who are alcohol's slaves; lend an ear to the tales of other neighborhoods the country over, and similar echo-

ings of woe will be heard. Read for a week the daily papers; what frightful frequency there is in the statement following reports of accidents, quarrellings, murders, divorces, crimes, misfortunes — liquor was there! Every morning the police calendar is black with names of men and women arrested for drunkenness. The careful investigation of the Bureau of Labor in a large American city, Boston, results in the declaration that eighty-four per centum of all crime traduced before its tribunals was the direct or indirect fruit of alcohol. Last week your grand jury made this ominous declaration: "We find that, in every case of murder or manslaughter, except one, the cause leading to the crime came direct from the saloon." All studies of American political economy force upon us the conclusion that poverty would scarcely exist, were it not for drink, and yet our relief societies are over-burthened with demands, our eleemosynary institutions are crowded, and our tramps number legions. Physicians speak with alarm of the numerous alcoholic cases brought up for treatment, and of the yet more numerous cases, in which disease, whatever the form, is made difficult because of the alcoholic poison permeating the patient's frame. Ask employers in factories and mines — they will say how often men are idle from intemperance, and how, when pay-day comes, half the wages drift into the tills of saloon-keepers. The rich and powerful drink with a certain impunity; no policeman will arrest them, and grim want will not pass through their hall-door; I take small trouble from their lot. But I do feel deep concern in the laboring classes, so deserving of sympathy, and so needful to society. Alcohol pursues them with devilish rancor; question him who is wont to visit them in their humble homes, to whom their wives and children come readily with the story of their sorrows, he will tell you alcohol's work.

THE EVIL INCREASING.

May we at least flatter ourselves with the belief that intemperance is decreasing among us, as we advance in intelligence and civilization? Let there be no illusion. Alcohol's forces are not retreating, and he who writes this has hurriedly surveyed the battlefield or is himself anxious to sheathe his sword. Public opinion no longer views drunkenness as a pardonable weakness, and a gentleman's privilege. Total abstainers are daily widening out their ranks and their influence. Yet with all this the consumption of liquor increases. The people of the United States used four gallons of

intoxicating drinks per caput in 1840, and twelve gallons per caput in 1883. During the five years preceeding 1884, while the population increased about 15 per centum, the consumption of distilled spirits increased 44.5 per centum, and that of malt liquors 60.2 per centum. The statistics of pauperism and crime show misery and sin increasing in similar proportion as the consumption of liquor. The character, too, of our intemperance is being altered for the worse. Liquors are more poisonously adulterated. Continuous drinking, and the feverish activity now taking hold of us, have unstrung our nerves, and we can less endure those liquors. Intemperance is not the festive rollicking of former times; it is bestial in its degradation, hellish in its crime-begetting power. Indeed, intemperance is increasing the world over; it has become the virulent malady of the nineteenth century — a fact which does not make our own local condition the more hopeful. The other day we had as to the state of England the testimonies of Cardinal Manning and Canon Farrar. The former writes: "The whole land is suffering from the direct or indirect power of the drink trade. It enriches half a million of brewers, distillers and publicans, and wrecks millions of men, women and children. It is our shame, scandal, and sin, and unless brought under by the will of the people it will be our downfall." Canon Farrar says: "The monster evil of England at this moment is still drink. It is an accursed mountain of sorrow. I know no subject on which the national conscience is so fatally seared, as it were, with a red hot iron." On the continent of Europe, stronger liquors have largely displaced wine and light beer, and drunkenness and alcoholic poisoning are widespread. Economists and legislators are affrighted and whether in France or Italy, Belgium, Germany or Switzerland, laws severe in their restrictive power have been adopted, or are under discussion.

### THE SALOON CONSPIRACY.

Intemperance decreasing! How can it decrease? How can it but increase? Is there not an organized conspiracy for the promotion of intemperance? Are not the very agencies, whose function it is to repress it, paralyzed by its power, and even pressed into its own service? I am touching upon our great cause of alarm. Nothing of the kind belonged to the past.

The saloon-keeper is alcohol's soldier; he is America's danger and disgrace. Do not, I pray you, go off into the regions of the abstract and dream of the possible saloon keeper — the law abiding citizen, engaged in licit bartering, honest and honorable in his dealings with his customers. Study him in actual life.

Alcohol, we have said, is a dangerous potion, to be handled with extreme care. From whatever cause, hundreds of thousands have for it an insatiable craving; if access to it is free and easy, they will swallow it to their utter ruin, and that of their families. Should we not expect in a Christian, civilized country, that, what with the dealer's conscience, and the law's protective aegis, conditions would surround the traffic to avert, as far as prudence could, consequences too disastrous! Care is taken in the sale of other dangerous articles of commerce. There is a limit to the supply, and strict rules are prescribed for the salesmen. I will give the facts, known to you as well as to me, in the case of alcohol — the facts as ordinary occurrence shows them. Saloon keepers are everywhere wherever the craving for alcohol exists, or wherever it may be created. The merchant finds them next-door to his store, the laborer across the street from his workshop during the day, near his shanty and tenement-house in the evening. They track the crowd to places most sacred; with peculiar predilection they erect their stands near schools, churches, and cemeteries. The principle governing their trade? To make money. Little they reck the misery drink causes, if they are thereby enriched. They deal it out to the tottering inebriate; to the youth surely entering on a life of sin and shame; to the workingman whose family are enduring famine; to the woman whose virtue dies as she lifts the poisoned cup to her lips. The saloon keepers are aware that their customers will be next morning in prison cells, that wives and children are invoking curses on the heads of those who rob them of their protectors, but what does it matter them? The glasses are still filled and the dollars rolled into the till. Late hours at night, all day Sunday, when all is elsewhere rest and silence, they ply their business. There are attractions of all sorts to draw men to the saloon; there is excitement of all sorts to awaken, or increase the appetite for drink. There are saloon keepers' organizations, the leaders in which are the brewers and the distillers, for the purpose of continually widening out the drink-traffic and breaking down what opposition may be made to it.

### UTTERLY LAWLESS.

But are there not laws forbidding in this

traffic at least things openly nefarious, and throwing some protection around the victims? There are some laws; the saloon keeper laughs at them. In America there is a class of men rebellious to all law, glorying in their rebellion, defying the people to curb their power — the saloon keepers. And this shameless rebellion against law is in order to flood the land more freely with alcohol, to make drunkards, ruin families, fill jails and poor houses. A newspaper, the organ of liquor dealers, pointedly asked the other day why temperance speakers attack men who are doing business, just as others in the grocery, or the clothing business. The reasons, I reply, are very plain. No other business entails woe and sin as the liquor trade, and no other business is lawless in its methods, and defiant before the country as the liquor traffic.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

And to secure impunity in their lawlessness and to prevent the enactment of new laws, and a wish on the part of the country to enforce any, the saloon keepers and their leaders are at work to control the politics of the Republic. The charge needs no proof; but the people need to be awakened to the meaning of the fact.

It is not denied that, as things usually take place, men, whatever their fitness for office, who are not acceptable to the saloon keepers cannot be elected. The saloon keepers are loudly interested in the caucus and from the day of nomination to that of election they have an eye single to business. Ambitious candidates must propitiate the gods either by sworn promise of yeoman service or by limitless orders to treat the "boys." Men in office fear them; their ire is an omen of future political obscurity. I stood one day in the lobby of the assembly room of a great State. An intelligent member came forward and said: "I know high license is the proper thing; but if I vote for it I am politically a doomed man."

The traffic can afford to threaten. It wields great power. Its soldiers are numerous. Each one is in dread earnest. Each one owns his patrons, who under the inspiration of drink will in their localities prove valiant henchmen. The traffic is organized: its officers reach upward in the commercial world, and throw around significant nods in banks, stores, and newspaper offices. It is generous, too, in the distribution of coin. Of course, there is a great deal at stake, and a present judicious investment will secure large future dividends. The Chicago delegate at the Milwaukee Brewers' congress in 1877, said: "The brewers of Illinois have expended $10,000 to beat the temperance party at the elections." He was too moderate in his estimate, and the Chair thought so. The Chair said: "Almost every local association has expended large amounts for this purpose." The liquor lobby at Albany in 1879, admitted before a legislative committee that they had expended about $100,000 to influence legislation. The admission was timidly made, and might, I think, have truthfully added a few odd figures. State and National parties quail before the traffic. How often sails are trimmed and planks squared in anticipation of the liquor squall! And when the charts of a convention bear tracings of restrictive legislation, multitudes betake themselves to strange but moister decks and the candidates of the convention tremble for their safety unless their strong principles give them courage and law-loving citizens come to their aid. Have you observed how in the very halls of the national congress amid incomprehensible amendments and counter-amendments to the revenue laws one idea is plainly discernible — alcohol's friends mean that they shall be counted with

SUCH A POPULACE!

The cities, very naturally, suffer most from the political manœuvres of the liquor traffic. The liquor-men claim for themselves a prescriptive right to seats in the municipal councils; other city offices they concede to their friends. It is a manifest, though most lamentable fact that the liquor influence in the cities of America makes void of effect restrictive liquor legislation, and establishes the violation of law by the traffic as the normal condition of affairs. Owing to it the government of our large cities has become the problem of the country. Statesmen are alarmed. The terrible conclusion is forcing itself upon thoughtful minds that in cities universal suffrage, the corner-stone of democracy, and of our peculiar American political institutions, is a failure. It is not the people, it is the populace that rule. And such a populace! Low-minded, rough in manners, uncouth in gait, confirmed in idleness, bent on crime, the terror of well-behaved citizens — such as they must be, brutalized by alcohol. The New York papers regaled us lately by descriptions of the gangs infesting the streets of that city. The execution for murder of the leader of a "gang," was the occasion. They are the products of our low city saloons. The like of them are found in England where

vile grog is as potent as with us. They are noticeably absent from cities of sober countries, in which the lower classes have faults, but remain human, even cultured, because they do not swill themselves with poisonous drinks. And in America — in this we are worse off than England — the populace vote, vote early and late, vote loyally the beer and whiskey tickets. A little more political indifference on our part, a few years more of fatuous jokes and stale apothegms in reply to temperance appeals, and — well in my love for free America I dare not continue the inquiry.

I repudiate the notion attributed to temperance advocates that the country is in danger unless we become a nation of total abstainers. I ask, however, is there not danger before us if we continue on the broad road we are at present travelling?

WHAT IT MEANS.

What, indeed, does all this mean? It means that our intemperance, this potent factor of social misery, crime, pauperism, shame and sin, shall remain in the land and shall ever be increasing. It means that we turn the powers of government into agencies to foment intemperance — for, to sustain and develop the liquor traffic in its present methods is plainly to foment intemperance. It means that we permit and authorize the exploitation of a vile and tiger-like appetite in the interest of the cupidity and the political power of liquor men. It means that we set the seal of the Republic, recognizing and approving, upon intemperance and the making of intemperance.

What does all this mean? It means our national disgrace, that America be ruled by the liquor power. It means that Americans have not the will, nor the ability, to enforce law, that lawlessness abides with us, that our legislation is mere verbiage. It is difficult to explain the popular indifference to intemperance and the methods of the liquor traffic. It is chiefly, no doubt, due to our ignorance of the actual condition of things. The most dreadful fruits of the evil are removed from the observation of the intelligent, and the orderly classes of society. They reach us only through dry statistics, which say but little to us, or through words of temperance advocates against whom we are more or less prejudiced. There is the power of the traffic which not only misleads public thought by false information but makes it our interest social, commercial and political, not to discuss or agitate the question. I may add, there is within us a monitor bidding us shun the question on peril of personal sacrifice — our own appetite for alcohol. The appetite may be reasonable in its demands; but it is sensitive, and suspicious, and it fears lest we speak a word or move a finger against its cherished food, as used by others, there may be, perchance, a return-shot directed toward itself.

This indifference is the misfortune. Barren discussions as to the proper methods in dealing with the evil would soon cease were we in earnest in seeking a method. We know not what to do, because we desire to do nothing, and but little if anything will ever be done until the people of America, thoroughly conscious of their danger and of their duty, shall in their indignation and their might declare in thunder tones that the rum power must cease.

MORAL MEANS.

What remedy have I, this evening, to propose? I reply — Wise laws, and the enforcement of laws. Do I overlook, in battling with intemperance, moral and religious means? Most assuredly not. No sensible person expects that law alone will cure vice and sin, and intemperance is this, and is this before all else. He who sought to make short work of restrictive liquor legislation with the off-handed phrase, "You cannot make people sober by act of Parliament," misstated the motives and hopes of his opponents. Man is an intelligent, a moral being; to succeed with him, gain him by his intelligence and his heart. Mere law, as brute force, irritates; it converts, if at all, by terror, and the conversion is but apparent and temporary. The God-given reforming power is religion, which both instructs and fortifies; and, as a Christian, I know that, without religion, no people can ever free themselves from sin. Educate, then, as far as you may, and as far as you can, the victims and the agents of intemperance to the waywardness of their doings; move their hearts to pity and love; tell them of religion's promises and threats; teach them to seek divine grace through prayer and sacramental ordinances. Do all this in the fullness of Christian zeal, and, let me beg of the steadfast advocates of the moral and religious means in the rooting out of intemperance, do not keep your moral and religious means locked up within the confines of churches, whither the multitudes most in need of them do not go. Imitate the Master; visit highways and by-ways and market-places, and bring moral and religious life to the thousands of outcasts whom you have forgotten, but whom the brewer and the distiller

have spied out, and for whose damnation they have placed saloons in every street and every lane. Grasp them by the hand, and by the collar, and draw them to your churches, as the saloon keepers do to the saloon; make your churches and your reading-rooms, and meeting-rooms pleasant and attractive for the poor man and the child of misery. Do this, and I will praise and love you. But, to speak my full thought, I have slight patience with fireside philosophers and chancel orators, who glibly wave off earnest words and earnest appeals with the remark, — Moral and religious means are the proper methods of dealing with sin, — and there cease their own efforts.

BUT LAW, ALSO.

With all religious and moral means, is there not room for law? Is there not need for law? Is it not the duty of the State to enact law, and to enforce it? Law gives most valuable aid to morals and to religion. It is of itself a teacher, by holding up to public gaze a right rule of conduct and its sword of justice does much in quickening the moral conscience within us. Law will not create virtue, which must have its roots in the innermost soul. But it will remove temptations from virtue's way, or at least reduce their violence. Tell me not that temptations to drink shall remain. The temptations to drink to-day, set before the people, especially before the weaker and poorer portion of them, are dreadful in their deathly power, and it is neither charity to fellow-men weak of will and immature of mind, nor justice to society to permit them. There are evils and incitements to evil, in presence of which moral and religious means are utterly powerless. Law can do something. May we not invoke its aid? What else but law will arrest the aggressiveness of the traffic? What else but law will curb its political audacity? If you doubt my words, go try moral suasion on the trade in certain districts of your own city. Liquor dealers know well what they have to fear. In my early temperance labors, I kept strictly to moral suasion, and I was often complimented by the dealers. You are no fanatic, they would say to me, you are no politician; your doctrine is all right. I since understood their motives. I spoke; they were free to act. I evoked for a moment resolutions which a few hours later they had dashed to pieces.

Has not the State a positive duty in this matter, which it must not shirk! Its own life is in the balance, from the burthens the traffic imposes upon it, and the poison with which it inoculates the whole body politic. The State, of necessity, relieves poverty and punishes crime; therefore, by prudent legislation, should it seek to prevent poverty and crime. An important duty of the State is to care for the weak and the helpless. Must we not rank in this category the victims of drink, and the wives and children of those victims? Do not all citizens suffer one way or another from the prevailing intemperance, and are not they entitled to protection?

The best governed nation, it is said, is the nation the least governed. This may be true, as indicating that the nation, existing in a peculiarly healthful condition, does not need government. But when there is need, the best government is that which is coextensive with the need. We are all desirous of as much civil and political liberty as we may have. But the general good is paramount to individual liberty, and if we are to live together as social beings, self must often be forgotten for the sake of others, for the sake of the commonwealth. Some sacrifice of liberty gives more liberty and makes liberty permanent. An English divine once said: "I would rather have England free than England sober." I envy him neither his statesmanship, nor his christian charity. There has been in America a prejudice against liquor-legislation, based on the notion that a republican government must avoid all semblance of European paternalism, and not enter into social matters. Too much paternalism we do not desire. Too little might be as fatal as too much. As our country becomes densely populated, a hundred social and industrial complications arise, which had no existence a half-century ago. I have but to instance our labor troubles. Government interference is necessary where heretofore it were unwarrantable intrusion. Theoretical and sentimental ideas have to give way before stern facts. The functions of the State are to preserve public peace and public weal, and so far as its action is needed, must it go, and no farther. Call this action paternalism or otherwise. We are not to be frightened by words.

I am not pleading for extreme or impossible measures. Prohibition, which proposes the absolute annihilation of the liquor traffic, I will not discuss. My principles that the use, and the selling of liquor are not, ex necessitate rei wrong acts, permit me on moral grounds to stop short of prohibition. Were I ever to subscribe to its platform it were on the

ground of public expediency, as when evils from intemperance, and the liquor traffic were so momentous, and so incorrigible by other methods, that extreme legislation — a sort of martial law — could alone save us. I have not said that we have as yet come to this pass. I do not say we may not.

BUT HIGH LICENSE.

I have been, and am, a determined advocate of the form of restrictive legislation, known as high license; provided, I must add, that the license is, indeed, high, and so conditioned as to be effective in its practical workings.

I take pleasure in mentioning this evening high license. The Illinois high license law, framed and valiantly fought for by an honored citizen of Chicago, was an example and a signal of victory for the whole country. My own state, Minnesota, has enacted a high license law, the results of which from actual observation, I knew to be most satisfactory.

It is of prime necessity that the number of saloons be reduced, and reduced to this degree that the saloon may live without dependency on immoderate drinking of patrons. The saloon must be so situated as to territorial lines that police supervision be easy and frequent. The weaklings of society are to be protected, remove it from school-houses, and from the habitations of the poorer classes. There are places too sacred to brook its presence, churches and cemeteries. Residence districts are entitled to the quietness which the saloon will scarcely allow. It cannot be a privileged business; let it close its doors at late night, and be it compelled to remember, if not in the name of religion, in the name of country, the Sabbath Day. Selling to minors and to habitual drunkards is a crime that must not be tolerated. The presence of lewdness is an insult to public morals; it should be prevented.

Am I asking too much of American citizenship! Am I asking ought unreasonable of the powers of the law?

High license will reduce saloons. It is in the nature of things. And with certain conditions it will subdue their nefariousness and diminish their danger. If the reduction is not sufficient double your figure, treble it, if necessary, and the desired effect will be secured. Before issuing the license, demand of the petitioners some moral qualifications — and still remember, what is easiest of access, the pecuniary sensitiveness of men. Let the saloon keeper's bond have a meaning. In case of violation of law by him, let the license be forfeited, and let the violator of the law never again procure a license. I pay no attention to clamorings that the poor man is debarred from selling liquor, or that the dealers in liquor are singled out from other business-men for special exactions. The public good demands the law: this fact suffices. Tell me not that high-license laws do no good. Your law is, perhaps, defective; correct the defect. Perhaps it is not enforced; call your public servants to task. Perhaps you see the good left undone, and voluntarily close your eyes to the great good done. No one ever hoped that drunkenness would be made to disappear. The world is not made perfect, it may be made better. A favorite objection against high license is, that cut off a hundred saloons the remaining hundred will see their custom doubled. You do not know human nature. Half our virtues, says an old adage, are from the absence of temptations. Many will drink if the liquor is before them, who would be sober if it were distant, and who would rejoice in its removal. Why, if as much beer and whiskey is consumed as ever, do brewers and distillers oppose so violently the law? In St. Paul a few weeks ago a brewer interviewed by a reporter, spoke out in fearful maledictions upon the high license fanatics who had ruined his business. A Minnesota liquor man, uncautiously invited to contribute to the building of a church, in language stern, if not polite, offered an order upon Bishop Ireland for a part of the damages done to his business by high license measures. I know another, who told friends he could well afford to spend $10,000 in defeating the law. I know a town, which the beer-wagon of a neighboring brewery visited formerly every morning; now it comes twice a week, and soon, it is thought, once a week, will suffice. I know a city in Minnesota, in which 800 families of a certain nationality formerly maintained ten or twelve saloons. To-day they have none among them, and the bankers of the place have told me that the Saturday evening deposits of the heads of those families are amazingly large. I know whole districts, from which the saloon has entirely been wiped out, and with it all drinking. One of our counties was so pleased with the $500 license last year, that at the late election it made it $1500, while many places have taken advantage of the local option law and put an end forever to the saloon. The local option law is decidedly good. Whenever public opinion is so civilized and

Christianized in a place that citizens of their own free will demand the law, and are prepared to enforce it, in this free land they are entitled to the privilege.

ENFORCE THE LAW.

A few words more and I will have done. The enactment of good laws is much; what is more, is the enforcement of those laws. Laws that are a dead letter, embolden wrong-doing, discourage virtue, undermine respect for all law, lead to anarchy, and the destruction of the nation. We mete out severe and deserved punishment to avowed anarchists. Do we not in some cases, lead them in their ignorance to fancy that anarchy is tolerated, even upheld by agents of the law, in America? Enforce the liquor laws. The matter is in your own hands. The citizens of America make and unmake officials, and as the citizens wish, so the officials do. At times officials know that the enforcement of the law would be an offence to their political masters, and they remain inactive. There are the tens of thousands who are well meaning men, and in their private walks of life the best of citizens. But they take no further interest in public affairs, than voting the ticket which chance or friendship has placed in their hands. Is this doing one's full duty? Is not citizenship a sacred trust, which demands careful and conscientious service? Are not interests most precious depending upon your political acts? It is, surely, a great public misfortune that the good men in America take slight interest in the public affairs. I would belie my feelings, and fail in the regard to my hearers, did I not thank you most heartily for the invitation given me to speak in Chicago, and for the magnificent attendance in Music Hall this evening. Surely there is a deep and abiding interest taken here in temperance. The names of most honored citizens, representing the highest thought, and the most devoted patriotism, were signed to the letter, with which I was honored, and this greeting shows that their zeal for the public good takes with itself a most wide and intelligent circle of the population of your great city. I am inspired with magnificent hopes. Chicago means far more than the Queen City of the Lakes; it means the country. I thank you with all the warmth of my soul.

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# A Chapter out of the Book of a Life.

## BURNING THE LETTERS OF A DECADE.

DEAR COUSIN ARTHUR: It is so long since I received your last friendly letter, that I am ashamed to look you in the face, even through the unblushing mask of a scrawled sheet of note-paper. I promised to write when I had news to send, and through the dark clouds of negligence the cheering sunbeam of an excuse seems to steal — for really I can't say that anything deserving the name of news has occurred since last we parted on the confines of youth and manhood. My life since then has been busy, fairly successful, and as happy as could have been expected under the circumstances. But all this you must have heard from those friends of ours who rejoice to chronicle with due discount and exaggeration the events in the lives of their notable acquaintances — not, indeed, that I am a notable person, yet have I come in for a fair share of the usual tattle.

You may remember long ago in our boyhood when the first pangs of wild longing to know more about the world and man's life and destiny were making themselves felt in our breasts, that we agreed to meet and talk over our various experiences every five or ten years. Whether we took into account the trifling "accidents" of matter, called time and space, in those days of youthful cloud castle-building and omnipotent imagination, I cannot say — or perhaps by the fine phrenzy peculiar to poets, lovers and lunatics, and methinks we smacked then of the attributes of all three — we had prevision of the long-distance telephone, and the electric motor, for which a speed of two hundred miles an hour is promised; or possibly we expected to start our private swallow-speed baloons, like the fellow in the Arabian Nights, and make the Atlantic and overland trip of six thousand and odd miles in a day; or may be we hoped to discover the lost art, by which Angus of the Boyne endowed his *cotamor* with the faculty of flying on a swift cold wind, to save his *dalta* or nursling, Diarmuid O'Dhuinne, from the consequences that sometimes attended the in-

ence his beauty spot had over the too susceptible hearts of the ladies of King Cormac's court. *Och mo bhron, a mac!* You know Gaelic is now growing fashionable, at least among those who are *not* Irish. Oh, my sorrow, my son! a good round interjection in any speech, although science is said to have brought together the ends of the earth — a fine bull by the way. Neither science nor leisure, nor a well-filled purse, makes it possible for us to clasp hands and share confidences, otherwise than by the slow, dull and disappointing medium of paper and ink.

Now to try and make a beginning, to go *in medias res*, as our friend Flaccus says, to send you news that is news. How difficult the task! What you have read in the newspapers is not news any longer; what you have heard in the great world of chit-chat is not news, and what you know already is not news. The newspaper news is all about politics blackguardism and business, and some say the three terms have become synonymous; chit-chat is mostly lying, and what you know already may be news to others. But, in truth, I have news. I have grown ten years older or younger in feeling than I was yesterday. I feel, indeed, as if my old personal identity has gone astray; I have quite changed the conditions of my citizenship of the world. I have burned my entire correspondence of the last ten years. This looks like what perhaps it is, a breaking away from much of my past — from much that has been sweetest and best and most kindly human in my life. It has to myself a strange and awful significance. It is so very like what we see the nations of mankind doing during this portentious century — breaking away from their kindly poetical all-believing past, and throwing overboard these once so-valued treasures as useless *impedunciuta* and worthless rubbish, no longer useful even for ballast. But in my case, thank God, it is not, and cannot be so bad; rather have I cut asunder the strings — heart strings mayhap, that bound me by cords of affection to the memories and associations of childhood and boyhood; and that, while probably they supported and firmed the moral nature must certainly have tied down, fettered, and hindered the progress of the intellect.

I stand more alone in the world than ever before, divested of the garb, habits, and ambitions of "Auld Lang Syne;" better prepared I am fain to hope, to grow up with the country, as we say here, and prove a more practically useful member of society. But Oh, dear friend and kinsman, things like this wrench and wring all that age and experience leave of a heart to a man. It is so like recantation of belief in so many things; it is so like a confession that so much of our past lives has been vain, valueless and insincere; it is so realistic a commentary on those words of the sage, "all is vanity;" and it is, moreover, an overt act of high treason to old and dear friends; it is a falsification of the many and earnest promises of young love and friendship, that the memories and images of this and the other admiring and admired one, would never be effaced from heart and mind. How I hear familiar voices coming back from the silent caves of oblivion, and faintly echoing in my ears, "Is it thus you keep your faith with us? Was it not enough that we were forever separated from you, but you must efface the last poor memorial of us and of our love for you?" This complaint is just, and a more severe one would be just. It is always best to confess a fault fully and without reservation, if we would obtain pardon of God or the world.

Like other larger revolutions in the life and polity of nations and men, this one had its remote and efficient causes, that would certainly accomplish it sooner or later. Yet like the others, its immediate cause, or rather occasion, was a mere accident and trifle. Yesterday evening I called on a friend to see him in new quarters. The furniture was not yet settled in its place, and delightful confusion reigned in the commonwealth of domestic economy. Plate, books, clothes, weapons, pictures, jewelry, and various other whatnots were mixed in most admired disorder. However, it would be a very inconvenient place where my friend and I could not find ourselves at ease in each other's company; so we settled down to utilize the luxuries of comfortable rocking chairs and miscellaneous conversation. "Separated by mountains and mutual fear," says Tacitus, so don't sneer at my mixing of images to accord with the mixing of furniture. While we were shortening the hours of evening with jest and anecdote and smile, a lively black kitten quietly added himself to the company; and looking around for an object to amuse his neo-feline tastes for pleasure, pitched upon a beautiful diamond ring that lay quietly on the lid of a dainty little dressing case. No small boy with his hoop and stick could more amuse himself than did Master Kit with the ring. Soon, however, his boisterous gambols among the variety of small glassware that goes to make up the toilet necessaries of the modern beau, brought on him the indignant notice of his lord and master man.

This incident led to a history of the ring. The story was interesting as far as it went, but has no other concern for you, my beloved kinsman, than that it shows the power of the manly Celt over the gentle female heart. In your wandering through the delightful and romantic regions of ancient Celtland it must have caught your attention, how the ladies frequently or always made presents, and gave gifts to favored wooers. In plain speech, how the ladies were the wooers. A perpetual leap year they had in this regard. What a magnificent family likeness there is in Connor Mac Nessa, Cuchu'lain, Fionn, Oisin and Diarmuid O'Dhuinne. True, they all met death at last for a woman's sake, or the sake of several women; but while life lasted it was worth the living, and in every case they died for love and honor, as Irishmen should die. They were Pagans, it is true, and had many Pagan faults, but they were splendid fellows, and worthy ancestors of the generations of Irish Saints and Virgins whose lives and labors gave Catholicity its lease of life in Continental Europe from their day to ours. A pity it is, that there are not other Irish Saints in our day to renew that lease that seems to be fast expiring.

But about that ring. My friend proceeded to show me the contents of his jewelry case. Many and beautiful stones of various colors of purest water and most artistic setting he showed me, with a few words of the anecdotes and adventures of each—for anecdotes and adventures they had. What was rather peculiar in my opinion, was the fact that they were all come by in the old Celtic way. At this I was pleased, and I think so was my friend. It confirmed my belief in the truth of the records of our race, and it was enough to assure him of the existence of strong personal merit. My experience of Irish human nature is, that the Gaelic writings of Ireland give the best literary picture of the Irishman, modern as well as ancient; and the ways and manners of the Irishman as we see him are in most things the best commentary on the obscurities of the old documents, where they touch on the life and customs of the people. There are, alas, modern Pagans of Celtic blood, and they resemble exceedingly the pre-Patrician grandees and common sort, each to each, as Euclid would say. It might be a boast of my friend's, you think, most sapient and of old somewhat suspicious cousin Art. No, it was not. He is a truth teller, and each gem and jewel had marks and tokens that confirmed his accounts. Well, I have unbounded hope in our humanity being able to do again anything that it ever did before, except crucify the Redeemer of the world; and, doubtless, it would do that if it got the chance.

I got another impression not so favorable to my right trusty friend, that he was rather inconstant in these affairs, which trait is also old Celtic. I was rather pleased to find out this likeness also. Not pleased that he was fickle, of course not; but pleased to find the modern human proof of the veracity of the antique vellum MSS. To the real student of sociology, anthropology, or the still more alluring philology, one proven and fully accredited old world scroll is fit to counterbalance the heart-aches of one million jilted Ariadnes. 'Twere better there were no such things as inconstancy; but the beauty of it is how the evil inconstancy makes for the good of science. You see we are a wonderful folk, we of the nineteenth century, my cousin Arthur. We bring good out of evil, and educe glorious scientific truth and knowledge out of the falseness of ancient and modern beaux, and the trusting ignorance of ancient and modern belles. I hinted at inconstancy to the hero of the jewelry case, and with a tired sort of sigh he half assented. But there lay the trophies of many a conquered heart, and the conqueror could well mix considerable satisfaction with the sorrowful stuff of which sincere sighs are made; but all sighs are not sincere.

"If a thief came in and carried off that box," quoth my friend, coming to the practical part of the matter, "he would have rather a valuable prize." While believing that such a loss would be strongly felt by him, I thought also that it would not cause my neo-Celtic *Diarmuid na Mban* to lose many hours sleep. How silly you say is all this; how unworthy of sensible men to do, and of other men not fools or idiots, to write about in this age of science and common sense. How great a pedant and prig, O cousin, you are growing. Do you think that God made anything in vain? Do you think that He planned the scheme of man's life imperfectly? All these youthful love adventures and experiences that are honorable and free from degrading sin, are the noblest and grandest lessons that this world can teach, and man in this life and for this life can learn. That friend of mine, with the box of jewel trophies, is one of the noblest sons of woman to-day extant. And how he became so these mementos partly show. The gentlemen of ancient Erin, Pagan and Catholic, were the noblest and grandest aristocracy that civilization can claim; and they

were this, because they were the real and original fathers and founders of chivalry. What a pity, my pious cousin, that you have got your Milesian mind filled with the wretched Saxon cant of the day. The gallant gentleman who will fight for a bride is more likely to have a son a saint than any of your selfish psalm-snarling spawn of the miserable Protestantism which is far more a rebellion against the beauty and chivalry of the splendid middle age Catholicity than it is against the dogmas and practices of the holy Apostolic Church.

"If a thief were to come and steal these trifles," said my host, "he would have done quite a profitable job in his way." Then I thought, with sadness, that these are things that can be stolen, as all such treasures are — "where thieves break through and steal," said I in my heart — alas! Then my mind passed on by a natural transition to the other treasures in another place, where thieves do not break through and steal. And when I tried to estimate my bank account in that place of security I found it woful small — an unprofitable servant, truly — with little capital here or there. The musings that accompanied my homeward way were on this sad but interesting theme. The dreams of that night were filled with visions of lost opportunities, neglected duty, and unfulfilled projects. Were not those very dreams that I knew to be dreams, while I was dreaming them, as real as my past life? What is there of good or profit after it, any more than after the empty visions of sleep? This is no Berkleyan refining, but the sincere and solid truth as well as I can express it. I wonder not that our fathers toiled to discover fairyland, for is it not as solid, and more lasting than the work of mortal men? Beautiful, too, is it beyond anything that Greek or Latin ever imagined; bright and beautiful as the lovely Celtic mind before the foul infusion of Goth and Saxon defiled it. And I, too, live in fairyland, cousin Art, and there was a time when I coaxed your reluctant feet over its magic limits, my man of money and mutton, and Maynooth creeds and practices.

Don't get angry, kinsman, I can hardly forgive you for turning your noble genius to a mere bread and butter getting machine, but like Horace's miser, when you gaze on your gold, and essay to number your flocks and herds, consolation for the loss of Fairyland will come to you. We once had many ideas in common, if you really were sincere and not merely polite in agreeing with me — but different associations, callings, and conditions must have driven us widely asunder in thought as well as in latitude and longitude. You are a family man, and I am my own posterity. "Non omnis moriar" says Horace — I shall not all die. How different my feelings; I am nearly all dead even now. Dead to my youthful ambitions, dead to the friends of my youth, dead to the great world around me, dead to the fame once so dear, dead to most of the pleasures that half relieve the multitudinous sorrows of this wretched human life, dead, last of all, by my own voluntary act, to the sweet and tender memories of my not all miserable youth.

This brings me back again to the letters. I burned them, not because my love of them or of those whose love for me, or interest in me, or dealings with me, they expressed, had become dead, but because being intended for me by the writers, I took care that the uncertainties of this life would never expose their tendernesses, and confidences to the sneering and irreverent curiosity of others. When I die out of this world, I shall die utterly out of it, to live entirely in a better one I hope. Yet it is sad and awful how I have lost interest in so many things once so pleasant and dear to me. Books, magazines, poems, and pictures once so valued, have at the revolutionary periods been given away, burned, or tossed into the rubbish heap, with a sort of sinister satisfaction. Old opinions on politics, literature, philosophy, and art have been discarded by the hundred, and, as it were, kicked violently out of doors, often before there were other better ones to take their places. When their day came, the ten years treasured correspondence were destroyed in less than one hour, and when the holocaust was completed I breathed the more freely. They were from men and women of different races, nationalities, and stations, from prelates, clergymen, legislators, scholars, authors, merchants, publishers, revolutionists, and retrogressives, from lay and religious of both sexes — married and single, maid, wife, widow, and nun, from boys and girls, from teachers and pupils in the school of life, from men of action and men of thought. Among, and upon, and between all those there was a family likeness, a mark as it were of real nobility, set there by the hand of great mother Nature herself. As the smoke of the burning pile arose, there arose, also, this thought in the breast of the minister of sacrifice — he must not have been too bad a fellow, who had such a file of correspondents on such a footing. Some letters were saved as remembrances of three friends. One, a dear

friend whose Irish bones rest in a lonely grave in a foreign land — one, a great and good man who loved Ireland to good effect, although of another race and allegiance over whom, alas! the pall of doom seems to lower, and one an Irishman, happily alive and well, who has done and is doing good work for the sea sundered Gael. It was sad to do this thing, but then no dogs can ever uncover these delicious literary dishes, and lap the soups and sauces intended for another palate.

I feel now like a man who has just climbed a high mountain. He no longer beholds the scenery of the fields, gardens, and orchards of the valley, with all their familiar beauties and comforts; he hears not the pleasing prattle of children, the delicious singing of birds, nor the honest baying of the watchdogs; he enjoys not the perfume of the flowers and blossoms; but he stands above the obstructions, distractions and turmoil of the lower world, free to observe far and wide the vast stretches of land and sea, and the clear, unclouded prospect of the heavens. The temperature may be cold, but the air is pure; yet at times longings for the flowers and songs, and warmth of the valley, will come, as long as the spiritual mind is joined to a human heart and brain. But temptation ceases when strongly resisted. I have cut loose from many moorings, my cousin, most domestic, and I feel a more untrammelled citizen of the world, with not much to hinder me or to bewilder me, like poor Prout's pilgrim to the Blarney stone.

But you will object, that if this is the only account I have to give of my decade of years going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, that I might not have put you to the bother of reading all this bosh. Hold now, old fellow! Do you remember that remarkable passage in a famous book, written by a famous Parish priest, about the dog and the marrow-bone? It begins "*Mais veistes vous oncques chien rencontrant quelque as medullaire.*" The French is somewhat old and stiff; but with some practice you will be able to get the marrow out of the bone in the book, and also in this letter of mine. Then you can read over the letter — not the book — for your wife, and she may be able to assist you in reading between the lines, an act they say as natural to women as —— —— being angelic.

I suppose you have read everything in Latin and Greek on farming and cattle raising. Do you remember our old Philomath's curious notions about Ovid being an Irishman, and Theocritus having an Irish schoolmaster. Without doubt, Ovid is the first and most Irish-like humorist of the Latins, and Theocritus has written the only song that is a song, extant in Greek literature, the incomparable third Idyl. Surely the sweet singing Sicilian must have copied that from the Celts, or the Celts must have copied the style of their love songs from him. I rather think Theocritus was the imitator. Have you kept your promise never to read a page written by an Englishman? — of course you can read Swift, Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, and the other Anglo-Irish authors, who fairly compensate for the privation of the Saxons. Then you have the Scots, and Byron half Scot in blood, whole Celt in genius and nature. To read the books of Cockneydom after these, would be to drink vinegar after good wine — but keep to the real *uisge bheatha* of the honied harmonious Gaelic, that we learned to taste at the feet of the dear old stone mason of Lawn in the Bog. They told me your wife is a West Galway girl, and can speak and read modern Irish better than yourself, but teach her to drink from the "wells of Celtic undefiled" to be had in The *Leabhar Na Huidhre* and the *Leabhar Laighean*. Can't you try and put a stop to that abomination of calling boys and girls of decent Irish blood those continental names, that were once the names of Continental saints, but are now called to the greatest cowards, ruffians and renegades that the sun and moon look down upon? I know that this is only the natural outcome of the blind, unpatriotic, and suicidal policy that would have Irish priests educated in France, Spain, Italy or Maynooth, which is little England, to make them something else, anything else, in fact, than Irishmen, so that they should utterly destroy the traditions social religious and national of the Irish race. This infamy has gone on too long. If you there in Ireland want to go to destruction, go decently, and not as second-hand imitators of those Continental Catholics who have "banished God" out of the schools in France, and chant Alleluias to Satan in Italy, or suffer these things to be done. It *is* your duty, and the duty of every honest Irishman and Irishwoman, to oppose to the death the traitors and hirelings who bring these abominations of desolation into the holy places of Erin.

I see, also, that in your convents you give your sweet young Irish nuns "names in religion" brought from Poland, Bohemia, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Turkey. I suppose you shall soon ransack Japan, China, and the records of the late Akoond of Swat for the same purpose. But, then, you import the old clothes of

the world to deck your anglicized persons, as you imported a foreign jargon in place of your own magnificent language, and a foreign music to displace your national melodies; nor would you be satisfied till you got a foreign priesthood in the place of the *saggart arúin*. What wonder, then, if a foreign Parliament took in hand the making of your laws, and a foreign tribe of landlords spend your rents abroad. Verily, have you in Ireland like one Bottom in the play "translated" yourselves, even as he was translated — you know of the transformation. But, perhaps, some kindly fairy will deign to remove the asses' heads, long ears and all off you, and then you may again stand forth kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian. Be natural, be yourselves, and you shall be respectable and respected.

Forgive those unseemly outbursts of temper, and believe me ever your loving cousin, whom you were wont to call

FERGUS MAC ROIGH.

# Sunday Beer.

"Now that is a sensible suggestion," said Mayor Hewitt, when he found in his mail a letter from the Rev. Dr. Patrick F. McSweeney, of St. Bridget's Church in Avenue B. The letter said:

"Having been on the mission in the tenement house district, and among the poor for over twenty-five years, I flatter myself that I know something about them, and that your Honor will take into consideration a suggestion which I respectfully offer. I see by the papers that you advocate permitting the sale of light wines and beer for a certain number of hours on Sunday afternoons, and in this I believe you are wise. A very large number of mechanics and laborers who buy beer, etc., on Sunday, do not abuse them, and they could not lay them in from Saturday, especially in summer, as they have no facilities for storing them. These good people will be always opposed to any restrictions of a sumptuary nature as long as they interfere with their pleasures and wants.

"A plan might be adopted to meet that, and at the same time make it possible for the police to prevent the present inconveniences. I would make a law compelling all dealers to close up their stores, front and rear, so that no one could enter them and no drinks could be sold to be drunk on the premises. This could be done effectually by ordering them to have a small space, say five feet square, at the present rear entrance, which should be entirely nailed up from the saloon, with a pigeonhole like those of railroad ticket offices, through which the beer could be handed out for home consumption. Some liquor dealers have this arrangement now to prevent women and children from entering a saloon.

"If the large class who drink at their homes were thus provided for, they would have no further motive for joining with the much less numerous, troublesome class in opposing the execution of the law, and the desecration of Sunday would be prevented as far as law can do it: Divide et vince. As long as all the workers at manual labor are a unit, it is idle to expect to be able to carry out sumptuary legislation, if, indeed, the law is not then unreasonable, and consequently of doubtful obligation.

"By the plan suggested above, even those who spend their Sundays in the saloons would only have to complain of a moderate restriction of their liberty for the public good, as even they could have their so-called pleasure at home. My suggestions met the approval of your predecessor, ex-Mayor Grace, to whom I wrote on this subject, and he promised to bring it up when the occasion should offer itself.

"PATRICK F. MCSWEENEY, D. D.,
"Rector St. Brigid."

Mayor Hewitt replied:

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in writing your letter of the 18th inst. As it was addressed to me as Mayor, I have taken the liberty of handing it to the reporters, who will doubtless publish it. I think the suggestion that you make is a very good one, indeed, and if limited to specified hours, would, I think, be approved by such gentlemen as Dr. Crosby and others who are interested in temperance reform. I will send your letter to the Commissioners of Excise, who are preparing a bill on the general subject, who may see their way clear to include this permission in the draft. The main difficulty in settling this question comes from the fact that many very excellent citizens do not make sufficient allowance for the convictions of other people, but insist on squaring the world to their views of right. This world is a compromise, both physically and morally, and legislators must take the conflict of views and interests into account, and arrive at the best resultant possible under the conditions which exist, although theoretically another policy might be more desirable."

# Catholic Young Men.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 4th, 1888.

*To the Societies of the Catholic Young Men's National Union:*

THE Convention held in the city of New York in May last, entrusted to the President, then elected, the determination of the dates for holding the Convention of the current year. The President naturally felt obliged to consult with the officers representing the National Union in the city wherein it is to be held. In accordance, therefore, with the decision arrived at in a meeting of the Societies representing the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, the Societies of the Catholic Young Men's National Union are hereby called to meet in Springer Institution, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the sixth and seventh days of June next.

While issuing the call, the President asks leave to thank our Cincinnati brethren for the enthusiastic zeal with which they have undertaken the preliminary work of the convention, for the extreme courtesy shown to him personally, and for the attention given to his confidence.

Let our Catholic societies, union and non-union, understand that the largest preparations are being made for a successful convention; that an unusual interest has been awakened in our organization, and its aim and purposes throughout the West where our success heretofore has not been very great; that the progress to be made there shall be measured precisely by the greater or less results of our deliberations, and we are convinced that all, and especially the officers of our societies, will do earnest and faithful work in bringing about a largely attended, representative, creditable convention of the Catholic young men of the United States.

The reports which reach us of the activity of our young men, and of generous cooperation of their bishops and priests, give reason for the greatest hopefulness, as it is expected that not only will all the societies now on our rolls be represented by delegates, but that before the date of our convention a large increase in membership may be secured. This can be accomplished if some little zeal be manifested by diocese officers, and the work of the National Union be made plain to non-union societies.

In accordance with a resolution of the Convention of 1887, the secretary has prepared blanks for the annual report of societies to the National Union, copies of which will be forwarded with this letter. The attention of the secretaries of our societies is especially called to them, and they are asked to fill them out and send them to the National Secretary, at least five days before the Convention, that is to say, on or before the first day of June next.

May God's blessing attend the preparation and deliberation of our Convention. JOHN M. GRADY, *President*. PETER J. GOODMAN, *Secretary*, 301 Harrison Avenue, Harrison, N. J.

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# The Discovery of America.

WE (N. Y. Independent) have received from Dr. Curry, United States Minister to Spain, a translation of the decree, signed by the Queen Regent, setting forth the plan by which Spain is to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. It is rather amusing to observe that the United States [as well as British America] is not to be invited to participate in the Spanish festivities. It is probably thought in Spain that the discovery of America does not concern us very much; but we would beg to assure our old-world friends that nothing that we could mention has had a more marked influence upon the United States than this same discovery of America. Indeed, we propose to celebrate the event ourselves, and with considerable pomp and circumstance; and more than that, we propose to invite Spain and Portugal, and the Governments of the Nations of Latin America to see how we do it. We subjoin the plan of their celebration, as outlined in the royal decree:

"Article I. For the purpose of commemorating the fourth centennial of the Discovery of America and of honoring the memory of Christopher Columbus, an Exposition shall be established for the year 1892, to which the government shall invite the kingdom of Portugal and the Governments of the Nations of Latin America.

"Art. II. The object of the exposition will be to present in the most complete manner possible, the condition of the inhabitants of America at the time of the

discovery, by collecting for the purpose all the objects which can give an idea of their civilization, and of the civilization of the races inhabiting the American Continent at the end of the fifteenth century, and by a separate exhibition at the same time of all the products of the art, science and industry which characterize the present culture of the Nations of Latin America.

"Art. III. A special committee, which shall be sent to South America in a Government war vessel, shall be charged with the duty of preparing the Exposition in agreement with, and under the direction of the diplomatic representatives of Spain in the different American States.

"Art. IV. To meet the expenses necessary for the celebration of the centennial, the government will enter in each of the five coming budgets, and will submit to the approval of the Cortes, an appropriation of 500,000 francs, which shall be exclusively destined to the expenses required by the commemoration. This appropriation will be declared permanent until June 10th, 1893, and the sums unexpended shall be kept in the treasury until that date.

"Art. V. The Ministers of State, Colonies, War and Marine shall be charged with the execution of this decree in everything relating to their respective departments.

"Given in the Palace, February 28, 1888. "MARIA CHRISTINA.

"The President of the Council of Ministers.

"PRAXEDES MATEO PAGASTA."

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# Pope and President.

*To our beloved son, James Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore:*

WELL BELOVED SON, — Health and benediction. Among the countless congratulations which we have received from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our elevation to the priesthood, we have, as was natural, set most store by the evidences of courtesy and regard sent by the rulers of the nations, for by these marks of their good-will toward the head of the Church, they manifest — and this we ardently desire — their kindly dispositions toward their Catholic subjects. Since then, the illustrious President of the United States has, through you, our beloved son, seen fit to exhibit a like courtesy, accompanying the expression of the same with the gift of a superb copy of the Constitution of the most powerful republic. He has, in so doing, afforded us a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction.

Moreover, as it is fitting that we should return to his Excellency the expression of our gratitude, we commit the discharge of that duty to you, both on account of your exalted rank in the hierarchy of the Republic and of the personal esteem in which his Excellency holds you. In fulfilling this duty we desire that you should assure the President of our admiration for the Constitution of the United States, not only because it has enabled industrious and enterprising citizens to attain so high a degree of prosperity, but, also, because under its protection your Catholic countrymen have enjoyed a liberty which has so confessedly promoted the astonishing growth of their religion in the past, and will, we trust, enable it in the future to be of the highest advantage to the civil order as well.

You will be pleased to add that we will pour forth fervent prayers to God for your country's constant advance in glory and prosperity, for the health and happiness of the President and his worthy household.

Finally, to you, beloved son, and to the faithful intrusted to your pastoral care, we lovingly in the Lord impart our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1888, and the tenth of our Pontificate.

(Signed) LEO PP. XIII.

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THE Bishop of Buffalo, who has just returned from a visit to Europe and the Holy Land, says that at a meeting of the Cardinals and Bishops in Rome, on April 2d, the Pope "read the draft of a beautiful circular letter to be sent to all the churches, appointing the last Sunday of September next as the day on which, by a solemn commemoration of all the departed souls in Purgatory, the Church Suffering will, too, have its share in the great jubilee."

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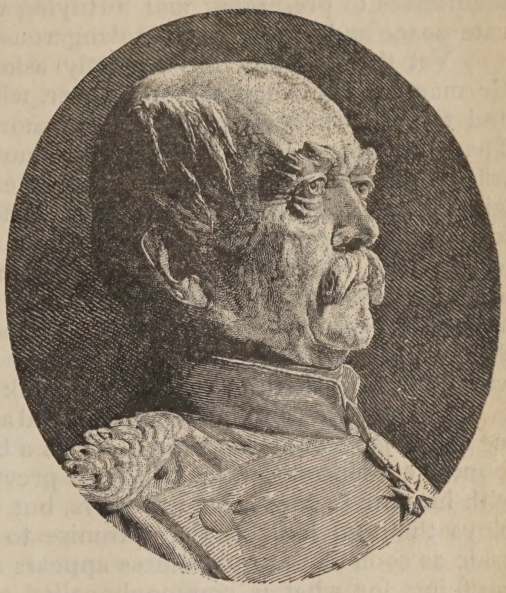
THE Boston Commercial asks: "Why did not our valiant 'British-American' patriots assist in the anniversary celebration of the battle of Lexington? Echo answers, Why?"

# Bismarck.



TWO colossal figures stand forth in the history of this century overtopping all their contemporaries, the first Napoleon and Bismarck, both creators of great empires — Napoleon the first warrior of his time, who welded the revolutionary forces of France into a military machine, to satisfy his own imperial ambition in subduing all Europe and making its kings his vassals; Bismarck, the foremost statesman of his time, the political leader of a military people, whose strength he called forth to satisfy their yearnings for national unity, their ambition to become once more a great national power. Napoleon's gigantic plans broke down, after a period of amazing military triumphs, because the statesmanship which guided his warlike enterprises lost itself in fantastic conceptions, and, satisfied with no achievement or conquest, exhausted his means in attempting the impossible. Bismarck's statesmanship, leaning upon the military strength of his country, directs its efforts to the end of safely maintaining, against the dangers surrounding it, the national power that has been achieved, without striving for anything beyond — and his credentials still stands.

In one important respect Bismarck's position is far stronger than Napoleon's ever could be. Napoleon was, and felt himself as, a soldier of fortune. Sprung from low degree, he won his imperial crown by the splendor of his military exploits, and he was constantly disquieted by the consciousness that by new splendors of achievement he had to preserve it. He had to prove the necessity of his remaining at the head of the State from day to day. He had to create exigencies which in the opinion of the people he alone could satisfy. He felt himself obliged to hurry from enterprise to enterprise without end, each to be more dazzling than that which preceded it. Thus there could be no stable conditions of things, no repose for him and his people. Bismarck, not a monarch himself, enjoys all the advantages conferred by the historic "legitimacy" of the monarch whom he serves as minister. The hereditary loyalty of the people to the dynasty and their affection for the monarch are an essential part of the minister's power. The two together are not obliged to win popular admiration, and to make good their title to their places, by spectacular effects from day to day. They can stop without impunity. There is no necessity, there is hardly

any temptation for them to follow a policy of adventure, and to run new risks for the purpose of maintaining their greatness. They can confine themselves to preserving and fortifying what has been won, and cultivate peace and repose without dangerous loss of prestige.

Yet the question is frequently asked, What will become of the German Empire when the old Kaiser, with his phenomenal popularity, and the old Chancellor, with his phenomenal genius, quit the scene? That question is asked and discussed not without reason. The Kaiser will be followed on the throne by another legitimate "sovereign" who will, indeed, not inherit the sentimental affection cherished by the people for his predecessor, but who will have the benefit of that hereditary loyalty with which the people regard the reigning dynasty. And so long as Bismarck is chancellor, — that is, so long as he lives, for no new Kaiser will be likely to take the responsibility of displacing him,— things will probably continue to run in the accustomed course. But who or what is there to replace Bismarck when he, too, disappears?

He is a born commander of men, and as such insists upon accomplishing his objects in his own way. He is a born autocrat, and as such profoundly convinced that his will must prevail. Those who have to work with him are to him not co-workers, but simply instruments. He employs them so long as they promise to be useful. He throws them aside as soon as their usefulness appears exhausted. He cares little, if anything, for what is commonly called political principle. No doubt he is loyal to his sovereign, but not because he unconditionally believes, as a matter of principle, in the divine right of kings; for while he clings with the utmost devotion to the house of Hohenzollern, which represents the strength of Germany, he did not hesitate to drive princes who were just as "legitimate," but who stood in the way of German unity under Prussian leadership, from their thrones and to confiscate their territories. When the constitution of the empire was made, he favored universal suffrage — not because he believed in the principle that the citizen is entitled to active participation in the government, but because he thought that its establishment would be apt to attach the people to the empire, and that, as he had to submit to some sort of representative institution, universal suffrage, embracing the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the educated, would be most likely to furnish representatives accessible to his influence. He has been a free-trader and a protectionist — not as if he had seen in either free-trade or protection a principle consistently to be recognized and adhered to, but because he looked at different times, first upon one and then the other, as the system most likely to strengthen the country or to array on his side its political forces.

He has no respect for political parties, his policy being to use them each and all as it may temporarily serve his purposes. Before the war of 1866 he appeared identified with the Absolutists, in order to make preparation for the war which was to drive Austria out of the German federation and begin the unification of Germany under Prussian leadership, and for which the Prussian landtag refused to furnish the means. After that war he appeared to side with the Liberals — not as if he had

shared their principles or approved of their ultimate aims, but because he depended upon them for the measures required to strengthen the new national organization. Then he turned to the Conservatives for support, because the Liberals aspired to the introduction of parliamentary government, which he thought would weaken the power of the monarch necessary for the defence of the country.

He was a fierce Anti-Clerical, because he feared the influence of the Catholic clergy as a dangerous element of disintegration in the empire. Then he endeavored to win the friendship of the clergy by abandoning some of the principal features of the *Kultur Kampf*, and admitted even the friendly interference of the Pope in the elections for the German Reichstag, when he found the continuance of the fight against the Church useless, and needed the votes of the clerical party for his military and fiscal measures. Thus he cajoles or rebuffs, attracts or repels, treats as friends or as enemies, each and all political parties in turn as they appear fit or unfit to serve the objects he has in view, trying to form, with each session of the parliament, new combinations of political forces to furnish to the government the necessary majority. The party is, for the time being, that which obeys his will. He accepts the advice only of those who agree with him. To those who differ from him he yields only as much as he must, and then only temporarily, to resume the fight with the same stubborn determination at the next convenient moment until he carries his point. In this manner has Bismarck achieved his great successes.

Such a statesman must needs have certain peculiar advantages to sustain him in power. One of these is a constitutional system which raises him above the control of parliamentary majorities. In this respect Bismarck is situated comfortably enough. As minister of the Prussian Crown and as chancellor of the German Empire he is, according to the prevailing constitutional theory, responsible only to the King and Kaiser. His official acts, done in the King's and Kaiser's name, are "government acts" of the sovereign, who is responsible only to God. According to this constitutional system, the parliament may pass or defeat bills, grant or withhold supplies, but it cannot drive a minister out of his place by a direct or implied vote of want of confidence. There is no minister living whose measures have been so often defeated in parliament as Bismarck's have been; but, undisturbed, he holds his post, regarding the adverse vote of a parliamentary majority not as a decision, but merely as an adjournment of the struggle.

Still, all these constitutional advantages would not suffice to secure his position did he not possess another and far more potent element of strength. It is not merely his ability as a debater, which, however, although he is not an orator in the ordinary sense, shines the more brilliantly the more difficult the occasion; it is rather that imposing authority acquired by the greatness of his achievements. It is the immense personality which seems to preside over the destinies of the Old World, and which, standing behind what he says and does, overawes the minds of men. Certainly, not a few of his measures of home policy have called forth much well-grounded criticism; his startling

political marches and countermarches, the fierce outbursts of his autocratic temper, his undisguised contempt for the principles of parliamentary government, the petty police prosecutions which pursue those who offend him, have deeply irritated many men of liberal views and of self-esteem. Nobody else could have done these things without serious harm to himself. But, in spite of it all, Bismarck's popularity has grown larger from year to year. He can say to his opponents what no one else can say: Remember your resistance to me when I prepared the first blow for German unity. Those who most bitterly denounced me had then to confess that I knew better than they what was good for the Fatherland — that they were wrong and I was right.

This, indeed, does not prove that he is always right; but it goes far to nourish the popular impression that he may be right again, his opponents not knowing it, and that those who are against Bismarck may turn out to be against their country. Thus a large portion of the German people have, under the fascination of this imposing authority, gradually lapsed into the acquiescence of the consciously inferior understanding, trusting that whatever Bismarck may do will be well done. And this condition of things is not now unlikely to last while Bismarck stands at the head of affairs.

But his disappearance will at once reveal the fact that he has no successor. Whoever may follow him will look small in his place. The spell of mysterious superiority will be broken. Bismarck's peculiar power cannot be bequeathed to anyone else. His system of policy, if it may so be called, fitted only him. Neither has he suffered to be developed any other system that might take the place of his own. No statesman has been permitted to grow into greatness by his side, nor have parliamentary parties, under his rule, been allowed opportunity to acquire the sense of governmental responsibility. The participation of the representatives of the people in practical government has of late years in Germany rather shrunk than expanded; and yet nothing is more certain than that a determined effort to expand it will be made as soon as the great one-man authority which stands in the way is removed. Germany is full of able men, and a thousand hitherto suppressed ambitions will then make themselves felt. Had they been trained to larger responsibilities, the changes which will inevitably come would probably be easier. It is said that no man is necessary in this world; but Bismarck has been and still is so tremendous a factor in the history of his time, that the uncertainty which his disappearance will leave behind it appears uncommonly obscure.

The Century.

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THE GOLDEN ROSE.— The Holy Fathers has awarded the Golden Rose this year to Miss Caldwell, the American lady who has given so liberally to the Catholic University of the United States. This is the second time that the Golden Rose has gone into hands that are not royal. The first time it was sent to Mrs. Sherman, the wife of Gen. Sherman, who rendered great services to the Church.

# A Parable.

From the German of Rueckert.

ONCE fared a man thro' Syrian land,
A camel leading, rope in hand,
When, suddenly, with frenzied passion
The beast was seized; in wildest fashion
It bellowed, pawed the ground, and bounded;
The luckless driver fled astounded,
And, as he fled, beside the way
A water-fount before him lay.
The beast behind rushed ever faster,
With roar that menaced dire disaster.
Into the open pit he fell,
But hung suspended o'er the well,
Caught in a bramble-bush, there growing
Amid the waters ever flowing.
To this he clung, aloud bewailing
The dangers now his life assailing;
He glanced aloft, and there on high
The camel raging met his eye,
As it would tear his limbs asunder,
And looking in the fountain under,
A dragon's green eyes saw he flashing,
Its jaws together fiercely clashing,
Ready that instant to devour him
When snapt the frail twig that upbore him.
But lo! another scene of horror
Harrows his soul with pangs of terror.
Amid the crevices where clung
The bush's roots on which he hung,
He saw — or does he see aright? —
Two mice, one black, the other white,
By turns alternately he saw them
Tear at the roots and rend and gnaw them,
While spun the dust in eddies whirling,
From roots around the mossed stones curling,
And ever as it trickling ran
The dragon glared upon the man,
Waiting till he had downward tumbled
When from the roots the dust had crumbled.
In anguish dire, despair and woe,
Menaced, beset — above, below,
On every side with wild endeavor
He sought for aid, but found it never.
While thus he hung there, weeping, praying,
A branch he saw before him swaying,
Laden with berries in a cluster
That shone with ripe and ruddy lustre.

The camel's rage no more he saw,
No more the dragon's devouring maw,
No more the ceaseless gnawing mice,
When now the berries met his eyes.
They looked so fair, so good to eat,
He ate of them and found them sweet,
They tasted one and all so sweetly
Forgotten were his woes completely.
You ask who is that foolish man
Who thus his fears so quickly can
Forget — Know, friend, that man *thou* art,
The meaning then take well to heart.
The Dragon in the flood beneath
Is the wide-yawning gulf of death;
The Camel that above thee glares
Is Life's anxieties and cares;
'Tis *thou* that on the green and splendid
Tree of this life dost hang suspended;
The pair of mice that aye are rending
The tree's roots 'neath thy burden bending
To bring thee under Death's fell might —
The names of these are Day and Night.
The white mouse in the crevice lurking
From morn till eve keeps ever working;
The black from eve till morn is bidden
To gnaw the roots in darkness hidden.
The berries in thy darkest hour —
Earth's sensual delights — have power
To lure thy soul, thou hear'st no more
Life's needs — the Camel round thee roar;
No more thou seest the Dragon, Death,
Low crouching in the flood beneath;
The pair of mice, as Day and Night,
Thou heedest not, forgettest quite —
While thou, the fruit whose taste is mortal
Dost clutch, suspended o'er Death's portal.

Athens, Pa. J. C.

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CARDINAL MANNING'S WONDERUL VITALITY. — Speaking of the extraordinary physical powers of Cardinal Manning, who is now in his eightieth year, the Pall Mall Gazette, of April 2, says: "Cardinal Manning yesterday, at the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, performed another of those astonishing *tours de force* which render it difficult for his flock to believe that he is really an older man than Mr. Gladstone. The Cardinal, attired in full pontificals — cope of cloth of gold and jewelled mitre — held in his left hand his gold crozier, or episcopal staff, during his long sermon, which lasted exactly fifty-five minutes. He held his congregation, also, which was even more remarkable than the holding

of his crozier. Another old man, Prince Bismarck, yesterday celebrated his seventy-third birthday. It is not, however, until men get into the eighties that they are really old. Since the German Emperor died, Cardinal Manning is almost the oldest of the illustrious elders of our time, and yet in sympathy, in intelligence, and in active interest in the affairs of this world, he puts to shame the youngest among us."

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# The "Lætare" Medal.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.—Some seven years have now elapsed since the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, inaugurated the custom of bestowing, each year, a medal on some member of the American Catholic laity distinguished in literature, science, or art. This testimonial, as is well known throughout the country, serves as a recognition of great services, both to religion and science. It is given in the form of a richly-ornamented gold medal, appropriately inscribed, and is conferred on "Lætare Sunday," or mid-Lent. On "Lætare" Sunday the medal was presented to Commendatore P. V. Hickey, the distinguished editor of the Catholic Review, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and all among the Catholic-American reading public will agree that it was right worthily bestowed. After a brilliant collegiate course in Ireland, Mr. Hickey came to this country, then about twenty years of age, and for upwards of twenty-five years has ably served the cause of Catholic journalism. In 1872 he founded the Catholic Review. A few years afterwards some of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, in recognition of his signal services to religion, submitted his labors to the Holy See, to mark which Pope Leo XIII. created Mr. Hickey a Knight of St. Sylvester. To counteract the mischief arising from many pictorial journals, Mr. Hickey started The Illustrated Catholic American in 1877. As a publisher, he also issued a series of works of high character, chiefly known as The Vatican Library, and of extensive circulation. To further mark appreciation of these varied and continuous services, the Holy Father was pleased to invest Chevalier Hickey with the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, one of the most exalted degrees of knighthood in the gift of the Holy See. Last year Mr. Hickey started The Catholic American, a weekly paper supplementary to The Catholic Review.

The gold medal which has been forwarded to Mr. Hickey is beautifully enamelled, and bears on one side the inscription, "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*," surrounding a field of blue, surmounted by scroll, book and pen. On the reverse, which is also enamelled, is the inscription, "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to Commendatore P. V. Hickey, in Recognition of His Services to the American Catholic Public." A gold bar, to which the medal is attached, bears the inscription, "*Lætare Medal.*"

# A Bostonian in New York.

## VI.

SOME New York men opened in Boston a few years ago what in the former city is called a beer garden. It was a place where a performance is going on most of the time while the people are smoking and drinking. It was intended for the ladies, too, but very few, if indeed any, visited the place. It proved a failure, and the shutters were soon put up and the managers went back to New York satisfied, no doubt, that what was good enough for the ladies of New York, wasn't by any means good enough for the ladies of Boston. I bring this in as an introduction to what will follow. There are a large number of beer-gardens in New York City, some very good ones and some very bad ones. But it is of the good or swell ones that I wish to speak of first.

A very handsome beer-garden, or what would more appropriately be called a beer-palace, is run by Theiss on Fourteenth Street. It is in the vicinity of several theatres and hotels, and in the uptown section of the city. It is patronized by many of the wealthiest men in the city and whole families come here. Mothers and daughters with their husbands and fathers sit around a little table, and there drink beer of a much better quality than is sold anywhere in Boston. The place is rich in an abundance of pictures, furniture, flowers; indeed ornamentations too numerous to mention are liberally strewn around. The waiters are polite and well-appearing, and are attired in full dress. A stage is in front, and an orchestra that is the equal, and in many respects the superior of the orchestras of our best theatres. A performance of some kind is going on and is enjoyed every week day evening by large and respectable audiences. Liquors and cigars are served here in the most stylish way, and everything around wears a pleasant and welcome aspect.

It was a Saturday night, while going along the Bowery with a couple of friends, musical strains were heard. They emanated from a beer-garden of another kind. We went in, and there were certainly as many as five hundred men, and here and there a woman, seated around the tables eating sandwiches and drinking beer in the most approved German style. A stage was erected which was occupied by a large female orchestra, and by the applause they received, but seemed not to notice much, I should think they were favorites of the denizens of the place. They were attired in long and stylish dresses, and looked very pretty. A young man who was with me said they used to wear knee dresses: but Mayor Hewitt made them give up their abbreviated costumes for whole ones. This is a typical free and easy, and is a great resort for the Gothamite.

In these lower places many young men spend a great deal of the day and night, and in time become desperate and dangerous characters. The New York World, one of the most enterprising journals in the United States, recently sent circulars to convicts at Sing Sing prison, asking them to answer a few questions, among them what was the cause

of their present condition. In reading some of the replies I was not at all surprised to find many of them owing their disgrace to the dens and beer-gardens, and the bad company encountered in them in the metropolis. While some of them are conducted in the best possible way, there are many so bad that large signs should be suspended on the entrance similar to those put up on alleys and dark places, to read something like this: This is hell — look out you don't get burnt.

New York has the largest number of bar rooms of any city in America, and probably in the world, ten thousand being about the number. It would be a difficult job to classify them, yet it can be said, with safety, that among them there are the best, the very best, the worst, the very worst, anywhere to be found, while a large number come between, and are ordinary, common, every day bar rooms. Some of these places are the scenes of gayety, where men of wealth and power sip over the table with a friend, others where "sharpers" hang out who catch Mr. John Hayseed, and often the frivolous youth who thinks he "knows it all." It is a notorious fact that the proprietors of some of the gin mills situated in the toughdom of the city have their several hangers-on who represent the "house" in a game with a stranger, and where the spoils are divided, where all that run down the game get a pick at the bones. I have in my last letter mentioned at some length several of the handsome grog shops, and it is not necessary to bring in any more at the present time. Since Mayor Hewitt has become chief executive of the city, several of the notorious bar rooms, dance halls, and dives have been hounded to earth, and, as a result, many of these sore spots have been obliterated, and under Mayor Hewitt's rule the city has become a better and safer place to live in, though, of course, it has its many pit-falls and dangerous places which it would take several genuine reform mayors, and many years, to clean out.

But to step into what might be called a quiet, respectable bar room we see the following: A little office, in the front corner with a richly carved mahogany bar running nearly the entire length of the store, and they are all good sized stores; three or four young men attired in white aprons busy drawing beer; behind the bar is partitioned a miniature office, behind which, with back to the wall sits a boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years old, who takes the money and makes the change, and at the same time works a crank which exposes to view, both to bar-tender and customer the amount that has been taken; the bar-tender has an instrument which he works almost simultaneously, so that the young cashier watches the bar-tender, the bar-tender watches the boy, and the customer watches both. I should think it would be very hard to "knock down" in the bar rooms of New York. I once heard a bar room proprietor in Boston say, that he wouldn't give a cent for a bar-tender who wasn't able to open a place of his own in two years. To do this in so short a time means to make nearly as much as the "boss." The bar-tenders of New York, however, have little chance to "knock down" and are not so likely to curry favor of their "bosses'" customers only to open a place of their own in a couple of years and wipe their former "boss" out of existence in the business.

The one thing that struck me as being entirely out of place was the employment of a boy in the place. In this State liquor dealers are not allowed to sell liquor to minors. If I was a member of the New York Legislature, the first bill I would introduce before the Assembly, would be one prohibiting minors from working in bar rooms.

There are several free and easys in Boston, where the waiters are paid a couple of dollars more weekly if they will sing, or rather can sing. Their vocal selections often suit the "boozy" customers so much that they insist, when the songster is through, that he must take something. "Well, I will have a cigar; it won't do for me to drink too much," he says assuringly. When he brings back the order, he pulls a cigar from his pocket, which he is supposed to have put there for safety, and just produced it for the purpose of holding out admiringly in the air with the assurance that he's "lookin' at yer." He puts the cigar back in his pocket where it is all the time, and he has made ten cents, for he always smokes good cigars when somebody else is settling the bill. A waiter once told me that he made one Saturday night in a Green Street free and easy $2.75 on the cigar he bought before going to work for five cents. Well, the waiters in New York do not have such an opportunity as this. They serve the cigar in a sealed paper bag and on the outside is marked, "This bag contains 10 c. cigars only," or "5 c." if the price paid for them is less. In this way the waiter does not get much chance to make on cigars, although there must be contrivances in vogue among them to make something extra. The following notice is also conspicuously spread across the bag: "Waiters furnishing segars to my customers are not allowed to handle their pockets in any manner." In another part of the bag and printed no less prominently, appears, "Customers will beware that this package is sealed when delivered." The poor waiters between the white jacket and apron, both minus pockets, are pretty well concealed and strapped up. The proprietor evidently is determined that his help will not open a place of their own in a couple of years hence, and take his customers with them. They are as much mistrusted as horse car conductors. It must be hard to work for a man, or in a place where you are not trusted, and never given an opportunity to show whether you are an honest man. This is the position of a New York bartender and free and easy waiter.

When some persons achieve fame or notoriety they often put it to use by opening a bar room, while others achieve greatness from being the proprietors of grog shops, notably, politicians. A bar room near Central Park, a very quiet part of the city, was honored a few years ago, as having as one of its proprietors, no less a personage than the great expounder of pugilism, Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan. While he was at the head of the house a large business was done, many coming there and remaining around all day, if necessary, to see the slugger, who had at that time just become a resident of New York, having left the home of his boyhood. Again while riding in a horse-car along the Bowery I saw a large sign over a small liquor saloon bearing the following name: "Steve Brodie." Who was he? Why, the much talked of

young man who jumped into the river from the tower of the Brooklyn Bridge, all for notoriety. He gained what he was after, and is now a rum merchant where people go to see the man who jumped from the bridge. Sexton, the expert and professional billiardist has a large saloon and billiard hall, where good players roll the ivories on the green surface of a number of nice tables. Now Dempsy, who has never been vanquished in the ring, is about to open a liquor saloon in New York. Ryan, the pugilist, also had a saloon in the city, but after he was knocked out by the "big fellow," and a few others, he lost his reputation, and his business, as a consequence, grew dull, and he finally dropped out of it. I could name many more who are in public life and in the rum business, but these few that I have mentioned will suffice to cover the point I wished to draw out that men gaining notoriety often start in the rum business, where they themselves are the drawing card, where the admirers of the ward politicians, prize fighter, bridge jumper and Niagara swimmer, and others more or less distinguished, can sup the beverages there and gaze upon the famed proprietor. While many are being forced out of the business, owing to the way they carry it on, others are going in, so that, like the brook, the sale of liquor "goes on forever."

At the present time there are about ten thousand liquor saloons in the city, not to speak of Brooklyn, with its many grog-shops, and which can be reached by riding or walking over the great bridge which connects the two cities. The licenses cost $200 for spirits, beers, and wine; $75 for beer and wine. They are allowed to open from five to one o'clock in the morning, except on Saturday, when they must close at midnight, and Sunday, when they must keep closed. I suppose the rules are kept there as well as they are in Boston, and the readers well know that it is not a difficult matter to get liquor after eleven o'clock at night, in Boston, and occasionally a person is arrested for being intoxicated on Sunday, and the dock in the police court on Monday morning is jammed with prisoners, as it is no other morning, except it be after a legal holiday. On election days, in New York, the proprietors of liquor saloons are required to keep closed while the polls are open; and, I am told, and have no reason to doubt it, that a great business is done, and much beer and whiskey drank immediately after the closing of the polls. There is another thing of which I wish to speak about the bar rooms. It is an important item in the profits and losses of the lightning dispenser, and is worth another paragraph all to itself.

In New York one may eat what he pleases, when and where he pleases. The residences are so far from most of the people's places of business that the habit of taking lunch at restaurants is a general one. Eating-houses abound in almost every part of the city. Lunch rooms, similar to Thompson's on Washington Street, are numerous, and all do a great business. One or two places in Boston have music stands in their stores, where tunes are played while the customers are eating. This is not an original scheme, as several places in New York have them. Smith & McNell's is the largest eating-house, and supplies more meals than any other in the city. Every conceivable thing in the eat-

ing line is served, and the best of everything is kept. I went to this place about noon one day, and, at a quick glance, counted three hundred people seated around the tables eating, and was obliged to wait, with several others, before I could get a place at the table. The waiters here are all very respectable appearing young men, and think nothing of taking three or four orders, and serving them without a mistake, carrying the dishes on top of each other, piled up on their arms from their waists to their necks. This place is never closed; and it is said that the proprietors, some years ago, threw the keys to the doors of the establishment in the river close by their place.

The lunches served in the beer saloons, gratis, have often surprised people, who wonder how the proprietors can afford to give such an excellent lunch to their customers. It is said that one saloon cuts up daily over one thousand small sandwiches of cheese, ham, sardines and fish, for free distribution to customers. The outlay for the lunch counter must make a large item on the expenses, yet few, if any, of the saloons can make their business a success without the free lunch counter. A dining saloon is attached to many of these places that make an elaborate display of eatables. A special kind of beer is prominently advertized over the door, and the brewer allows a certain percentage of his profits to the customer, and this, it is said, helps to pay for the cost of the lunches. In localities where there are many men employed in mechanical pursuits a hot lunch as well as a cold one is served during lunch hours. Contracts are made with the proprietors of eating saloons to furnish for these latter places mutton stew, chicken soup, clam chowder and similar dishes. It is sold to the saloons by the quart or gallon. Many establishments do nothing else but supply these cheaper saloons, and the workingmen by buying a glass of beer get all they can eat.

One day while seated on a boot-black's chair, the long deep whistle blew that announced the noon of day. Presently I saw two or three workmen in their jumpers and paper hats coming along, all with a tin can in their hands. Seeing so many of them together I asked the Italian boot-black, what procession was that, and he replied, "Rush ze gowler." "Rushing the growler," he meant, which is known by no other appellation here. Like a good many things that once get a name attached to it, it is seldom broken off, and a pitcher and can are called a "growler" oftener than by their right, and it would seem, their former name. The workingmen in New York who do not go home to dinner, bring a lunch with them and always eat it with the help of a can of beer which costs but five cents. In some factories where a great many hands are employed a good barrel full of beer is consumed every noon of every working day.

The people of Boston have no doubt by this time heard of the simultaneous appearance of the red headed girl and white horse. In New York it has become a craze. From the old folks down to the little children it is familiar, and the girl of the red head is, indeed, in an embarrassing position when she appears on the street. Of course the little boys cry out after them as they do after the dude, while older persons will look at them, and then glance into the street to look for

her companion, the white horse. When I first heard this I looked upon it as most every one does that hears it for the first time, as being silly and absurd. A friend of mine said he would take a walk with me and guaranteed to show me for every red-headed girl we saw, a white horse. I took the walk with him, and we had not gone far before a girl with red hair passed us. "There's a white horse on that car," said my friend, and so there was. Pretty soon two girls with red hair, apparently sisters, came along. I said to my friend that he would have to show me two white horses together, and turning our eyes and heads, we saw on a side street, right at hand, a span of white horses. This may seem to the reader very funny, but no funnier than to me who saw it. I met a young man from New York in Boston recently, and while walking along Tremont Row with him he espied a red-headed girl, and enquired for the white horse, but he only had to turn his head to see one. He told me that this craze of the people is causing a great deal of weariness for the New York girls who have red hair, and said that many of them are ashamed to go along the street. This is certainly making a joke too serious, and I believe if some patent medicine inventor would only get up some remedy to change the color of the hair in a better way than the one at present in vogue with old people, his fortune would be made. My friend told me that an old German gentleman, while talking with him on the street in New York one day, saw a young man standing in front of him with glittering red hair. He said, "Vhere is der vhite horse," and turning around saw one. He chuckled to himself and said, "Mein Gott! but ain't it remarkable?" I think the girls would be glad to have the simultaneous appearance change over to the men, but they, poor things, are doomed to be the victims.

Some of you have seen the Brooklyn Bridge, and those of you who have not had that pleasure, have certainly seen pictures of it, which have been for the last few years used as freely on soaps, blacking, and other articles as has the picture of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. To see the pictures you get an idea of what it looks like, and on first seeing it can tell at a glance that it is the Bridge. But no picture that I have seen, and I have seen a great many, has given any idea of what the Bridge really is. It is not wonderful that the visitor should be anxious to see it when reaching the city. It stands up high from the surface of the water, and is a tremendous and marvellous structure. Figures are not, as a general thing, interesting, but to tell of its size it is necessary to bring in a few. Although called by everybody the Brooklyn Bridge, its real name, or the one originally given it, is the East River Bridge. The construction commenced January, 1870, and was completed and opened to traffic in May, 1883. It spans the East River from New York to Brooklyn, and is of great convenience to the people living in these two cities. The crowd of people on the Bridge in the early hours of the morning, and again in the evening from five to six, is something enormous. Cars are constantly running, worked by the cable system. One evening at about six o'clock I stood on this Bridge for more than half an hour watching the people going home from work, some walking, but the most of them riding on the cars. There is no fear of a collision here,

for the cars go in opposite directions on tracks on either side of the Bridge. Another long path in the centre is used by pedestrians, and below are two more paths for teams. The teams going from New York to Brooklyn take the right hand side, and those coming the other way take the left. Policemen in great numbers patrol the Bridge, and one of their principal duties is to watch for mysterious looking individuals who are looking for notoriety at the awful risk of jumping from the Bridge.

The length of the bridge is 5,989 feet, or about a mile and a quarter long. It costs one cent to walk across it, and three cents to ride in the cars. The high posts, which are so familiar from the pictures, hold up the million of wires that stretch the length of it like lace curtains. The span, that part between the two lofty granite posts, is about a mile long, and there is nothing under it that goes down to the water below, and thus navigation is not hindered in the least. If a person from Boston went to New York, and saw nothing but the Brooklyn Bridge, his visit would well be repaid, for he would see one of the greatest wonders of the world, and certainly the greatest work of human ingenuity in America — something, too, he would never forget. To stand on the bridge and look down on the great cities of New York and Brooklyn, with the water in front and behind, and steamers plying through it, is, indeed, a beautiful sight. It is more beautiful still at night, and, with its regiment of electric lights on either side reflecting on the water, with the clear, full moon above, looks like a view which, if described, would appear too much like the beauties produced by Aladdin's lamp, and other fairy stories which we read when little boys and girls. Standing on this bridge, on a pleasant night, Longfellow's beautiful poem came to my mind —

> "I stood on the bridge at midnight
> As the clocks were striking the hour,
> And the moon rose o'er the city,
> Behind the dark church tower."

It is very pleasant riding in the cars over the bridge, and very pleasant to walk across it, and loiter here and there, and gaze with astonishment and awe at the numberless contrivances used to put it together. The first day that I looked for the Brooklyn Bridge, I entered through the little office, similar to those on the ferries here, where I paid the official one cent for the privilege of walking over the bridge. Passing the office, I saw, fastened to a post, a little tin box, similar to a poor box in a church. On one side of the box were the words, "For the Beecher Monument Fund." This is a shrewd scheme for the movers of the object of erecting a monument to the famous preacher, whose name is so closely identified with Brooklyn. A great deal of money must be left in these little boxes, for there are several of them placed on the bridge, in prominent places. Strangers prefer walking across the bridge for the first time, and thus the boxes are placed around the entrance, so they will be sure to be seen by the sight-seeker.

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

# The Seventeenth of June.

**The First Great Act of Treason in the American Revolution.**

IT is a curious fact, says a writer in Harper, that the most important, as well as the most dramatic incident immediately preceding the American revolution — an incident, indeed, which directly precipitated hostilities — has but slighting mention in any of the histories. It may be well doubted whether even one in every hundred thousand Americans could recall any of the circumstances of this noteworthy event. This was the attack upon Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor, by a band of young patriots, led by John Sullivan, afterward major-general in the Continental army. The assault was made in December, 1774, four months before the battle of Lexington, and six months before Bunker Hill. It was unquestionably the first act of overt treason. Singularly enough, however, Bancroft makes but a casual reference to it, and in none of the histories is it given more than a paragraph. Yet its immediate consequences were not less momentous than those of Lexington. It was, in fact, the occasion of the conflict at Lexington, and it is more than probable that it saved Bunker Hill from proving a disastrous defeat, if not, indeed, a calamity fatal to further effort for freedom.

Amory's only reference to it, in his Military Services of Gen. Sullivan, is this: "Soon after his return home (Sullivan had been a delegate to the Continental Congress), he planned, with Thomas Pickering and John Langdon, an attack, on the night of the 12th of December, upon Fort William and Mary, at Newcastle, in Portsmouth harbor — one of the earliest acts of hostility against the mother country. And, by the aid of a portion of a force he had been for some months engaged in drilling in their military exercises in preparation for the anticipated conflict, carried ninety-seven kegs of powder and a quantity of small arms in gondolas to Durham, where they were concealed, in part, under the pulpit of its meeting-house. Soon after the battles of Lexington and Concord had aroused the people to a realizing sense that they were actually engaged in hostilities, these much-needed supplies, or a portion of them, were brought by him to the lines at Cambridge, where he marched with his company, and were used at the battle of Bunker Hill."

This account is, in some respects, clearly inaccurate, and it is altogether incommensurate with the importance of the act. The assault was made, not on the 12th, but on the night of the 13th or 14th of December — for there is some conflict of authority on this point, and there is nothing to show that any act of treasonable hostility preceded it. Sparks, in his Life of Sullivan, gives practically the same details, and Bancroft, Botta and Bryant make only an allusion to the event. In the course of several papers read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, defending Sullivan from aspersions of subsequent disloyalty to the American cause, Mr. Thomas C. Amory, of Boston, who is a grandnephew of the general, furnishes many additional and interesting par-

ticulars beside those already quoted; but none of these writers has correlated the facts of the attack, and the exceedingly momentous consequences that directly proceeded from it.

**The Sword of Bunker Hill.**

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill—
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name,
Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill—
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band;
A captain raised this blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill—
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep the sword"—his accents broke,
A smile, and he was dead— [blade
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And fifty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill—
And fifty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

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JAPANESE FOOTGEAR.—In Japan, children's shoes are made of blocks of wood, secured with cords. The stockings resemble a mitten, having a separate place for the great toe. As these shoes are lifted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as their owners walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd. They are not worn in the house, as they would injure the soft straw mats on the floor. You leave your shoes at the door. Every house is built with reference to the number of mats required for the floors, each room having from eight to sixteen, and, in taking lodging, you pay so much for a mat. They think it extravagant in us to require a whole room for ourselves. The Japanese shoe gives perfect freedom to the foot. The beauty of the human foot is only seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our toes are cramped until they are deformed, and are in danger of extinction. They have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers. Nearly every mechanic makes use of his toes in holding his work. Every toe is fully developed. Their shoes cost 1d., and last six months.

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"IF all that Wilfrid Blunt says of Mr. Balfour is true—and certainly the charges are made in plain enough English," says the Chicago Times—"then Mr. Balfour as Secretary for Ireland is the right man in the wrong place. He would seem to be better equipped and qualified for a managerial position in the infernal regions."

# Colossal Statue to the Blessed Virgin.

THE project for the erection in Mount Royal Park, Montreal, Canada, of a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin is well under way, and a petition on the subject has been presented to the Montreal City Council. The petition bears the signatures of Archbishop Fabre, J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., Judges Gill, Globensky, Jette, Matthieu and Lorenger, of the Supreme Court; Recorder de Montigny, Sheriff Chauveau, Messrs. A. A. Thibaudeau, J. B. Rolland, Owen McGarvey, J. A. Wilson, Louis Perrault, Alfred Masson, Edward Murphy, J. B. Durocher, D. and J. Sadlier, and about six hundred names of other leading French Canadian citizens. The grand monument, which will be of bronze of about two hundred feet high, and which will cost, it is estimated, between $75,000 and $100,000, will become not only one of the most remarkable sights of the city, but a most precious historical souvenir, serving to recall to future generations the first name given to Montreal, Vill Marié, in honor of the first patroness of the city.

The Catholic Weekly Review says: The Orange press of this province (Ontario), needless to say, are opposed to the project, but its Orange following have nothing to do with the matter. Their veneration, of course, is confined to King William.

On the same subject the Catholic American, of New York, writes: The Protestant Ministerial Association and the Evangelical Alliance, of Montreal, have formally protested against the erection of a statue of the Mother of Christ on Mount Royal, which overlooks that city. Who can understand the animosity of Protestants to the Blessed Virgin, in whom the Mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, and who is so ineffably dear to our Divine Lord? The same men, who passionately refuse to reverence her, have no objection to honor their own mothers, to be jealous of the respect shown to them, and to resent any slight or insult of which they are the objects. They will erect monuments, too, to the heroes of political achievements, to poets, to millionnaire philanthropists, to any and all who render great service to humanity. But the mother of their God they refuse to honor. How will they dare to face Christ at the judgment who have denied His Mother on earth?

The Catholic Standard of Philadelphia says: It is proposed to erect on Mount Royal, the hill overlooking Montreal, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a little lot of bigots, like the Tailors of Tooley Street, proceed to speak in the name of the whole human race "and the rest of mankind." A statue of her who "the world's Redeemer bore" is declared to be an outrage on the feeling of many respectable people. We have no doubt it would hurt the devil's feelings also; but it is hard to please everybody. The erection of a monument to commemorate the victory of the English on the Plains of Abraham must have been galling to the Canadian French, but no special regard seems to have been paid to their feelings. As a general thing, people have

been allowed to express their feeling of admiration in stone or bronze without much protest. The destruction of the monument to Maj. André, in New York, and of that erected by Bishop Fenwick to Father Rale, at Norridgewock, are isolated instances of bitter feeling. Our parks and squares are becoming places where any who wish to add artistic ornaments to a city are permitted to indulge their patriotic, religious, or social ideas with little restraint. Statues and busts of Luther, Mazzini, Garibaldi, are not very palatable to Catholics, but no Catholics have been found to hold meetings or pass resolutions to condemn them as public nuisances. There is less of this man worship among Catholics, and they tend rather to religious types. Catholics might well join in the project to erect the statue of the Catholic explorer, Lief Ericson, at Boston or at Newport; of Verrazani or Gov. Dongan in New York; Father Jogues on the Mohawk; Lord Baltimore in the city that bears his name; Ayllon, near the mouth of the Chesapeake, or Melendez at St. Augustine; or rear a statue of the Blessed Virgin at the entrance of the Chesapeake, which from Ayllon's day was called the "Bay of St. Mary, Mother of God." A statue of Father Marquette stands, indeed, at Detroit, but it was placed there by the public spirit of a Protestant gentleman. If we Catholics wish in our way to contribute thus to beautify our public places, we certainly have a right to carry out our project in our own way; and as long as the monument is up to the standard as a work of art, others surely should allow us the freedom that they have themselves assumed. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

## Parnell on the Situation.

THE London correspondent of the New York Times telegraphs an account of a long interview he had with Mr. Parnell lately. As to the prospects of some immediate change, Mr. Parnell is not sanguine. He says: "From all the indications afforded by the by-election it is evident that at the next general elections those electors who abstained from voting in 1886 and thereby returned the Tory government with one hundred majority, will, in the main, vote to restore Mr. Gladstone to power with about a similar majority. It cannot be too clearly understood that it was the abstentions, the abstentions only, of Liberal voters throughout Great Britain which did the mischief. But as to when the opportunity of a general election will come is a question. The time is only just approaching in which it will be possible to test the cohesion of the Liberal-Unionists to their Tory allies. The government are rather prematurely pluming themselves on the unopposed second reading of the local government bill. This measure depends upon a multitude of details, and the battle-ground of these will be in committee. In that stage, at any moment a question may arise which will really strain the solidarity of the Unionist coalition. Many important interests are arising. The Tory country party view with distrust and dislike the

whole measure, and are sure to show this by a bad attendance in committee. But whether or not we succeed in upsetting the government this year over the local government bill, or some other question, it must be remembered that the final result of the restoration of a Parliament to Ireland is assured beyond a doubt. For an event of such magnitude, which up to 1885 was certainly not expected, save as the doubtful outcome of years of struggle and suffering, but which has now become the certain pacific prospect of a year or two, we can surely afford to have a little patience.

"To the American people, especially, without whose aid we could have made none of these advances, and who, looking from a distance, may be disposed to regard the present progress as slow when compared with the stride taken in 1885, I would say that what we have to do at present is to use this interval to consolidate and secure our ground for the next step when the time to take it arrives, with every confidence that it will be the final and crowning one. Although the pause may seem to be long, it is essential and valuable. It is as nothing compared with the many centuries that Ireland has waited in hopeless misery and sacrifice. We must learn how to wait as well as how to advance. The most victorious armies of history have been compelled at times to rest in seeming inactivity behind their trenches, and it is just as much the duty of a nation, if it desires freedom, to learn how to do this at the proper time in patience, as it is for an army. I have said a period of waiting was an advantage to us. It is educating, and will educate the people of Great Britain. Men who in 1885 followed Mr. Gladstone in his great measure from belief in the man, now follow him as well from belief in the cause. There are thousands of Liberals throughout the country who were at that time without sufficient information to enable them to defend Mr. Gladstone's policy, and who are now as ardent Home Rulers and as capable exponents of the necessity of such a measure for Ireland as any of the Irish members themselves.

"In Ulster, too, this improvement is noticeable. I believe, from all I hear, that if an election were to take place now, we should make a net gain of three members there. If the Ulster Presbyterians once become convinced that they will not get land reform without Home Rule, they will become Home Rulers, and the present government most stupidly, I think, is doing all it can to compel this conviction. Churchill's speech this afternoon on the Irish county councils bill was one of the most important of the session, and certainly the ablest he has ever delivered on any subject. His disclosure of the views held by Salisbury's cabinet in 1886 was of the first magnitude in importance. His foreshadowing of grave disaster, to the Tory party at the polls, if a general election, perhaps close at hand, arrived, produced a tremendous sensation and seemed most ominous. In fact, the speech was undoubtedly the hardest blow this government has yet received, and it will have far-reaching results in the country. These results, towards which events are shaping, must be in our favor. Let us wait alertly, but still in patience, and see what they are."

# Rome Speaks to Ireland.

ON several occasions the Apostolic See has given the people of Ireland, whom it has always regarded with special benevolence, suitable admonitions and advice when circumstances required, as to how they might defend their rights without injury to justice or the public peace. Our Holy Father Leo XIII., fearing lest, in the species of warfare that has been introduced among the Irish in the contests between landlords and tenants, and which is commonly called the "plan of campaign," and in the kind of social interdict called "boycotting," arising from the same contests, a true sense of justice and charity might be perverted, ordered the supreme congregation of the inquisition to subject the matter to a serious and careful examination. Hence, the following was proposed to their eminences, the cardinals of the congregation: "Is it permissible, in disputes between landlords and their tenants in Ireland, to use means known as 'The plan of campaign' and 'boycotting?'"

After long and mature deliberation, their eminences unanimously answered in the negative, and their decision was confirmed by the Holy Father on Wednesday, the 18th of April.

The justice of this decision will be readily seen by any one who applies his mind to consider that a rent agreed by a mutual consent cannot, without violation of a contract, be diminished at the mere will of the tenant, especially when there are tribunals appointed for settling such controversies and reducing unjust rents within the bounds of equity, after taking into account the causes which diminish the value of the land. Neither can it be considered permissible that rents be extorted from tenants and deposited in the hands of unknown persons to the detriment of land owners. Finally, it is contrary to justice and charity to persecute, by a social interdict, those who are satisfied to pay the rents they agreed to pay, or those who, in the exercise of their rights, take vacant farms. It will, therefore, be your lordship's duty prudently, but effectually, to advise and exhort the laity not to transgress the bounds of Christian charity and justice while they are striving for a remedy for their distressed condition. R. CARDINAL MONACO.

Rome, April 20, 1888.

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FAIR child, fair Austrian flower, sweet Marie Antoinette, I thought there, in the gardens of Schönbrunn, of the window at Versailles, of the yelling mob, of the Temple, of Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar, of the long cares that broke the light heart and refined it to saintly endurance, of the miserable mother, of the anguish-stricken wife, of the foreign guillotine.—*Faber.*

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NEVER sacrifice to the caress of the pagan "Tartufe" the men of Catholic education. Remember the exulting cries of the Encyclopedists at the time when the evil counsellors of Louis XV., by mowing down the Jesuits, killed the young harvest of the future at its roots, and destroyed the balance which education had maintained in France.—*Féval.*

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hand and kiss your face—
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee —
Oh, then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with your tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadows I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will pause in sweet surprise,
And your soul into mine will call
In that dear unforgotten prayer
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word, maybe
A link between us, strong and sweet,
Ah! then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "Mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere —
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the golden gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part! Never again!

## GOD ONLY.

### I.

IT was night. The autumn winds rose high, and moaned as they died amongst the forest trees. Fitful glimmers of moonligh shone through the scanty breaks in the heavy banks of clouds, and the yellow leaves were to be seen flying in all directions. Distant thunder, preceded by occasional flashes of lightning, filled the restless atmosphere, while every now and then a lull would follow, leaving the scene in melancholy silence.

The ancient Solitary looked up through the overhanging branches to the sky overhead, and a smile broke over his features —

"COME, MY BELOVED, COME!"

And deep silence followed as the unspoken prayer arose, and was wafted by angels to the court of heaven. For to him the wind spoke of the Beloved, and the cloud and the moonlight and the long, fitful shadows of the trees. Through them he looked at the Beloved, in them he saw the Beloved, and the voice of the Beloved alone, in their music, fell upon his ear.

And the heart of the Solitary rested like the reflection of a star trembling, but safe, on the ocean of Divine Love.

Then the storm raged, and the forest trees were torn up by their roots. The lightning struck the noblest of them, and thunder shook

them to their foundations. The earth trembled and gaped, and swallowed up the cities of men, and lurid fires lighted up the thunder clouds, which opened and fell in angry torrents, sweeping before them, in their fury, all that resisted their will.

But the hermit stirred not.

"The earth trembled and was moved! But Thou, O Beloved, remainest unshaken as Thy Throne! O God, Thou art unchangeable, and Thy seat is in eternity. Speak, yet again, in Thy creatures, O Beloved, and so shall my soul answer Thee."

For eighty autumns had come and gone, and the soul of the Solitary had learned to rise above the creature, and had found its rest in the centre of all.

And it hung like a tender thought upon the heart of God alone.

And the storm passed away, and the day dawned again. The sun arose in his splendor, and laughed at the wrecks of the night. Creation stretched forth her hands, and lifted up her head at the warmth and light, and the sighing of the wind made an end, while the fresh perfume arose from the soil and spoke of gladness and enjoyment.

But the hermit arose to pray —

"I sought Him whom my soul loveth, I sought Him and found Him not; who shall give me wings like a dove that I may flee to Him and be at rest?

"Thou hast wounded my heart, O my love, Thou hast wounded my heart! Oh, when shall I live to be no longer my own, but Thine?"

For the sweetness of creation spoke to him alone of the sweetness of the Creator, and the beauty of the strength of the morning awoke in him the longing for the possession of Him, who alone, is the strength of all beauty, and the beauty of all strength.

And the soul of the hermit went up like a sigh of love into the ear of God alone.

Then the lion of the forest came forth, and was obedient to the call of the child of God. The holy man blessed him and he went on his way.

But the hermit lifted up his heart to God —

"All Thy works wait on Thee. Thou who art the power of the mighty, and the strength of the strong, whom all creatures obey! Thou art the upholder of all, and without Thee all would come to nought. Thou art, who art, O God, and I am that which is not!"

For the soul of the hermit had learned the sweetness of its nothingness, and the grandeur of the All-Being of God.

And it was drawn closer, like a tender ray of light, into the unfathomable abyss of the uncreated light of God alone.

And countless multitudes of birds flooded the air amongst the forest trees with delicious song; they came at his call, and sang around his cell, when he blessed them and they departed; but the turtle-dove flew round his head and nestled in his bosom.

"O Love of loves! O sweetness of my heart! O joy inexpressible. O Fire ever burning, never consuming. Thou hast ravished my heart, O God of my love, Thou hast ravished my heart alone! Take posses-

sion, O Beloved! As this creature hath found her home in me, so would I find my home in Thee! Draw me that I may come; speak to me that I may answer! Open to me, my God, open to me!"

For the heart of the holy man had broken with love, and his soul had fled to its home and its rest, and now lay in the sweet embrace of the Love of loves — in the bosom of God alone.

II.

"O bright and beautiful Cross! O faithful and true Cross! Never let me be separated from thee, sweet hope of sorrowing souls! dear bed of my Saviour! On thee let me live, by thee let me die; Thou alone of all things created art my own!

And she sang —

"Dulce lignum, dulces clavos
Dulce pondus sustinet!"

Her fingers plied her needle by the feeble light of the lamp,—but her heart was with Mary at the foot of the Cross. The door was opened gently and a fair girl, richly dressed, entered the room.

"Still working? Can you not come to Benediction for once?"

"Dear Lilian, no. You must offer it for me this time again."

"Ah, Agatha, how long is it to be so? When will you speak out, and take your proper place in the world?"

"Am I not in my place, Lilian? Where else would you have me, since He has willed it so? My desire is to live to God alone! He grants it in this way, and the cross which has brought it about is very precious to me."

The moon came from behind a cloud and flooded the bare attic with beauty.

"Will you not tell me all about it, Agatha?"

Agatha shook her head.

Lilian sighed as she took the hands of her humble friend, and the tears filled her eyes.

"I wish I could be like you, Agatha. It is heaven on earth to *me* to come here. Why is it so?"

"I do not know, Lilian, unless it is God speaking to your heart, telling you how unsatisfying everything is that is not Himself."

"We are both happy, Agatha, but not in the same way. I do not really know what it is makes *me* happy."

"Youth and health, and a natural power of enjoyment, and of making others happy, Lilian. These are natural gifts, and you cannot be too thankful for them."

"They don't make the heaven *you* make, Agatha."

"It is only the presence of God that makes *heaven*, Lily. Perhaps it is the very absence of all that makes up your life at home, that shows us God."

"But if you were gone what would this room be for me, my sweet sister? What makes it heaven to you?"

Agatha smiled and sang softly —

"Crux fidelis, inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis
Nulla silva talem profert
Fronde, flore, germine —
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos
Dulce pondus sustinet."

Lilian smiled and laid her fair cheek on her friend's shoulder when she began to sing. Agatha's voice was very rich and sweet, and it trembled as she concluded the verse.

"Is it *really* the Cross that makes this room heaven to you, Agatha?"

"It is *really* the Cross which has brought God to *me*, Lilian."

"You are speaking of Calvary!"

"True; that was the way long ago planned in eternity, Lilian. All our crosses are but poor little shadows, and are not worth speaking of by the side of that."

"Do you think your cross a little one, Agatha? False friends, injustice, cruelty, calumny! This bare room, this poor needlework! I know this is your lot, although I don't know *all*. Surely you have found it hard to bear?"

Agatha colored and was silent.

"I know that those you have loved have turned their backs upon you, and that you have been unjustly deprived of your inheritance — that" —

"Say no more, dear Lilian. I would rather bear any cross than allow you to think it specially hard."

Lilian was silent now that she had induced Agatha to speak.

"I have been thinking of the Mysteries of the Rosary to-day, Lilian. There are the mysteries of the Incarnation, the mysteries of the Passion, the mysteries of the glorification of our dear Lord. It occurred to me in my prayer, that as He is our Head, and we may expect to see Him represented in His members, so our creation would seem to be pictured by His Incarnation, our life on earth by His Passion, through which He entered into glory, — the glory we are hoping one day to share."

"Must we all suffer so much, Agatha?" said Lilian sadly

"If we would reign with Him, yes," replied Agatha. "Because it is the only way, — *the only way*, — the way which has been trodden to perfection by God alone."

"Is it not hard not to go to Benediction, dear, when you love our Lord so much?"

"Nothing is hard if it be His will. What are we here *for*, Lilian?" she suddenly exclaimed. "What good are we? Oh, there is no consolation for us in our nothingness, but the one consolation of doing or suffering His will. We *are* here to do His will, not our own. We are created for God alone; to be His creatures, His servants, His humble slaves; and He has exalted us to be His children, His *brides!* O Lilian, dear, what is life without God? What is anything that life or the world can give if He is not in it? O God, since I am *nothing*

and Thou art *all*, therefore will I utterly distrust and abandon myself, Thou shalt be for me the true potter, and I will be the passive clay in Thy hands. Thine only, O God, Thine only!"

It was seldom that Agatha permitted herself to be moved in this manner, except when alone with God. Lilian whose sensitive nature was quickly touched, turned pale, but the words sank deep into her heart.

"I am afraid I do not *think*," she said softly. "Everything, you know, is bright for me. I have had no crosses yet; none, at least, to speak about. I have not felt any need, everything comes, and I am satisfied."

Agatha looked lovingly into the sweet face, which was so self-reproachful in her admission of content.

"But if everything were to *go* instead of *coming*, Lilian, what then? would it not be well to be prepared?"

"Thinking would not prepare me, would it?"

"No, but constant acts of love and resignation would. And still more, a habit of thankfulness, which should live as it were in God's presence. He gives; He blesses; let Him take if He will, *so* He blesses But, O Lily! do not take His gifts and make idols of them in His place. We can do very well without *them*. We *cannot* do without *Him*."

"It does seem a shame when I think how little God is remembered in all that happens to us. And yet every good thing comes from Him."

"From Him *alone*, Lily. Keep on saying this in your heart from morning till night, and by degrees He will have his own rightful place there."

"Then I must go to Benediction without you, to-night, dear. I am going to Benediction to please God alone, to serve Him alone, to receive gifts from Him alone; and I leave you because it is His will you should serve Him alone, by giving up your will to Him alone — and I love you *because* you are His alone, dear, as I love no friend but my mother. And so I will go and pray for you, and you will pray for me, Agatha, that we may be always His alone."

"You are a sweet disciple, Lilian. How could I ever feel discontented when He gives me such a consolation? Yes, dear, I will pray here, and you will pray before the Blessed Sacrament, and our prayers will be heard by God alone."

"And the holy angels will bring them back to us with a thousand blessings."

"They will."

"But how, dear?"

"Probably by the cross. '*Crux fidelis*,'" whispered Agatha.

## III.

And Agatha prayed in her heart and said —

"Hail, rosy wounds of my Lord, inflicted for me! With what love were you endured by Him? What love do you deserve from me?"

It was true that Agatha was suffering from injustice; that being left an orphan she had been deprived of her inheritance, that she had

in her possession papers which would have set her right if she had made use of them; but she did not and why?

The story is too long to be detailed. There were two reasons which were ample, in Agatha's eyes, for the resolution to which she had come of seeking no redress. One was that her fortune had gone to a married cousin who had been left a widow with an unprovided family; and the other was this, that the proofs of her innocence and claim having come into her hands long after she had learned the value of the great cross which had fallen upon her young life, she wished to correspond with the will of God, and to leave all judgment with Him. But only one point had made her hesitate. Agatha had always wished to be a nun — and she could not be a nun without bringing all her history to light — and as she had lived hidden, so she felt she must die hidden and despised, upon the cross which had been given her. Agatha's determination to live for God alone, and the grace which this determination had procured for her, had, indeed, converted her poor little dwelling into a holy cell, and her steadfast union with the cross of her Divine Master had made that little cell into a heaven of delights, which nothing on earth could replace.

And Lilian prayed before the Blessed Sacrament —

"My sweet Jesus, make me to be Thine alone! I offer myself now, as I have never done before, and all that I am or have to Thy heavenly will.

"I will never seek, O my God, any object for my affections out of Thee, since I see that all good is to be found in Thee alone.

"O my God, and all my good, in Thy will is life, in mine is death. Not my will be done, but Thine in earth as it is in heaven. Amen."

And a great peace entered the soul of the child as thus she prayed to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Angels had brought it to her from the throne of God.

But the angels had brought the cross too.

Lilian was leaving the church when a poor woman, thinly clad, asked her for an alms. A sickly babe was wrapped up in her arms, and Lily stopped to look at it. She dropped the silver into the beggar's hand, and helped her, in her tender charity, to readjust the shawl over the moaning child.

Not many days after a note was brought to Agatha. It was from Lilian's mother; Lily lay at the point of death.

So Agatha nursed her — she had no fear of the dangerous malady — and Lilian recovered, but her face had lost all its beauty; for the small-pox had taken it away.

Poor Lily!

But Agatha watched her and helped her to prepare for the change. Was it necessary?

"Bring me my glass, dear, that I may see if the angels have brought the cross."

Even Agatha hesitated.

"You are so weak, dear, wait yet awhile."

But the disciple would not be behind the teacher, and she said —

"Agatha, I know it. God gave it, and He has taken it. What matters it when I am His alone?"

And a beautiful smile played round her mouth, and sparkled in her loving eyes as she held the mirror before her poor, wan, scarred face.

"It was something, Agatha — and yet after all it was nothing. Why did our Lord let them mar His beautiful face, so that it was more disfigured than that of any man? Was it not for love of me? O my dear Lord, I give this little beauty back to Thee, for love of Thee. Thou, the Uncreated Beauty, didst give Thy created beauty, that I might give mine back with my whole heart to Thee. I give it Thee, for love of Thee, — Thee only, O my God."

So Lilian arose from her sick-bed, and the cross had done its work. For though she was the light and brightness of her father's home, she no longer found her light and brightness therein. The world had lost its charm, and the things of time their value.

But she waited upon God, and she loved her friends and her home for His sake, and when he had ripened the blossom into fruit, He drew her to Himself, and she became a nun.

"Let neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, ever be able to separate my soul from Thy love, O my God; my heart is ready, my heart is ready. Let me run in Thy ways, and walk in Thy paths.

"For the way of the Cross is pleasantness, and the way of the Cross is peace."

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## THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

"MA," said Clara, as she tossed aside her beautiful curls and turned up her bright eyes which sparkled from her fair countenance glowing with delight, on the eve or Santa Claus, "look at that little girl standing over the way. She does not look quite happy, I think. I wonder if rich Santa Claus comes to-night and puts anything in her stocking while she is asleep. You know he came last year and filled mine with candies and dolls and a great many other things, some of which I have at home yet. Grandma says he will come again to-night, and this is why I feel so happy. Oh, I wish it were to-morrow morning! While you are speaking here to Mrs. Atwood, may I go over and speak to her?"

"Certainly, dear child," answered her kind and indulgent parent, "but do not stay too long." Here Clara, hopping alternately on either foot, rushed across towards the forlorn little girl. As she advanced, the little girl, so unaccustomed to be approached by one so genteelly dressed and apparently so far above her in the social scale, drew her tattered shawl closely around her, and through a kind of reverential awe stood erect and brushed up closely against the broken window-sill in order to escape a too close scrutiny, and, at the same time, to hide her broken little boots, from which her feet half protruded and partially rested on the beaten snow. Clara, by her quick and bright conception,

conceived her embarrassment, and in order to ingratiate herself into her confidence began to assume an air of reserve and conciliation. She made two or three semi-circles around the little girl before venturing to speak. Finally, after glancing at her quickly from head to foot, and standing on one foot, over which she carelessly threw the other, and resting her shoulder, too, against the broken window-sill, she asked:

"What is your name?"

She was answered in a subdued tone, "Nora."

"Nora," replied Clara feelingly, "Nora, why don't the servant fix your hair in nice curls like mine?"

Nora appeared a good deal confused at the question, not knowing what servant meant, at all events, having had no experience of such, hesitatingly answered in her still subdued tone: "There is no servant where I am."

Clara, not less surprised at the unexpected and to her incomprehensible answer, and moreover being a child of extremely sensitive and kind nature, instinctively drew up closer and drawing her tiny little hand from her muff laid it lightly on the shoulder of the little girl, who at the time was becoming gradually less abashed and more confident, and continued her questions. "Well, why don't your pa buy you a nice hat and furs for the cold weather, and new boots too? Ma says I am a naughty child whenever I go skating on the sidewalks without my overshoes and warm clothing."

Nora, after a short pause, responded: "I have no pa!"

"No papa," ejaculated Clara. "Well, then, why don't you tell your ma to get them?"

"I have no ma either," was the sad response.

"No pa or ma! Well, then, who takes care of you?" inquired Clara.

"Nobody," responded Nora. "Father died when I was little and mother died last year. Aunty, with whom I stay, is very poor; she has to go out to wash for a living, but she is sick so often that she cannot earn enough to buy bread for me and my three cousins."

"Poor Nora, I don't wonder you look so sad. But say, won't Santa Claus come to-night and leave some things for you?"

"Who is that?" inquired Nora unacquainted with the pious frauds perpetuated by kind parents in the name of Santa Claus.

"Who is that?" pettishly repeated Clara. "Don't you know Santa Claus who comes to-night to give everybody all sorts of nice things?"

"No! I don't know him," replied Nora as she wiped away with the corner of her threadless shawl, the big tears that filled her eyes. "He never gave me anything, and I don't think he ever will. But I wish he'd bring aunty some bread." As she spoke she commenced to move off slowly, seeing Clara's mother approach.

Clara continued — "I do think he's real mean not to give anything to those who need it most. But don't you mind, I'll ask ma if Mary can't take me to-morrow that I may divide my presents with you."

"Clara, my child!" said her mother, "come away, I am waiting for you."

Little Clara, as if she had been dreaming all the time, started at her mother's call. She repeatedly shook her auburn curls, assumed an independent attitude and a gay countenance in order to demonstrate that the tears which quietly chased each other down her rosy cheeks were caused by the sharp evening breeze, not by the internal feelings of her kind young heart; but the mask was imperfect.

"Clara," asked her mother, in a hasty interrogation, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing at all, ma; but that little girl says Santa Claus never gives her anything. There is no servant in her house, and what is so strange, she has no pa and no ma."

"Oh, then she's a 'little orphan,'" replied the mother.

"And what is that?" asked Clara.

"It means a child whose father and mother are dead."

Clara paused for a moment and again exclaimed: "Poor Nora! But ma, can't Mary take me to her house to-morrow, that I may give her some of my presents?"

By this time the sympathy between the mother's heart and that of her child had assumed an equilibrium. She stooped down to kiss away the tears from Clara's cheeks as she answered:

"Certainly, my dear Clara; I love to find in your young heart so kind and generous a feeling for a 'little orphan.' Anything you ever desire in that way I will encourage and give you the means to execute it."

"Thank you, ma; and I will give some money to her aunty to buy bread, too."

"Very good, Clara. But you must not be so sad." Here the mother's reflections mounted far above the child's comprehension, and turning away she soliloquized. "May we not bless God that you are not like little Nora, a poor *little orphan?* Oh! How cheerless the home that expects not at eve to hear a father's voice! How hard a lesson to learn the value of a mother's soothing care by being, like little Nora, deprived of it!"

By this time both had reached a fancy toy store, and as they entered Clara forgot all her anguish. While she was lost in admiration of the fairy scene reflected all around her by the bright gas light, her mother was quietly buying up stocks to furnish Santa Claus on his midnight tour.

Clara slept soundly though Santa Claus disturbed her imagination in a thousand fantastic appearances. She arose early next morning and found all her expectations realized.

After breakfast, according to promise she went, accompanied by the servant, to see "poor Nora." She felt so much joy in loading her with her gifts that she is fully determined to be always and forever kind to "little orphans."

Bishop Ludden.

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DRINK never did any one any good, and it has slain thousands of immortal souls. — *Father Mathew.*

## EDUCATE THE HEART.

To make good men and faithful citizens we must cultivate the heart as well as educate the brain. The welfare of the state and perpetuity of our Republic demand the religious training of its youth. It has been well said that education without religion will give us monsters, and a learned barbarism armed with abundant means of destruction. For this reason the church wishes to superintend the education of its youth. It has ever been the staunch friend of education, but detests and condemns the godless education which opened its first school under the tree in the garden of Eden. It was this education of the brain without the religious training of the heart that caused the men of the commune to cry out "liberty, fraternity and equality," while in the very act of confiscating and destroying the property of their neighbors, without regard to law or justice.—*Father Drumgoole's paper, The Homeless Child.*

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# Dies Irae.

IN GAELIC.

Lā dibhfheirge, lā an *bhuile* *
Loisgfidh an domhan so go h-uile
Teasdaighidh Dāividh 'gus Sibhilla.

Nach mōr an crathadh din a m-beidh
'Nuair thiocfas Breitheamh ceart *go gle* †
Cuartugadh beachd air cāch do bhreith.

Trompadh 'scapadh fothrum dian
Tre feartaibh na g-crioch imchian
Deithfreōchaidh uile ins' an *rian* ‡

Uathbhasōchaidh bās is naduir
'Nuair eiseireōchaidh Creatuir
Le freagra tabhairt dā Chruthaighthoir.

Bearfēar 'lathair leabhar sgriobhtha
Iona congbhailtear na gniomha
Ō tabharfar breith air na n-daoine.

Breitheamh mōr air m-beith Dhō suighte
Foillseochar gach nidh bhi folluighte
Ni bheidh coir neamh-pianuite.

Misi truaillidh cread a n-deirfinn?
Cread e'n patrun agarochainn?
'Nuair m-beidh fireun slān air eigin.

A Righ moramhlachda uathbhāsigh
A fhuasglas na firein re sāimhe
Sabhail me a fhōins an chrābhaidh.

A Iosa thruaibheiligh, meabhraigh,
Gur me peacach-cūis do bhealaigh,
In lā ud eaglach nā me damnuigh.

Aig mo iarraidh shuigh Tu, d-tuirse
D, fhuaisglaish me le pian do chroise
Saothar ud na biodh' gan treise.

A Bhreithimh fhirinnigh an dioghaltais
Tabhair bronntanas an mhāithis
Sul a thiocfas lā an chuntais.

Cuirim osnaidhe 'san mo bhuaireadh
Deargann m, adhaigh fā mo thruailleadh
Guidhim ort, a Dhe, dom shaoradh.

Tu do mhāithis bean-adhaltraidhe
'Gus eisdis ōrtha an bhitheamhnaigh
Thugais dom griosughadh an mheisnigh.

Ni'l fiū m impidhidh eiglidhe
Acht Tu maith, deun re dhíolguidh
Air eagal loisgfēar, d-teine shiorruidhe.

Ameasg na g-caor ionad tabhair
Dealaigh me a bh-fad on' gabhar'
Dom chur air dheas lamh faoi do chobhair.

Malluightheoraib air m-beith daortha
Do theintibh dioghaltacha tabhartha
Glaodh me chum do phobuil saortha.

Guidhim go h-umhal in ioslad cromadh,
Mo chroidhe bhrūidhte mar an luath,
Tabhair curam air mo dheireadh.

Bronach, dubhach, lā ud truagh,
'Na ēiseireōchaidh fear o'n luath—
Fear ciontach air ti bheith faoi bhreith.

Dhō-san tabhair coigilt a Dhe,
A Iosa, Thighearua diagha,
Tabhair dōibh suaimhneas. Amen.

* *Despair.* † *Openly.* ‡ *Way to judgment.*

Alleghany City, Pa. M. Carroll.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1888.

# NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Crime Against Ireland is the title which Mrs. J. Ellen Foster gives to her collected letters from Ireland to the Boston Journal, just published in book form, with a preface by John Boyle O'Reilly, by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. One of the strongest proofs of the intrinsic justice of the Irish cause, and of the importance to all humanity of its triumph, is in the fact that it is constantly winning its warmest advocates among other nationalities. Take, for example, in America, James Redpath, the late D. R. Locke, and Mrs. Foster — all of whom, at the outset, were filled with strong, inherent prejudice against all things Irish. Mrs. Foster studied the Irish question on Irish soil. She witnessed for herself the workings of the Coercion Act. We have never seen, within so brief a compass, a clearer or more forcible presentation of the land question, England's destruction of Irish manufactures, and, in short, every one of the multiplied Irish grievances, for one and all of which there is no remedy save through Irish legislative independence, than are given by Mrs. Foster in The Crime Against Ireland. We heartily commend this book, which is destined to do a great work for Ireland and for humanity, in helping to complete the education of the American people on the Irish question. — *The Pilot.*

WE have two young journalists among our contributors this month — W. F. Donovan, of the Boston Daily Herald, and Henry J. O'Meara, of the Boston Daily Journal. The former is in his teens, but the latter is more experienced, having occupied a position on The Pilot when Mr. Donahoe owned it.

WOMAN Suffrage — that is, petticoat politicians — was defeated in the Massachusetts Legislature, by vote of 36 for to 107 against Woman Suffrage.

### The American Catholic Quarterly Review.

THE April number contains an important paper from the pen of his Eminence, Cardinal Manning, entitled, "The Law of Nature, Divine and Supreme." The article was written for the purpose of making more clear the doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding the rights of the poor, as stated by his Eminence last January, which attracted wide attention at the time, and which has been more or less misunderstood in this country. The other writers are: Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rt. Rev. James A. Corcoran, Rt. Rev. J. de Concilio, Rev. J. U. Degni, John Gilmary Shea, Hon. Peter L. Foy, John Boyle O'Reilly, Richard H. Clarke, Prof. Charles G. Habermann, A. F. Marshall, and Paul R. Shipman. The publishers are Hardy & Mahony, Philadelphia, Pa.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for May is so crowded with good things, in prose and poetry, that it is difficult to mention one contribution without enumerating all. In religious discussion and news, and in general reading to instruct and entertain the family, it is equally valuable. — *Boston Daily Globe.*

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, a record of missions among the colored people. The matter in this publication is of interest to every Catholic having a desire to see the conversion of the colored and Indian races to the Church. It is well illustrated. The present is the second Indian mission number. Published quarterly, at the low price of 50 cents a year. Two years for $1.00. Address, 401 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md.

WE are indebted to the Northwestern Chronicle for the address of Bishop Ireland, in our issue of this month.

### A Tongueless Woman.

A WOMAN, about 56 years old, recently had an operation performed at the Massachusetts General Hospital, by which she was deprived of her entire tongue. Fifteen years ago she touched her tongue with lye and burned a small spot on the upper side of it. Soon afterwards she noticed a thick, white coating, which remained until about a year ago, when it disappeared, leaving a smooth, red patch, upon which could be seen a few pimples. A few months later the pimples broke and an ulcer began to form. She consulted Dr. H. H. A. Beach, and entered the Massachusetts General Hospital for treatment. The ulcer soon presented a deep cavity, about an inch in diameter, in the middle of the tongue. Up to this time she had not felt any pain, but now she suffered considerably, and the pain was not only in her tongue, but extended to her jaws and ears. A fine chain saw was placed around her tongue as far back as possible, and drawn tightly. By means of a thumb screw this saw was made to tighten gradually, until it cut completely through the tongue.

The remarkable thing about the case is that there was no bleeding whatever. Of course, this operation was performed with the aid of ether. After recovering from the ether, she swallowed milk easily. At the end of two weeks she could make herself easily understood, and has improved so much in her speech that she was able to act as one of a committee of ladies at a fair. To use her own words, she "could make herself understood almost as well as ever."

### Excursion of the Montgomery Vets.

THE Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association, at a recent meeting, voted to attend the unveiling of the Putnam statue at Brooklyn, Conn., June 14. The corps, with probably 200 uniformed members, with a band of 35 pieces, will leave Boston on the afternoon of June 12, and upon its arrival in Hartford will be escorted by the Hilyer Guards of that city to the United States Hotel, where headquarters will be established. The Montgomerys will remain in Hartford until the morning of the 14th, when they will proceed to Brooklyn and take part in the ceremonies, returning to Boston that night. A cordial reception is promised the corps by the citizens of Hartford.

THE philanthropist, the late Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, appreciated the purposes of wealth. Referring to his works of charity, he used to say: "Of all my money, only mine is that which I have given away." Many a time have we put this thought before our readers; but a wise reminder is ever seasonable. Always keep in mind and deed the fruitful paradox, that on the day of judgment it is what we gave away that we shall have.

### Rev. Bernard O'Reilly's Paris Letter.

IT affords us great pleasure to place before our readers the beautiful and interesting letter of Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, published in the New York Sun. No subject can be more interesting or important to the Christian parent than the welfare of his children. It is not too much to say that the Blessed De La Salle was, indeed, the benefactor of youth. How noble the work, and how heroic the devotedness of the man of talent who devotes his life to the Christian education of the young! In no country of the world, to-day, is Christian education more necessary than in our own; and, certainly, generous, virtuous young men cannot devote their lives to a nobler calling. Let us hope that the Beatification of John Baptist De La Salle may engage many young men to become good, zealous brothers.

IT is not profitable for boys and girls to be out in the streets after dark. Parents should provide dominoes, checkers, chess, and other innocent and useful games, should encourage the young ones to sing and play, and should otherwise strive to make home attractive.

"MARY'S MONTH," an article which appeared in our last issue, should have been credited to our excellent contemporary, the Ave Maria. It was not copied *direct* from the paper alluded, but from another paper, without credit. Please hold DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE excused.

EDITOR O'BRIEN, M. P., and John Dillon, M. P., have been arrested. Both are out on bail.

PERSONS not receiving their Magazines regularly should write us at once informing us of the omission.

IN place of "Doctor" Justin D. Fulton, some of our Western contemporaries have it *Dirty* Justin D. Fulton. The latter is right.

### Departure of Missionaries.

THE Feast of the Purification witnessed a solemn, touching, and interesting ceremony in the church attached to St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, England, namely, the departure of five priests to the Eastern missions. Seven months ago the first departure of fathers of St. Joseph's Society to the Kafiristan mission of Northern India took place; since then one more started on the same errand. On the 2d inst., there was a departure which resembled that of November, 1886. Now another link in the chain of St. Joseph's Apostolic band has been forged by the sending out of five more missioners to the wilds of India, "to gather into the one fold those who are not of it." Three of these are destined for work in Kafiristan, and two for the Telegoo mission of Madras.

### Is The Record Bigoted?

OUR lively little evening contemporary, the Record, ought to put the check-rein on its book reviewer and prevent him from insulting its Catholic readers by the use of the word "Romish." The Record is generally fair towards our race and religion, but, perhaps, cannot always restrain the ignorance of members of its staff cropping out here and there in its otherwise bright columns.

### Irish and Colored Catholics.

IN the American Catholic (Colored) we find the following: Two distinct divisions of the New England inhabitants are fast being recognized by the representatives of the Puritanic branch, namely: the American and the Irish. To be a so-called American is to be a Protestant, and to be an Irishman is to be Catholic. They will soon have to make some provisions for the colored Catholics, who are beginning to swell the number very rapidly in this country. Perhaps they will class them with the Irish. Well, colored Catholics can find no better friends than the Irish. If there is one thing above another which the Irish people of this country desire to see, it is the connection of the colored people with the old Mother Church. The Irish love the Church as the apple of their eye and they love all who espouse its cause. The connection of colored people with the Catholic Church will wipe out all race distinctions in so far as the Irish are concerned.

THERE are seventeen preachers in different parts of the country, two of them in Chicago, seeking divorces in order to marry other women or defending themselves from criminal charges preferred by their disgraced wives. Oh, no; no one will ever have to write a book to urge preachers to wed, says the Western Watchman.

### A Wrong Statement Corrected.

SPEAKING before the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, on his recent return from Rome, Archbishop Ryan took occasion to allude to the reports which appeared in the newspapers at the time of the celebration of the Pope's jubilee, to the effect that His Holiness was so overcome by physical weakness that he fainted on one occasion in the middle of the ceremonies. Such reports, said his Grace, were altogether unwarranted; nothing in the deportment of the Holy Father indicated physical weakness. "I saw him," continued the Archbishop, "during the entire period of the demonstration, and failed to observe any evidence whatever of weakness. . . . The Pope is wonderfully well preserved. He has not commenced to use spectacles in reading—a fact which, at his age, furnishes an evidence of great vitality. He is of a long-lived family, and it seems highly probable that he will be spared for many years to guide the destinies of the Church.

### A Memorable Anniversary.

ON Friday, May 4, fifteen years have gone by since the consecration of the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. The Most Rev. Archbishop was consecrated Bishop of Newark on May 4th, 1873. He was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Petra and made coadjutor to His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, with the right of succession, Oct. 1st, 1880. He succeeded to the See of New York, Oct. 10th, 1885. The happy occasion was signalized by a Solemn Mass *coram Episcopo* at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

### Capt. Tobin Promoted.

CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN, of Boston, is moving right up in the internal revenue department. While he has been in the service but a little more than six months, he has made unusually quick progress. Much of the winter he spent in West Virginia, but a month ago he returned to the Philadelphia office. Now he is advanced to be agent in charge of the revenue district of Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia. This is a most important jurisdiction.

DIRTY Fulton comes back to Boston a bigger liar than ever. He asserted at Music Hall, that Archbishop Lynch of Toronto had abused him during his visit to that city. All the "abuse" the Archbishop gave the Brooklyn blackguard was to suggest that a committee of prominent Torontonians be appointed to visit the Catholic convents of that city and see for themselves how false Fulton's charges against the sisters were. The Archbishop made one mistake, however. He should never have taken the notice he did of Fulton and his falsehoods.— *The Republic.*

ACCORDING to the report of the superintendent of public schools in New York City nearly 10,000 children were refused admission to the schools last year for lack of room. If Gotham doesn't want to build more jails she had better build more schools.

NEW YORK EVENING WORLD: All the parks and squares are "Wearing of the Green," and still no proclamation or letter from the Mayor.

### Brother Jonathan, Look Out!

IN the Canadian Senate, at Ottawa, the fisheries treaty was recently discussed. Senator Peirier said that if the United States do not adopt the treaty it will be all the worse for them. "If in rejecting that which is just, they should, relying on their number and wealth, attempt to prey on our national substance, it will not be the Canadians' fault, if, within sound of their Atlantic cities, they hear, nearer and nearer, the mighty voice of British cannon."

THE Pope, through his almoner, the Right Rev. Monsignor Cassetta, gave an Easter alms of three thousand dollars to the poor of Rome.

MAY — The Month of Mary. Our Lord said to St. John, "Behold thy mother." All generations shall call her blessed.

### The Two Ways.

THE Central Committee for the extinguishment of the debts of the late Archbishop Purcell, according to late accounts, are progressing marvellously, says the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph. In the past year and a half they have purchased, to the satisfaction of the owners of same, nearly one hundred and fifty claims, amounting to nearly $117,040.60. To the credit of the committee, be it said, that to transact the above amount of business, the expense has been but very trifling, — say a few hundred dollars for stationery and clerk hire.

This again is marvellous, when compared with the recent demands of the trustees, who, since their appointment, have not handled over $150,000 of the creditors' money, and yet ask the court to set aside for them for "extraordinary labors," the modest sum of $20,000 over and above their statutory allowance, or a sum equal to nearly one-seventh of the whole amount they collected. The Probate Court reduced the sum to $2,500.

MAJOR JOHN D. KEILY, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is at the head of the movement to induce Catholic emigration to the Southern States. A convention is announced for next month to take action in the matter. Invitations have been sent to the Governors of all the Southern States, to the Presidents and Commissioners of Southern railroads, and to Catholic prelates throughout the South.

### Walking.

AN eminent London physician says: "Until I took up walking to and fro from my office, I was a hollow-chested, dyspeptic man, weighing about 125 pounds, very nervous and very dissatisfied with myself and the world in general. As soon as I begun to walk regularly a change for the better was noticed. I now weigh 160 pounds, I sleep well, and have a perfect digestion, all of which I credit to pedestrianism. These were the benefits I sought, but they were not all I gained. I am an old resident of London, and naturally, I know a great many of its citizens by sight. I soon discovered that some of the wealthiest and most successful men I knew were pedestrians. I also observed that the men who had themselves won great success were the fastest walkers, passing by their fellow pedestrians in their walks to the city. I now lay it down as an axiom that the man who outstrips his competitors in walking on the streets will also win in whatever business he undertakes."

THE new Emperor of Germany still lives.

FEAR not, but trust in Providence.

FATHER DOUGHERTY, appointed to take Father Drumgoole's place, was born in New York in 1849, and pursued his elementary studies at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. He subsequently entered the theological seminary of Our Lady of Angels, near Suspension Bridge, Niagara County, N. Y., and was ordained to the priesthood by the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, in the year 1873. His first mission work was at St. Jerome's Church, in Mott Haven, where he remained until 1880, when he was appointed by the late Cardinal McCloskey to the pastorship of the newly-formed parish of St. Monica, on the east side. During the eight years of his incumbency, this parish has developed into one of the largest and best conducted in the city. Father Dougherty's zealous labors have resulted in the accumulation of church property valued at nearly $300,000. Much of his time and care have been devoted to the instruction and oversight of the children of the parish, and there are now upward of eleven hundred scholars attending the parochial schools, while the Sunday school contains more than thirteen hundred. Father Dougherty is the chaplain of the veteran corps of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, a member of the Executive Committee of the Catholic Historical Society, and of the Hoffman House Irish Parliamentary Fund.

### Converts to Mother-Church.

REV. VERNON RUSSELL, late curate at Ardoyne, near Tullow, Ireland, has been received into the Catholic Church. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and the son of an eminent medical doctor in Tipperary. —— REV. LUKE RIVINGTON, formerly of Merton College, Oxford, England, is now in Rome, preparing for the priesthood.

MR. JOHN F. CROTTY, a leading young Irish-American business man of Lansing, Mich., has just been elected mayor of that city by a handsome majority. Mr. Crotty well deserves the distinction conferred upon him by his fellow-citizens. He will do honor to the position, says the Chicago Citizen.

BROTHER QUINTINIAN, of New York, has been appointed Visitor for the Christian Brothers of the province of Baltimore, with his headquarters at the novitiate of the Order, Ammendale, Prince George's County, Md., in the place of Brother Julian, who has gone to take charge of the cathedral parochial schools, New York. The transfer of Brother Julian is very much regretted in Baltimore where he has served in several capacities for 28 years.

IRISH horse flesh came to the front again April 13th, which was the second day of the Sandown Park Spring meeting (England), with which is combined the Grand National Hunt Meeting, — a "mixed" meeting, the attractions including the great Sandown hurdle race and the Mammoth hunters' steeplechase, the former for £300 and the latter for £2,000. The honors in both races were won by Irish bred horses — Conservator winning over the hurdles, with Coronet "between the flags." The great Sandown was about two miles, over eight hurdles. It had fifteen starters.

### Another New Bishop.

NORTH CAROLINA has been created into a diocese, with the Rev. Leo Haid as first Bishop. The reverend gentleman is at the head of St. Mary's College, in Belmont, and will be consecrated Bishop of North Carolina on the 8th of July, by Cardinal Gibbons, who was at one time Vicar-Apostolic of that State. He was born in Westmoreland County, Pa., July 15, 1849. He was ordained priest in 1872. On December 7, 1887, he was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. His predecessors as Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina were Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, of Richmond, and Bishop Northrop, of Charleston. The See was erected in 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY.— In the townland of Carries, three miles from Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland, a woman is still living who is over one hundred and twenty years of age. She was over thirty years of age in "the year of the French," as she calls 1798. Her name is Mrs. Catharine Degnan, but she is better known as Kitty Guckeen. She retains the use of all her faculties, and is able to go to town and do her own marketing. She is an early riser, and is always busied with domestic affairs. She is hale and hearty, and suffers from no bodily infirmity.

### Hear the Church.

COLORADO CATHOLIC: The Church teaches, the faithful hear. The duty of the Catholic is not to argue the point of doctrine or of morals with the Church; it is to do what he is commanded, and to abstain from doing what he is forbidden, by the Church. If gifted with a painfully

profound genius, he bolsters himself, and his admiring friends, with the claim that he is right, and the Church is wrong, in such matters; he is simply living in a fool's paradise, and his conceit will be no excuse for his ignorance.

### Irish Bishops.

IN the Pro-Cathedral at Letterkenny, on April 3d, the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop-elect of Raphoe, took place. His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, was the consecrating bishop; assisted by the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry; and the Most Rev. Dr. M'Alister, Bishop of Down and Connor. There were also present the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher; the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh and Clanmacnoise; the Most Rev. Dr. M'Givern, Bishop of Dromore; and the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Clonfert. At the conclusion of the consecration, Mass was commenced, and after the gospel, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock delivered the consecration sermon.

ANOTHER youthful bishop was added to the ranks of the Irish Hierarchy, in the person of the Most Rev. Edward Magennis, the new Bishop of Kilmore. The Archbishop of Armagh was the consecrating prelate. Seven bishops attended the solemn ceremonial in the Cathedral at Cavan, and the gathering of the general clergy and laity was enormous. A fellow-student of the new bishop, the Rev. Thomas Finlay, of the Order of Jesuits, preached the consecration sermon, and the youthful prelate was placed amongst his priests and people with all the *eclat* that should surround so auspicious an occasion, and presage a useful and happy episcopacy. We wish Dr. Magennis long years of life and strength. His diocese has been sorely tried by the loss of the late reverend occupants of the seat to which he now worthily succeeds. He brings to the ancient See of Kilmore the strength of the suffrages of a faithful priesthood; and we are sure that his practical mind will prove teeming with good projects in the service of religion and country, to the united cause of which we cherish the hope that his eloquent tongue and ready pen will do loyal and brilliant service for many, many years.

THE FLAG sent to the Sixty-Ninth Regiment by Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, was formally presented to the soldiers on Saturday evening, April 28, by Gov. Hill. Madison Square Garden was crowded with spectators, and their enthusiasm was uncontrolled when the regiment marched in, went through the tactics in the manual of arms, and finally saluted the Governor. His Excellency delivered an impressive address, to which Col. Cavanagh responded. The Governor, in his speech, hoped that the flag would be treasured by the members of the Sixty-Ninth, and be placed by them "side by side with your Irish flag," to always remind them of the patriotism of their fathers and of their duties to America and to Ireland.

### A Catholic City.

IT is computed that there was in the Church of Notre Dame, Montreal, on Easter Sunday, 12,516 communicants, and that no fewer than 145,000 persons approached the Holy Table in that city alone, from the beginning of Lent till Easter Day. This is, indeed, a splendid showing, and proves that Catholic faith is alive and ardent in the commercial and religious capital of the Dominion, the historic and beautiful City of Mary, the Rome of America.

THE CATHOLIC REVIEW: Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, the notorious infidel, has been chosen by the Lower House of the New York Legislature to deliver an eulogy in the Assembly Chamber at Albany in memory of the late Roscoe Conkling. As the departed lived a life that was not Christian, and died as it there was no God, without benefit of clergy or open concern for his soul, there may be no shocking unfitness in the selection of a public scoffer of the Diety and disbeliever in eternal life to deliver his panegyric. But if Roscoe Conkling had been a Catholic, he would arise from the dead to protest against the profanation of having an address of praise delivered above his grave by a blasphemer of his Maker.

THE announcement is made that the work of building a theological seminary at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., to train ministers for the Belgian Old Catholics of that State, has been indefinitely postponed by Messrs. Villatte & Co., because there was not sufficient money, students, and Belgian Old Catholics, to justify its erection.

THE Archbishop of Paris refused to grant consecrated burial to the body of the artist Dupuis, killed by Habert, in a duel.

# Working Girls' Home.

THERE are thousands of working girls in Boston whose weekly salary is not more than $3, and whose character is above reproach. Heaven only knows how they are able to exist on such a wretched pittance and what lives of uninterrupted misery they lead. Shut up eight or ten hours a day in rooms with vitiated atmosphere, sleeping at night in attics or crowded rooms and subsisting on unwholesome food, what wonder that hundreds of them fall. It seems strange that, although vast wealth is yearly given in Boston for charitable and benevolent purposes, steps have not, until recently, been taken to establish some sort of home for poor and respectable working girls, for those who slave in stores, offices and manufacturing establishments. The "heathen," the freedman, and the Indian are looked after, but save in individual cases the needs of struggling girls at home have been neglected.

It was left for the Catholic Church, which is ever awake to the interests of the poor, to take the initiative in establishing a home for working girls in Boston. Some time ago a gentleman who does not wish his name to be known, gave Archbishop Williams $1,000 to aid in founding such a home. His Grace, after long search, succeeded in securing the two adjoining dwelling houses, Nos. 34 and 36 Dover Street, on the corner of Village Street.

The institution has been put in charge of the Gray Nuns, three of whom, Sister Cavanagh and two assistants, have arrived from Montreal. The archbishop has guaranteed the running expenses of the home, with such assistance as will be given by the Working Girls' Aid Society. The new society is wholly non-sectarian, and proposes to work for the welfare of respectable working girls, regardless of their religious creeds. Among the ladies present at a recent meeting, were, Mrs. Hugh O'Brien, Mrs. M. P. Fennell, Mrs. Francis McLaughlin, Mrs. Marion McBride, Mrs. Charplot, Miss Charlotte Dana, Mrs. S. C. Tryon, Miss E. F. Cary, Miss Armstrong and Miss Katherine E. Conway. The following were elected officers of the new society: President, Mrs. Hugh O'Brien; vice presidents, Mrs. Walter Wilkins, Mrs. William McCarthy, Mrs. Francis McLaughlin; secretary, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, the authoress; treasurer, Mrs. John C. Curtin.

One of the ladies said the primary object of the institution is to give poor and respectable working girls, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, a home where they can get board and lodging at a price within their means, and where they can have a secure retreat when out of work, free from the temptations which ordinarily beset them. Archbishop Williams and the sisters hope that the institution will gradually be developed to embrace other important features, such as a training school, for practical work in the various departments of female labor, an intelligence office, etc.; but no definite plans have yet been determined upon. At present there will be accommodations for about twenty-five girls, and in June for as many more. The home, with the strong support of Archbishop Williams, and the aid of numerous influential ladies, will doubtless achieve the success it so richly deserves.

It is time that the leading Catholic ladies of Boston should lead in all the movements beneficial to our people. The position given to Mrs. Mayor O'Brien, as president of the organization, was well conceived. We augur good results from so good a beginning. God speed the work!

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REV. FATHER WILLARD, who was located in Washington, D. C., until recently in connection with the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, is now stationed near Chicago in charge of a normal school just established there for the training and education of male teachers necessary for the service of our Indian schools, thus supplying a desideratum which is beginning to be seriously felt by those in charge of Catholic Indian affairs. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." May heaven prosper the new undertaking.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION: Its Gravity and Meaning. Address by M. L'Abbe Winterer, at the Social Congress of Liege, Sept. 6, 1887. Translated by Mary J. Onahan, Chicago.

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WARNER, of Kansas City, in congress the other day, made great sport of the Mexicans, because, when a storm threatens their crops they erect crosses in their fields. When any such calamity threatens Warner he goes off and gets drunk, says the Western Watchman.

# The News from Rome.

WE give elsewhere what purports to be a document in relation to Irish affairs. It has created some stir in Irish circles. We hope some of our enthusiastic friends will keep cool until the whole matter is softened down. The Dublin Freeman's Journal says that Mr. Parnell will make an important pronouncement at the Eighty Club dinner on the 8th of May. Mr. Parnell believes, it says, that the agrarian movement in Ireland may be conducted with sufficient effect without collision with the religious feelings of Irishmen. He desires that the Irish people shall give due weight to the wishes of the Vatican in matters of faith and morals, while, at the same time, insisting on their claim that politically Irish opinion and judgment must be supreme. The Daily News correspondent at Rome says he is informed, on the highest authority, that the Pope wished to oblige the Duke of Norfolk, but that he means only to forbid boycotting in Ireland when such a measure is inconsistent with charity: hence the boycott may be continued, the confessor of every boycotter deciding if the motive be patriotic and free from personal rancor, and, therefore, legitimate.

The Baltimore Catholic Mirror voices our idea of the situation. It says: The suggestion that the Pope's action in this matter is the result of an intrigue, or has been brought about upon a basis of some arrangement between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Tory government looking to the establishment of diplomatic relations between the government and the Holy See, or a compact which has in view the establishment of a Catholic university in Ireland, is too absurd to demand more than passing notice. Such a thing is simply out of the question. What the decree means is patent on the surface; there is nothing behind it, and nothing about it that is inconsistent with the feelings of paternal love and sympathy which the Holy Father is known to entertain for his spiritual children struggling for liberty in Ireland. Instead of proving a set-back to the Irish cause, the note of warning sounded by the Holy Father will rather have a tendency to increase the confidence of its friends in the efficacy of peaceful agitation. The demands of the Irish people are just and righteous ones, and Leo XIII. has proved too uncompromising a foe to oppression, in whatever form, to be led into even the appearance of using his spiritual power to uphold the coercive and antagonistic policy of the Tory government.

The Western Watchman says: The papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign is very opportune. It was withheld until it could do no possible harm to Ireland; and it was given when English Liberals needed it to prove that Home Rule was not essentially, nor even necessarily, Rome Rule. The Plan of Campaign was well. Its condemnation was better. But best of all is the Home Rule that both have brought about.

### Opinions Asked For.

ROME, May 7. — In view of the attitude of the leaders of the National League, the Pope has instructed Cardinal Simeoni to direct Mgr. Persico to obtain from the Irish bishops, without delay, declarations of their views upon the rescript. The observations of the bishops will be submitted to the Congregation of the Propaganda.

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RT. REV. JAMES RYAN, the third Bishop of Alton, Ill., was consecrated May 1 with imposing ceremonies. Right Rev. Bishop Spalding officiated, assisted by Bishops McCloskey and Janssen. There were also present Bishops Cosgrove and Chatard. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, delivered the sermon.

### Hughes Bros., Toronto, Ont.

THE Catholics of Canada will be sorry to hear of the suspension of the respectable and long-established wholesale dry goods house of Messrs. Hughes Bros. The business was established forty-one years ago, and the establishment at one time did, perhaps, the largest trade in Toronto, turning over as much as $800,000 a year. Mr. Patrick Hughes and Mr. B. B. Hughes compose the firm. They are both men of great energy and capacity, and both bear the most honorable reputation as business men. The general opinion seems to be that there will be no difficulty in arranging terms, so that the firm can continue in business with credit practically unimpaired.

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ST. PAUL, Minn., has been raised to an Archiepiscopal See, with Bishop Ireland as the first Metropolitan. He will have the new diocese of Yankton and St. Cloud as suffragan Sees.

We have now in in this country eleven mayors bearing the name of Patrick. — Western Watchman

That is what is the matter with our cities. The predominance of the foreign element in our municipal politics, means the predominance of the saloon, especially when "Patrick" is Mayor. — Christian Evangelist.

Upon the above, the Western Watchman remarks: It just happens that nine of those eleven mayors are teetotalers. Paddy never forges ahead while he takes his toddy. Drinking on the sly is a Protestant accomplishment. When the effects of over-indulgence can no longer be concealed, they get a certificate from the doctor that they have been overworked or suffer from nervous prostration. Paddy's prostration is simply inability to stand up.

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LET him that will not work, not eat.

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MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS dedicated a new church at Foxboro, Mass., on Sunday, May 6. In the afternoon the Archbishop conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on forty-two persons.

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FATHER KEEGAN, assistant to Father Zeigler, St. Malachy's Church, St. Louis, will spend the summer in Ireland. Father Keegan has labored well in St. Malachy's, and he deserves a vacation, says the Western Watchman.

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### More Than a Hundred of Prosperity.

WEIGHT has been one of the principal measurements of value since the history of the world, and the methods of determining it have been so many that a large volume might be devoted to their description without adequate justice being done the subject. It is not the intention of the writer, however, to speak of the primeval, ancient, or modern means of weighing at this late day, as our limited space forbids, but to call attention to the oldest house engaged in the manufacture of weighing apparatus in the United States. We refer to L. Stephenson & Co., who are the successors of Benjamin Dearborn, a name that was familiar throughout New England (and particularly in our Southern States). Mr. Dearborn was established in 1780, and during the long period that has intervened has held a leading rank in the trade. They are manufacturers of scale and weighing apparatus of almost every description, including wool, cotton, sugar, cloth, yam, paper, and of late have given considerable attention to the manufacture of oil scales, used in place of gauging oils as heretofore, thereby saving much time and laber. The house is now introducing platform scales to their friends a line which with this house has long lain dormant. A specialty of theirs is the making of all kinds and sizes of beams for both foreign and domestic trade, at the time of writing foreign trade being the bulk of their business. The firm employ the finest material that a careful search of the market affords, while they pay the strictest attention to all points of workmanship and leave no part unnoticed no matter how trivial it may appear. Their office is at 143 Broad Street, Boston, with factory at Hingham.

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CONGRESSMAN P. A. COLLINS, who is to preside over the St. Louis Democratic convention next month, expressed himself privately to his friends while in Boston last week as entirely confident of Democratic victory next November.

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AMONGST the French pilgrims recently received by the Holy Father was a priest who presented to His Holiness two million francs, or $400,000, for the propagation of the faith.

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IT is rumored that the Holy Father intends to present all the Cathedrals in the world with a set of vestments in honor of his Jubilee.

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THERE are now five Polish churches in Milwaukee and a sixth is in contemplation.

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### Britishers, Stick a Pin There!

HERE is a little bit of history, taken from the Register of the House of Commons, England, which tells who are the real Americans, but which our pro-English writers dare not, for obvious reasons, put in our school histories: On the breaking out of the War of Independence the population of the United States was three millions and a half. On the conclusion of the war the English Parliament appointed a committee to inquire into the cause of the war, and those who took part in it. In answer to questions by that committee, Major-General Robinson said that he had been told by General Lee that one-half of the rebels (the American patriots) were Irish. Mr. Galloway, Speaker of the House of Assembly of Pennsylvania, stated: "Less than one-fourth of the 'rebels' were native born, one-half were Irish, and the other fourth was composed of French, English, Scotch, Canadians, and other nationalities."

### The Catholic University.

IN the audience granted to all the foreign colleges on the 21st ult., the Holy Father spoke as follows to the Right Rev. Rector of the North American College: "About the University at Washington, I desire all the bishops of the United States to work together with unity and with energy. I confided the care of the University to them, and I would not wish to see them divided by any disagreement. I hope they will go to work earnestly at once and gain for the University the support of public opinion in the United States by their promptness and success. The honor of the American episcopate demands it, the honor of the American Church, and the dignity of this Holy See, that has given the University its approval."

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THE Pope sent a gold jubilee medal, with his apostolic benediction, to John Fitzgerald, president of the Irish National League of America.

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"WHO can wonder at O'Brien's popularity in England and Ireland?" writes Mr. Labouchere, M. P., in the New York World. "Weak in health and only just out of prison, where cruelly severe regulations almost killed him, he is again in the breach, ready to dare all and suffer all rather than allow men of the Ponsonby stamp to ruin their tenants without a protest. There is no man living for whom I have more sincere admiration."

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### Asylum for Colored Orphans and Waifs.

REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY has purchased for $28,400 the Highland Park Hotel property, near Baltimore, Md. The property will be used as an asylum for colored children. The Franciscan Sisters took charge in December, 1881, coming here from the mother-house of the Order at Mill Hill, near London. The home now has forty-five children. They are taught housework and other practical occupations.

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### The Grand Army of the Republic.

IN response to a letter of inquiry from Edward Schilling, of Tyler Post, G. A. R., of Cumberland, Rev. P. H. Donahue, chancellor, speaking for Cardinal Gibbons, writes as follows: "I am directed by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to acknowledge the receipt of your favor dated March 15, and in reply thereto write you that Catholics of the Archdiocese of Baltimore are free to join the Grand Army of the Republic, provided their dispositions in so joining or in remaining in said organization are such that they will be willing to conform to any decision respecting membership in the Grand Army of the Republic which may hereafter be made by competent ecclesiastical authority."

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### A Most Remarkable Woman.

ONE of the most remarkable women in Kentucky is Mrs. Sarah Moss, of Louisville. She is in her ninety-first year, and she is the mother of seventeen children — twelve sons and five daughters — of whom ten sons and three daughters are still living. She is the grandmother of 125 children, 108 of whom are still alive. She has had 240 great-grandchildren, 210 of whom still live; and has 75 living great-great-grandchildren, and 21 dead. Mrs. Moss's youngest child is T. L. Moss, of Daviess County, who is 44 years of age. She was born in North Carolina in 1798, weighs 225 pounds, and is in excellent health.

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CHICAGO has a law forbidding the keeping of a saloon within two hundred feet of a church. The policemen went out the other day with a two hundred-foot chain to measure distances and they found one saloon in a building, the upstairs portion of which was used as the Lutheran Plattdeutche church. A policeman told the saloon-keeper that he would have to move at least two hundred feet away from that church, and the saloonist replied: "Aber, mein Gott, Ich bin der pastor von that church." The case was referred to the captain.

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### Sure, It's the Right Church!

TORONTO Weekly Review: They are witty, these Montreal cabmen. An Irishman being asked to drive an evangelical gentleman to Christ's Church (that being the name of the Anglican Cathedral here) took him up St. Alexander Street and reined in at the door of St. Patrick's Church. From the cab window out popped the evangelical head. "You Irish blackguard, you! Didn't I tell you to drive me to Christ's Church?"—"Sure," says cabby, "if this isn't Christ's church, then divil a church has Christ got in this city at all, at all!"

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THE new Home, just inaugurated in Boston, for shop girls, is just what was wanted. The Grey Nuns have charge.

### Attachment to Fatherland.

SAYS the Boston Evening Transcript, with a clearness of vision and wisdom of word that covers a multitude of less kindly sayings: "Are not some Americans disgracing themselves by their sneers at the attachment of Irish-Americans to the land of their fathers? It is, indeed, written of marriage: 'For this cause a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife.' But, surely, the man who ceases to love and honor his father and mother in order to please his wife is no fit husband, and the woman who tries to alienate her husband's affections from his father and mother is no fit wife. Even so American citizenship is alike disgraced by those citizens of foreign birth or parentage who are made ashamed of the land of their fathers, and of those 'native Americans' who esteem such citizens the less because their love and honor will not be thus alienated."

### Catholic Music.

ORGANISTS and choir directors will find everything in the church music line at White, Smith & Co.'s, 516 Washington Street, Boston. Besides their own publications, all foreign and domestic music is kept in stock, and can be ordered, at publisher's price. Among the many Masses, which this firm publishes, is a "Mass of the Angel Guardian," by Stearns, an easy Mass for Sunday schools. Catalogues and price-lists of all Catholic music books and sheet music, sent by mail on application.

MR. SAMPSON (passionately): "I love you devotedly, Miss Chumley, but my pecuniary affairs have prevented my making a declaration until now. But I have put enough away now to feel justified in asking you to become my wife." Miss Chumley (hesitatingly, but sweetly): "I confess that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but—but"—"But what, dear?"—"Would you mind telling how much you have put away?"

### Sanctuary Carpets.

THE magnificent carpets used in the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Church, Roxbury, at the recent consecration services, and so much admired by the visiting prelates and clergy, were furnished by the now well-known carpet house of Thomas O'Callaghan & Co., 599 and 601 Washington Street, Boston. Estimates cheerfully given, and samples shown, at above address. Daghestan and Smyrna rugs, all first-class goods, at lowest prices.

### Church Articles.

WHITAKER BROTHERS, No. 630 Washington Street, directly opposite Boylston, are now prepared to furnish everything needed in a church or sanctuary. This firm has recently purchased the entire stock and good-will of the N. C. Turner Company, Bromfield Street, and will close out everything, chalices, ciboriums, ostensoriums, and other altar furnishings, at prices suited to customers. See advertisement.

THE Connecticut Catholic, published at Hartford, has entered upon its thirteenth year of publication. It is an excellent paper, and is well sustained by the Catholics of the Wooden Nutmeg State.

### Engraving.

MESSRS. JOHN A. LOWELL & CO. are now recognized as among the best engravers in this city. They supplied the menus, programmes, etc., at the recent consecration services of St. Patrick's Church, Roxbury; and Cardinal Gibbons' reception at Malden, and all are magnificent and elaborate souvenirs of the first visit of His Eminence to the Hub. The firm is now located at 147 Franklin Street.

TRAMP — "Give a poor fellow something to eat, who carries three bullets of the late war around with him?" Farmer —"Ah! indeed, poor man!" (After feeding him): "Where do you carry them?" Tramp — "In my pocket."

### Church Architecture.

MR. WILLIAM RALPH EMERSON, No. 5 Pemberton Square, Boston, was the architect of the pretty little Church of St. Margaret, at the now famous Beverly Farms. Conferences with the reverend and right-reverend clergy, on all matters pertaining to church, school, and institution architecture, respectfully solicited.

"MA," said Bobby, thoughtfully, "I wish I had a brother or two."—"Why, Bobby?"—"To divide up the spanking. It's tough on a boy to be the only one in the family that gets spanked."

### Irish Woollens a Splendid Success.

"IMITATION is the highest kind of flattery." This trite aphorism was forcibly recalled to mind last week at seeing on all sides, in the windows of the chief clothing stores of Boston, artistic placards calling attention to the spring and summer opening of men's and boys' garments manufactured from Irish woollen cloths. This well-merited flattery to the enterprise of A. Shuman & Co. is eminently deserved. They have led and the other clothiers have followed.

When the Messrs. Shuman & Co. struck out boldly some years since in the then unexplored field of Irish woollen importations, it was, in a measure, mainly owing to our imitations and suggestions of the possibilities of developing a large trade in those goods which we knew to be unsurpassed in point of durability and of general excellence. Knowing whereof we spoke, we desired to see Irish cloths secure a fair chance in open competition with any other foreign goods in our American markets.

The result has more than exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The hazardous experiment of a few years ago has already developed into an assured and most remarkable success. By a large investment of capital and through the care, foresight, and rare commercial enterprise of A. Shuman & Co. in procuring nothing but the very best products of the Irish mills, to their taste in securing the most artistic designs, and to their care in trimming with only the best materials and making their garments in the most thorough manner, is this splendid success to be attributed. That it is a splendid success is quite evident from the display made in the show windows of all our Boston clothiers. The Messrs. Shuman should feel flattered, as imitation is unquestionably the highest kind of flattery.

Irish cloths are becoming quite the thing — the prevailing fashion for the time being, at least. There is just a word of caution, however, which we have given before and desire to impress again upon the minds of our readers. It is this: there are many imitations — downright counterfeits of Irish goods as well as some of the lowest and very poorest grades made by the Irish mills (imported solely because of their cheapness) in the Boston market. Those cloths will neither give the service characteristic of genuine Irish goods, nor will they redound to the credit of the average Irish article. It is very necessary, therefore, to be careful to purchase only from first-class, reliable parties.

The Messrs. Shuman's exhibit of garments for spring and summer wear, corner Summer and Washington Streets, is a sight well worth seeing, and will repay a visit from any of our readers.

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### Purchased By Bishop Harkins.

BISHOP HARKINS, of Providence, R. I., has purchased four hundred acres of the most eligible land in the town of Cumberland, in the Blackstone Valley. The plan is to remove the School of the Christian Brothers, at present located in that city, to that town. A retreat for priests will also be established there, as well as a general college, in the near future. The deeds was executed Saturday through ex-Speaker Gorman.

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### People Generally

ARE now feeling the need of a good spring medicine, to counteract the debilitating effects of the change of seasons. To those who may not be familiar with its exceptional virtues, we say — try Dr. R. W. Lougee's Vitalizing Compound, the great blood remedy, whose remarkable efficacy is attested by many reputable people in Lynn and its vicinity. Though comparatively new to the public, — it being less than a twelvemonth since its introduction by the Lougee Medicine Company of Lynn, — the Vitalizing Compound has achieved a popularity that is usually not secured except by years of persistent and laborious effort. Every bottle sold has proved an effective missionary, and a liberal use of printer's ink helps on the good work. The Compound is sold by both the wholesale and the retail trade of Boston, and by druggists generally. See adv.

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WE recommend our lady readers to try Chadwick's Six-cord Spool Cotton. It is the best made.

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FATHER CONRARDY, who is dying of leprosy, sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu on Thursday, May 3, on his way to the leper island of Molokia.

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HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE, fragrant and lasting, pronounced by all to be the perfection of perfumes. Trial size, 25 cents. Medium size, 50 cents. Large bottles, $1.00.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

*Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chicago.*

MARIA MAGNIFICATA. Short Meditations for a Month on Our Lady's Life. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Price, 15 cents.

These Meditations are intended for the Month of May or October. They are suited either for meditation or for the reading of those who have no time for meditation, and who, nevertheless, wish to do something to honor Mary and testify their love for her.

*Richard H. Clarke, 49 & 51 Chambers St., N. Y.*

LIVES OF THE DECEASED BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. With an Analytical Index. By Richard H. Clarke, LL. D.

This splendid work is composed in three large octavo volumes of over six hundred pages each, octavo, and handsomely bound and well printed. The set is sold at the low price of $7.50. In a future issue we will give a more extended notice.

*Ticknor & Company, Boston.*

ETHICS OF BOXING AND MANLY SPORT. By John Boyle O'Rielly. Illustrated. Price, $1.50.

An extended review of this book will appear in our next issue.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES, published and edited by Martin I. J. Griffin, 711 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. It is published quarterly at the low price of $1 a year.

The contents of this issue are extremely interesting. There are letters from Dominick Lynch, of New York, to Rev. Augustine Kirwin, of Galway, and others. A paper on John Tothern, New Jersey's first Catholic Governor.

The student of history should procure the Researches, if he wants to learn the early history of the Church in the United States.

MARY'S FIRST SHRINE IN THE WILDERNESS. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, with memorial Sermon by Rev. M. M. Sheedy. Sent free to any address on application to Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, No. 48 Third Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

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IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S book on the Bacon cipher is outdone and anticipated by a still more startling revelation that appears in the May Cosmopolitan. The writer, Edward Gordon Clark, claims that by applying Bacon's cipher to the original Shakespeare epitaph, the apparent grotesque varieties of lettering are resolved into most surprising confessions concerning the life of Bacon and Shakespeare. The traveller, Wolf Von Schierbrand, furnishes a pleasing sketch about "Children in Persia," and Joel Benton gives many amusing specimens of "What Our Grandfathers Laughed at Two Hundred Years Ago." Besides E. P. Roe's popular serial story of southern life at the end of the war, "Miss Lou," there is a notable short story of the Stevenson type, entitled "Dr. Brendt's Wife," which is a strong piece of work. Matthew Arnold's memory is embalmed in a sonnet by his friend, Joel Benton. Other poetic gems in the same number are by Danske Dandridge, Anna Vernon Dorsey, and Edith Sessions Tupper.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for May keeps well to the brilliant promise of its April departure. The frontispiece — "The Madonna Enthroned" of Murano — is a handsomely engraved bit of pre-Raphaelite work. The historical story, — "The Rescue of the Madonna," — complete in this number, is also strongly illustrated, and shows, in the vivid horrors of a siege, how it may be "easier to scale a bastion than to give an absolution." Of the other articles, the first instalment of the eventful life of "Father Peter Beckx, 22d General of the Society of Jesus," and "Miracles of One of Mary's Saints" (the new Saint John Berchmans), are of general interest; as is also the account from the Papal documents, of the growth of the now almost universal League of the Sacred Heart, of which the twenty-nine Messengers, in fourteen different languages, constitute the periodical organ. One of the "Songs of the May" may become popular wherever true Irishmen are found. It takes us from

Sweet is the song of the exile
When he thinks of his home at Loughrea —
into
The penitent heart of the May.

Address, Messenger of the Sacred Heart, The Gesu, Philadelphia, Pa.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Beyond the Shadows," Duet, by C. A. White, also above, arranged as a Solo, and for Mixed and Male Quartettes. "Le Petit Bleu," Song, by Leopold de Wenzel. "Is Life Worth Living?" Duet, by C. C. Stearns. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," Chorus, by Gounod.

*Instrumental:* "Glenwood," Valse de Salon, by T. P. Ryder. "Golden Blonde," by R. Eilenberg. "Amusette" Redowa, by Francesco D'Orso. "Love and Delusion," by Wm. Cooper. "Viennese Gavotte," by Carl Malemberg. "Bouquet Waltz," by H. Aubert. "Modern Scales for the Piano-forte," by B. M. Davison.

"May Flower Waltz," by L. Streabbog. "La Poste," Galop, by same. "Kermess," by Aug. Durand. "Valse Noble," by Schubert, arranged for Violin and Piano. "The Ash Grove," arranged for Violin and Piano, by Henry Farmer. "Love's Confession," by W. Lege. "May Flowers," 25 Little Recreations for Piano. by Th. Oesten. "Finger Gymnastics for Piano-forte," by E. Haberbier. "Violin Studies," Book 2, by H. R. Kayser. "Enchantment Polka," by Chas. D. Blake. "Till We Part Again," Gavotte for 4 hands, by same. "Run of Luck Schottische," for 4 hands, by same. "Mazeppa," Galop Brilliante, by G. Bochmann. "Bacarolla," by Josef Hoffman. "Spread Out Your White Sails," Piano-forte Transcription, by D. H. Fitzgibbon.

*Books:* Mass of The Sacred Heart of Jesus, for Chorus and Orchestra, by Chas. Gounod, English Text by Louis C. Elson. A beautiful edition of this splendid Mass of the great French Composer, which should be in the library of every Catholic choir.

The Folio for May. As usual full of interesting matter and pleasing music.

### A Firm with a Record.

WARM weather is rapidly approaching, and with its dawning comes the need of clothing, which, in color and texture, will be appropriate to the season. No finer assortment of spring clothing for men's and boys' wear is to be found in the city than that shown by Messrs. Spitz Brothers & Mork, 508 Washington Street and 5 Bedford Street, a firm in whose business integrity the utmost confidence can be placed, with the assurance that their representation may be relied upon in every particular. This well-known house always keeps abreast of the times in the matter of goods, and are continually seeking for novelties in reliable fabrics to manufacture into their men's and children's clothing. In no branch of manufacture has greater advance been made during the past few years than in the production of ready-made clothing. Conspicuous among those who have been enterprising in this line, has been the well-known house of Spitz Brothers & Mork, who justly pride themselves on being able to furnish the best in the market, both as to quality and style, at prices within the reach of all. Among the various fabrics, both foreign and domestic, that they have manufactured for this season, will be found those of the very best Irish woollens; *none of the poor imitations and counterfeits, against which the public have been cautioned*, but the best qualities of the following celebrated Irish makers: Mahoney Brothers, Blarney Mills, Cork; Hills & Son, Lucan Mills, and the Athlone Mills. Extreme care has been taken by them to manufacture only such goods of reliable fabrics as will prove durable and serviceable, and where the price is reasonably low for honest work. One of the great features of this house, and the one that has deservedly contributed to the great growth of their business, is the confidence inspired in customers. Old patrons of Messrs. Spitz Brothers & Mork do not need to be made acquainted with advantages of dealing with them, and new ones speedily acquire the same degree of confidence.

### The New Catholic University,

AT Washington, promises soon to become a splendid reality. On the 24th of May the corner-stone of its Divinity building was laid, and His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, officiated on the occasion. About ten thousand invitations were sent to the leading clergy and laity of the country, as well as to the President and his Cabinet, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, Congressmen and Government officials. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Illinois, delivered the address. A procession of Catholic Societies, with Gen. W. S. Rosecrans as Chief Marshal, marched from the railroad station, on New Jersey avenue, in Washington, to the grounds, and three choirs rendered the music during the ceremonial. A feature of the ceremonies was the presentation to Miss Caldwell, by the Cardinal and Trustees of the University, of the gold medal sent to her by the Pope. It is expected that the building will be completed and dedicated in November next.

### The Battle of Gettysburg.

BUT a short time more remains to see the painting of America's historic battle ground, "Gettysburg." A concert of War songs on Wednesdays and Saturdays is a pleasing feature, which has been recently introduced. Bring the little ones with you, and let them see the struggle made to preserve the country of their birth when the disruption of its union was threatened.

### Are You Feeling

All run down and worn out? Try a bottle of Bush's Fluid Food, which has stood the test for many years, and is recommended by the best physicians of both hemispheres. For hospitals, asylums, and other institutions, there is nothing better. Read the following glowing account, unsolicited, of its merits from the Sisters of Notre Dame, in the City of Brotherly Love:

"ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, Philadelphia, 1887. — We have used a great deal of your fluid food, *Bovinine*, for our delicate children, and cannot speak too highly of it, for its results with us have been most beneficial. Delicate and sickly children, and those recovering from severe illness, gain most rapidly from its use.

MARY REGINA."

# OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

## CLERGYMEN.

NEWS has been received of the death of Very Rev. William H. B. Deasy, vice rector of the American College at Rome. The death occurred Saturday, April 28. Father Deasy was a native of Boston, whose parents reside here. He received his early education in the public schools of this city, graduating from the Latin School with high honors. He then took a course at the Catholic Seminary at Orange, N. J., after which he went to the American College at Rome. After he had finished his course there, and had been ordained, he was appointed an instructor, and rose to the position of vice-rector, which he occupied at the time of his death. He had been in failing health for some time, and his friends were not surprised at the sad news.

The deceased was a son of Mr. Thomas V. Deasy of Boston. Father Deasy spent some months in this country last summer, visiting his family and friends in Boston. He also visited Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who was much attached to him, and was for a short time the guest of Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore. The remains of Father Deasy will be embalmed and brought to Boston for interment.

REV. JOHN J. DUFFY, D. D., died at his pastoral residence in Rondout, N. Y., on Friday, April 24; the fatal disease was pneumonia. He had been rector of St. Mary's Church, Rondout, for thirteen years. He was forty-two years old at the time of his death. He was born in New York City on August 15, 1846. His father's name was Constantine Duffy, and the Doctor was the youngest of eight children.

REV. LAWRENCE CAHILL, P. S. M., died in Jacksonville, Florida, on April 18.

REV. ALBERIC MADIGAN, Superior of the Trappist Monastery, near Dubuque, Iowa, died on March 27.

REV. JOSEPH ISOLABELLA, S. J., Treasurer of Santa Clara College, California, died on Sunday, April 8.

## LAY PEOPLE.

IN the death of the late John R. G. Hassard, of New York, there passed away an able writer and a devout Catholic. Some twenty-two years ago Mr. Hassard was the editor of the Catholic World, but he abandoned his position to take a more profitable post on the daily press. He afterwards rendered valuable assistance in the work of preparing an American Encyclopædia, and he was universally admitted to be a man of great ability and an exceptionally well-informed writer. His funeral took place from Monsignor Preston's church, East Twelfth Street, New York.

MRS. MARGARET RODRIGUE, sister of the late Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, died at her home with the Sisters of Charity, New York. She had reached the advanced age of 78 years.

DIED, at Kilmoylerane, Desert Serges, County Cork, in the 91st year of her age, Mrs. Mary Walsh, after an illness of three days, and after receiving the holy sacraments. She was the mother of fifteen children, ten of whom are now living, two being religious: Rev. M. J. Walsh, Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., and Rev. Mother Anastasia, of the Franciscan Abbey, Mill Hill, London.

The Lord blessed her with length of days, with great faith, sweet, solid piety. She was a most tender, self-sacrificing woman, and remarkable, in Ireland itself, for her charities and bountiful, thoughtful hospitality.

A very large funeral, including five priests and a fine line of carriages, accompanied her remains, on the 26th, to Keelmalooda, the burying-place of the Walshs, who are numerous in that district, and bordering on the birthplace of the deceased, who was of the Murphys of Barryroe. God rest her soul!

DIED, in Boston, April 25, Alice B., youngest daughter of Mary and the late Malachi Clarke. She was buried from the Cathedral on the 28th, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung, Rev. Leo Boland, celebrant, Rev. Lawrence Corcoran, deacon, Rev. Henry O'Sullivan, sub-deacon, assisted by a large concourse of friends, who came to pay tribute to the memory of one who, though singularly quiet and unobtrusive, yet endeared her-

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self to all with whom she came in contact by the purity and sweetness of her character, her gentleness and charity. The poor will miss her,—and what more fitting eulogy could be paid her? Truly her loss is irreparable—to her mother in her declining years, to her brothers and sister and immediate friends, and to the religious in many of our institutions. Though dead, she still lives. May she rest in peace!

THE death of Mrs. Julia Baugher, who died in Baltimore, Md., April 26, has been much regretted by a large circle of friends. She was a sister to Sister Ann Alexis, who established St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. The old Catholics of Boston knew Sister Ann well. She was the first Sister of Charity who came to Boston, some fifty years ago. She brought with her Sister Gregory, her niece, who died of cholera, which she contracted in her visits to the sick during the cholera in Boston. The remains of Mrs. Baugher were interred at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md. Mrs. Baugher was well and widely known for her numerous charities, and her ineffable grace and sweet simplicity of manner charmed all who came in contact with her, even to the last hours of her long and noble life.

### Death of a Venerable Lady.

LATE Irish papers bring intelligence of the death of the venerable mother of Rev. Father Walsh, of St. Augustine's Colored Church, Washington, D. C. Humanly speaking, death is always attended with sorrow; but, in ripe old age, the joy of a holy death falls like sunshine among the shadows of natural grief. Her death occurred at Kilmoylerane, Desert Serges, in the 91st year of her age, after an illness of three days. She was the mother of fifteen children, ten of whom are now living, two being religious—the Rev. M. J. Walsh, rector of St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., and Rev. Mother Anastasia, of the Franciscan Abbey, Mill Hill, London. The Lord blessed her with length of days, with great faith, with sweet, sound piety. She was a most tender, self-sacrificing woman, and remarkable, even in Ireland, for her charities and hospitality. A very large funeral accompanied her remains, on March 26, to Keelmallooda, the burying-place of the Walshs, who are numerous in that district, and bordering on the birth-place of the deceased, who was of the Murphys of Barryroe. God rest her soul!

ON the 11th of April, at the Visitation Convent, Park Avenue, Baltimore, died Sister Mary Alphonsa Connelly, aged 88, and forty-two years in religion.

### Wait In Patience.

AFTER the Irish bishops meet we shall know the full meaning of Rome's attitude toward the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. Until then, wait.

VERY REV. FATHER BYRNE, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, arrived home on the evening of May 7, in good health and strength, invigorated by the blessing of Leo XIII. and the climate of the dear old land of his fathers, where he received a *cead mille failtha*. His welcome home by his parishioners was cordial and generous.

EDITOR O'BRIEN has been again imprisoned for his devotion to Ireland.


### What a Mistake!

A CAREFUL examination would convince any one that two-thirds of all the people in New England have been or are now afflicted with catarrh of the nose and throat.

No doubt more than half of those persons have tried every blood purifier they have seen, with the erroneous idea that catarrh is a constitutional disease and must be purged out of the blood.

Why, a greater mistake was never made! Stop for a moment and think, or ask any reputable physician what common catarrh is, and what causes it, and the answer can be only this: "It is an irritation or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat, caused by neglected colds, damp, piercing, irritable winds, foreign matter in the air, which is poisonous to some persons and not to others: just as the bites of certain insects is a poisoned torture to some and has no unpleasant effect upon others." The reason for this is found in the different structure of the outer skin and its counterpart which lines all the inner organs of our bodies. Some people have chapped hands and chilblains and others are never so afflicted because of the peculiar structure of the skin of different individuals.

Therefore stop dosing. It is not blood purifiers you want, but good, wholesome food, the plainer the better, then "keep your feet dry and warm, your head cool and bowels open," and use an external application, (Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is the best we know), to allay the inflammation, cleanse the surface, heal the sores, and your catarrh will disappear like magic. We do not say never to return, because you may cure a severe cold and in three months catch another equally bad, so with catarrh and bronchial troubles. Exposure may bring it on again. We learned more about treating catarrh from the wrapper around a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, than we ever knew. Certainly this good old medicine deserves to be called, "A universal family remedy." No matter how well you know this medicine, it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet free, just to learn how to use the liniment economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.


MAGISTRATE: "So you admit having been engaged in making counterfeit money?" Prisoner: "Yes, your honor; you see the supply of the genuine article is so very, very short."

B. P. L. Bindery.
APR 24 1911